Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

NOVEMBER
1938

ARTICLES
BOB BROWN
WM. MOULTON MARSTON
COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI
EDW. JEROME VOGELER
HARRY SALPETER
O. K. ARMSTRONG
LOUIS ZARA

FICTION
ERNEST HEMINGWAY
MANUEL KOMROFF
ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE
PIETRO di DONATO
HARRY BOLTON
NELSON S. BOND
ALFRED M. SWIFT

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MAX WEBER

SATIRE
LOUIS PAUL
RAYMOND KNIGHT
STACY JONES
DOUG WELCH

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JOHN McCARTHY
JOHN R. TUNIS
LEO FISCHER

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GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
CARLETON SMITH
PATTERSON MURPHY
MURDOCK PEMBERTON
A. de SAKHNOFFSKY

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GILBERT BUNDY
D. McKAY
ABNER DEAN
HOWARD BAER
GEORGE PETTY
PAUL WEBB
B. SHERMUND
ROBERT C. DELL
A. ROSS
COURTNEY DUNKEL
FRANK BEAVEN
A. VON FRANKENBERG
(COVER)

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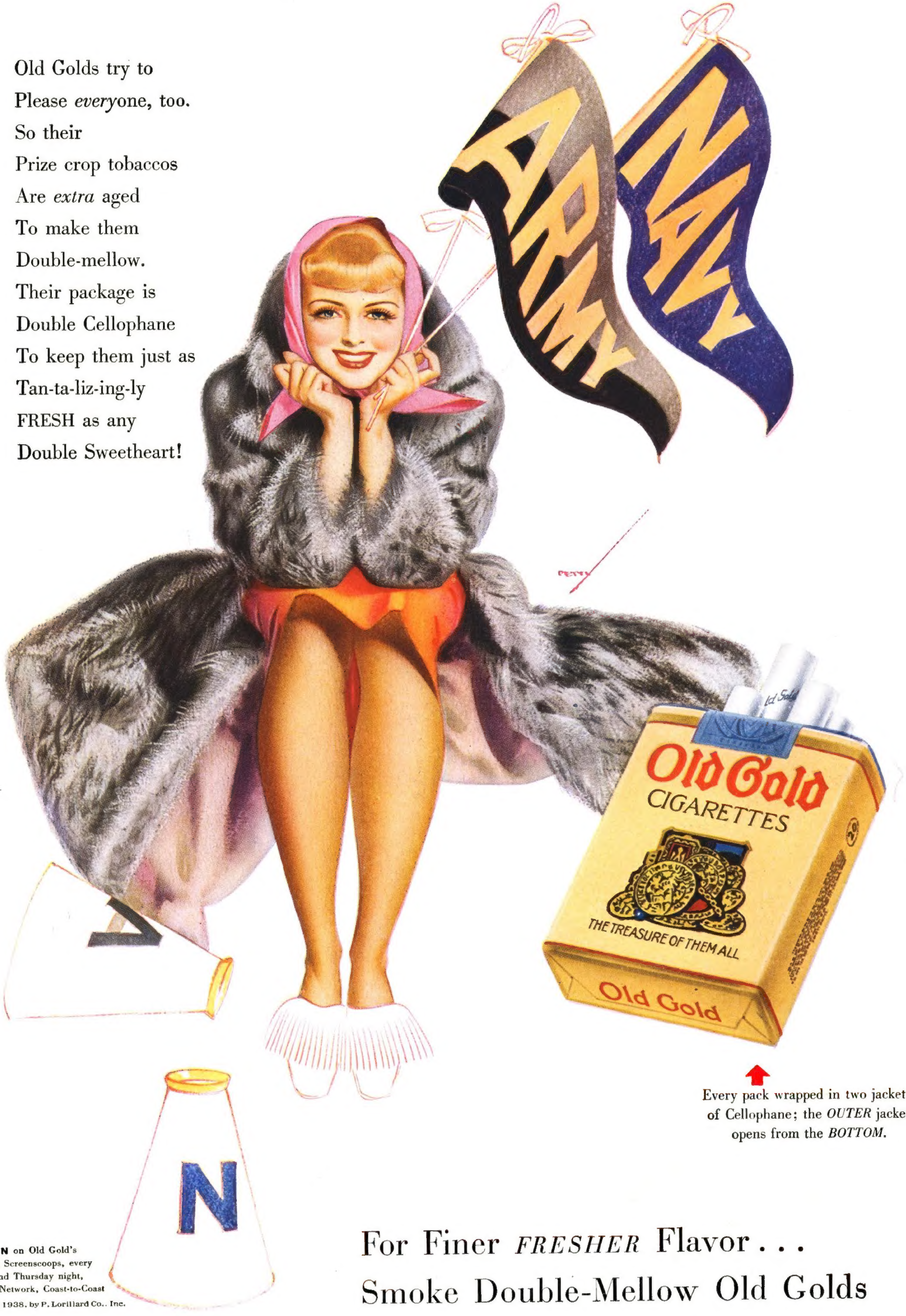
**FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS**

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
IN GREAT BRITAIN THREE SHILLINGS

A Double Sweetheart

Old Golds try to
Please *everyone*, too.
So their
Prize crop tobaccos
Are *extra* aged
To make them
Double-mellow.
Their package is
Double Cellophane
To keep them just as
Tan-ta-liz-ing-ly
FRESH as any
Double Sweetheart!


ARMY
NAVY
PETTY
Old Gold
CIGARETTES
20
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL
Old Gold
N

Every pack wrapped in two jackets of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket opens from the *BOTTOM.*

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, every Tuesday and Thursday night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

Copyright, 1938, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

For Finer *FRESHER* Flavor . . .
Smoke Double-Mellow Old Golds

TEACHER'S *Perfection of Blended* **SCOTCH WHISKY**

PROGRAM
TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM
HIGHLAND CREAM
BOTTLED BY Wm. Teacher & Sons
TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Ble
Scotch Whisk
Wm. TEACHER & SONS
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
DISTILLERS
GLASGOW
SCOTLAND
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES DISTILLED BLENDED & BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE USA
SCHIEFFELIN & CO. NEW YORK N.Y.

86 PROOF

Teacher's Scotch has evident quality, sure mark of the thoroughbred. Hearty body enriches the mild smoothness of Teacher's taste. There's tang in its *balanced* flavour.

"It's the flavour"

Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow • SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

NOTHING HAS BEEN CHANGED BUT THE PRICE

WE Lowered THE PRICE AND Raised THE VALUE!

Long famous for extra wear that makes them cost less in the end, Florsheims now also cost less at the start. The Florsheim price has been lowered . . . but the quality remains unchanged. There has been no let-down in materials or craftsmanship . . . no forfeit of either fit or fashion. Nothing, in fact, has been changed but the price. Florsheim still makes but one quality of shoe . . . the finest! The new purchase price saves you money at the start . . . the extra wear adds extra savings in the end. *Illustrated,* The SAXON, S-682, *a rugged brogue in tan Norwegian calf. Retails at $10.*

$8.75
MOST STYLES

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY, *Manufacturers,* CHICAGO

Edited by
ARNOLD GINGRICH

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
DAVID A. SMART
WM. H. WEINTRAUB

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by Hughes, Fellows, Saalburg, Valentine and Fox, beginning on page 120

Art Director: ERIC LUNDGREN

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of Esquire. It is never done knowingly

As we light up the fifth candle

With this issue Esquire is five years old. Steadily over these five years it has won and kept five hundred thousand readers. We still hear now and then, from die-hards in the ranks, that our first issue (which we thought so awful that we can't even yet bring ourselves to look at it without a shudder) was the best, in fact the only good one, and that we've been slipping ever since. But the only scorecard we go by would seem to give these unreconstructed rebels the lie, as this issue is being bought by five times as many people as that first one. Should this rate of growth continue, it would mean 2,500,000 buyers of the issue for November 1943, and 12,500,000 for that of November 1948, and 72,500,000 in 1953. Beyond that even our imagination can't go, to say nothing of our mathematics. But you get the idea. All we ask is that our luck should let us go on slipping uphill.

To our fondly prejudiced eyes, Esquire seems a much better magazine than it was five years ago. But you can throw that out as bias. Still, one thing you can never kid us into conceding, even if you could get us to say that we thought Esquire had been getting worse; you can't say we've been getting worse any faster than the world has!

Esquire, young as it is, has seen enough of the passing show of world affairs to wonder whether Darwin didn't get it backwards and that the best that can be hoped is that man may yet ascend to the level of the apes. For please remember back over these five years that saw the finishing of a new League of Nations building in Geneva nicely timed to coincide with the finish of the League—remember Ethiopia and Spain and China and Austria and the Czechs—and remember how things progressed backward so rapidly that the realistic compromiser, Anthony Eden, got thrown out for being an idealist. Remember, too, please, that Esquire, which has been edited from the beginning with a standing broad grin, with only amusement and entertainment as its aim, has always had just one sober side, one serious tenet of editorial policy as a leaven of its lightness, and that has been a consistent and constantly articulate hatred of war. And there's one objective toward which, we must readily admit, we've never gained an inch of ground. And that's failure enough to smack down any smugness we might otherwise feel over the completion of the first five chapters of Esquire's success story.

And what of Esquire's future? Well, Esquire may become less and less "a funny magazine." Not that we'll get gloomier, but simply that, if things go on as they have been, statesmen will be much funnier than humorists could ever hope to be. That thought, by the way, isn't original with us, but is simply passed on to you from no less an authority than the incomparable funnyman David Low, the best of British cartoonists, who has lately gone on record with a despairing remark to the effect that it is getting harder and harder to satirize realities that persist in being more sardonically distorted than the most malicious pen could make them.

Looking up from this space to the listings directly above we note with pride and pleasure that the prodigal Ernest Hemingway, who headed Esquire's cast for its first two years, and then sort of strayed away, is back again with not merely one story, but the first of a series of three. Speaking of straying contributors, and looking back over these past sixty issues, we come up with the interesting item that of all Esquire's contributors, numbering high up in hundreds, there are still just two who have never missed an issue, E. Simms Campbell and Gilbert Seldes.

And as for future issues, on our record of these past five years and looking ahead—but, wait a minute, on second thought nobody wants to hear any more campaign speeches at this juncture. So enough of this barking out in front—move on into the magazine and judge it for yourself. If you don't like it, after all these many months of our trying to tailor it to your wishes, you have only yourself to blame—that is, if you haven't yet told us why.

ESQUIRE
Nov., 1938
T. M.
Reg.

ESQUIRE is published monthly by Esquire-Coronet, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America (except British Honduras) and South America (except the Guianas), $5.00; Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol. X, No. 5
Whole No. 60
T. M.
Reg.

HOME OFFICE — 745 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK — ELdorado 5-6700

Street Railways Advertising Co.

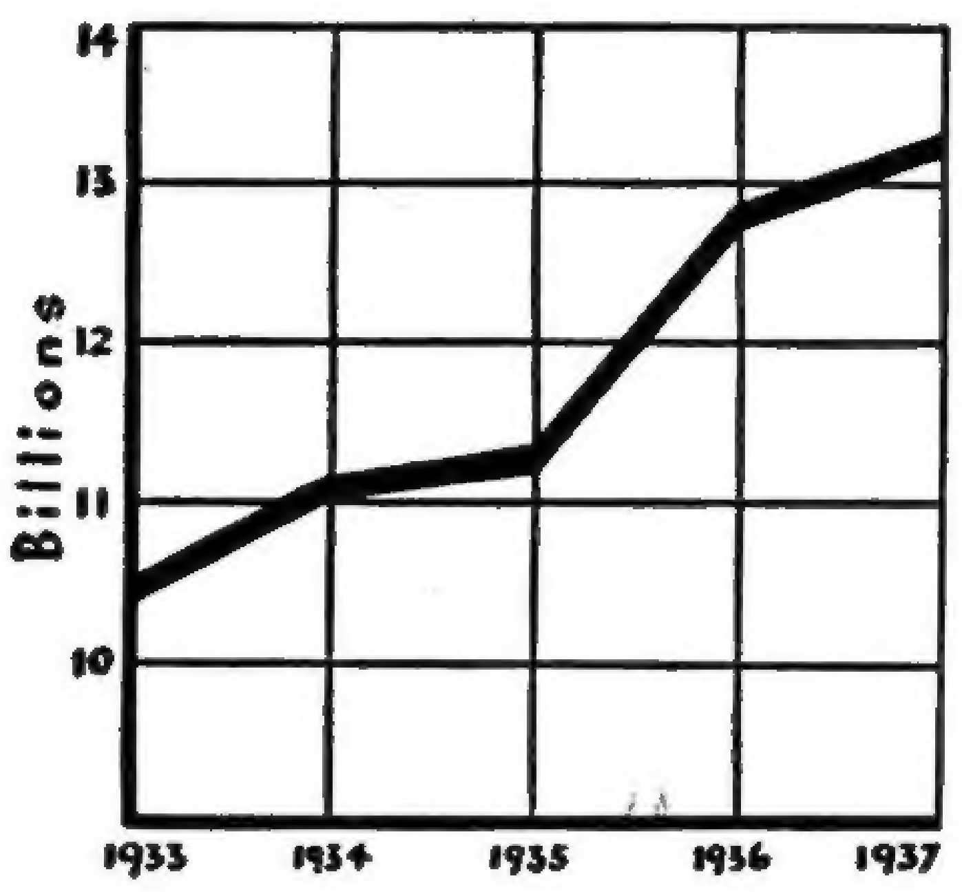
CAR ADVERTISING
IN THE UNITED STATES, CANADA AND CUBA.

New York, N. Y.

Dear Son:

I leave here after dinner to-night carrying with me that elixir which puts new life into debilitated advertising dollars. That much abused unit of currency takes on added power and stamina when it is applied to the purchase of car advertisements.

In her last letter your sister Dorothy conscientiously started out to give me all the latest news of the family, but she encountered a number of open switches along the way and her literary efforts finally culminated in an impassioned plea for some extra money. She did tell me that since you started work at the Advertising Agency she has seen you so seldom that she cannot corner you long enough to make a touch. That shows me that you are going about your new work in the right economic spirit. Treat your job as an investment and contribute as much time, effort and thought to it as possible. If you do that the dividends will be in the form of bigger and better figures on your pay check.



In the last five years the number of riders on the transportation systems of the United States has steadily increased from 10½ billions in '33 to 13¼ billions in '37!

Advertising itself is one form of dividend investment. Sagacious Advertisers and their Advertising Agencies have found that devoting a portion of their appropriation to car advertising assures them of a most profitable dividend return on their advertising dollars.

With more than a billion monthly riders on the transportation systems of the United States, the average cost of appealing to 1000 reader-riders through car advertising is about 6¢. This means that Advertisers in the transportation units of our country can make a determined bid to catch and hold your individual patronage, son, for the super-minute sum of 6/1000 of a cent. For that almost infinitesimal fraction of a penny, they can exert a colorfully effective influence on your buying habits.

Volume sales of car advertised products attest to the practical ability of this medium in presenting sales messages to a responsive throng of more than 35 million men and women every day. Volume sales to this volume audience beget volume profits. Big returns come from pennies invested in car advertising.

Keep on bearing down, son, and never pass up an opportunity to increase the value of your job investment. Take enough time off, however, to run my golf clubs over to the pro and have him clean them up for me. While you're there you had better arrange to take a couple of lessons some Saturday. The only time you ever come close to beating me at golf is when I let you add up our scores. That's one time when your mathematical shortcomings stand you in good stead.

Track and bus routes in the U.S. cover 59,023 miles; enough to encircle the earth at the equator and through the poles with more than 9000 additional miles left over for side trips

Affectionately,

Your Dad

The GRUEN idea that launched a new watch style

GRUEN CURVEX FOR THE SIDE OF THE WRIST . . .
AN INSTANT HIT FOR HIM OR HER . . .

GIFTS FROM YOUR JEWELER ARE GIFTS AT THEIR BEST —

● Gruen presents another new watch *style* that's sure to be copied . . . based on a great watch *movement* that can't be copied. Note where it's worn—at the *side* of the wrist. Note that it's a genuine GRUEN CURVEX, with the patented *curved* movement that only Gruen can make. We invite you to see this watch and try it on. To learn for yourself how altogether *new* . . . how altogether *different* . . . how altogether *right* this brilliant new wristwatch is. In a variety of styles, both men's and women's. See them now at your Gruen jeweler's.

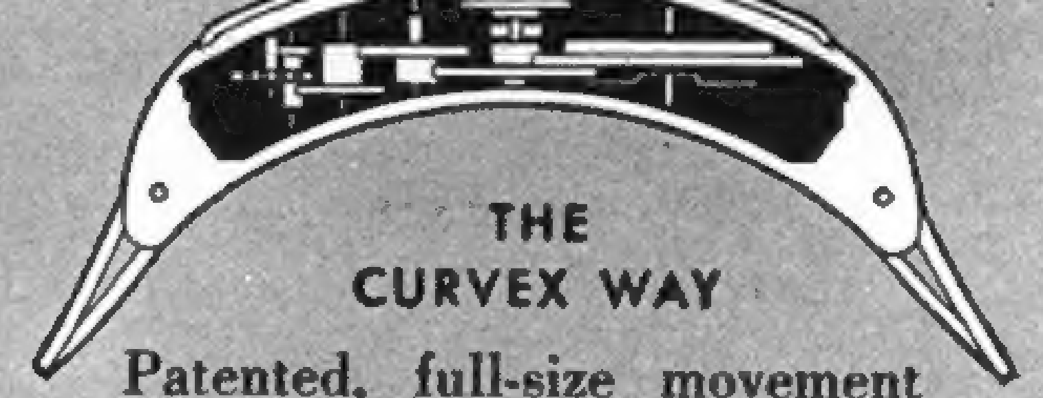
Models illustrated: Ladies' CURVEX PETITE, 17 jewel Precision, 14 kt. yellow gold filled case, $42.50; Men's CURVEX LORD, 17 jewel Precision, 14 kt. yellow gold filled case, $50.

The Gruen Watch Co., Time Hill, Cincinnati, O., U. S. A. In Canada: Toronto, Ontario

Only GRUEN makes the CURVEX* Only Gruen jewelers can sell the CURVEX

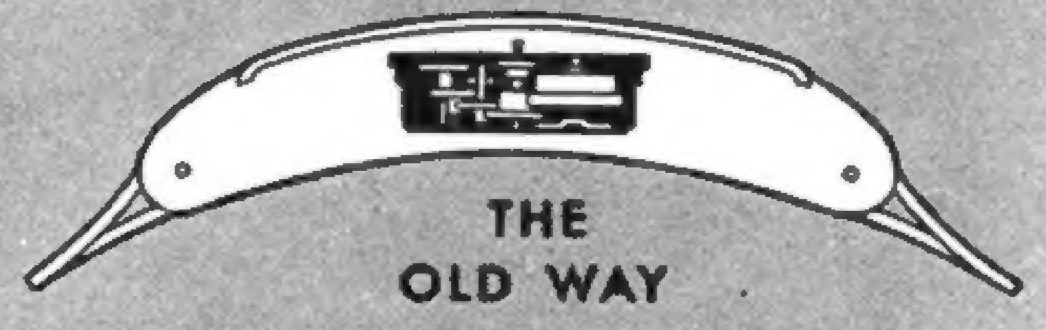
Copyright 1938, The Gruen Watch Co.

WHY A CURVED WATCH SHOULD HAVE A CURVED MOVEMENT



THE CURVEX WAY

Patented, full-size movement curves with the case, making possible pocket-watch accuracy, ruggedness and long life.



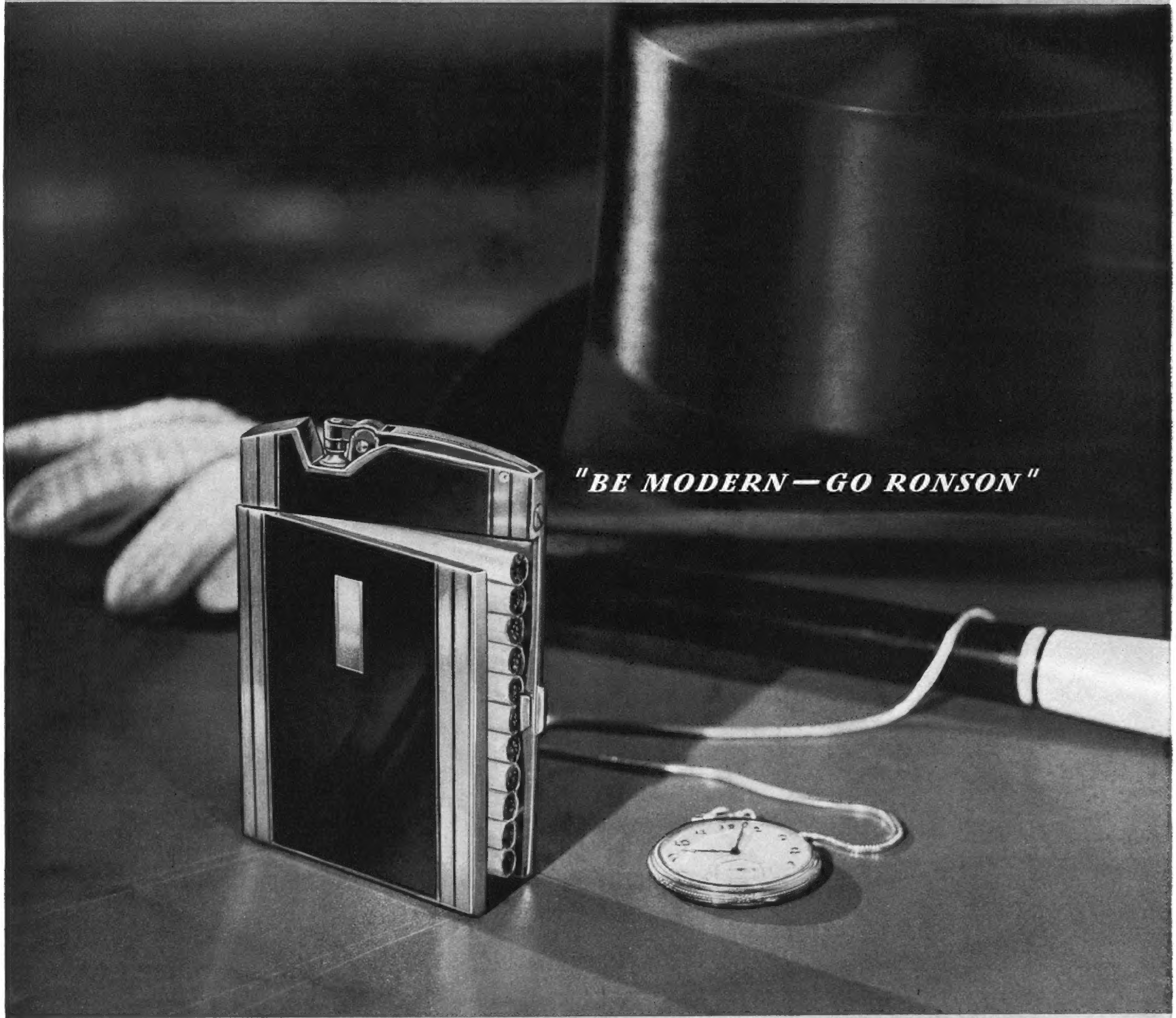
THE OLD WAY

An ordinary flat movement reduced in size and ruggedness to fit inside a curved case.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Office. Patented U. S. Patent Nos. 1855952. Re. 20480. Canadian Patent No. 370997. Copyright 1936 by The Gruen Watch Co.

RONSON

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER



Next to a fine watch there is no handsomer and more useful accessory of dress than a RONSON *lighter*

Smart to give *Smart to own*

The lighter which lights every time . . . A wealth of handsome styles for pocket, handbag, desk and table . . . Prices to suit any pocket-book . . . At your jeweler's, department store or any shop selling smokers' fine articles . . . A postal card will bring you the free, picture-full book "What's New in RONSON"; please give dealer's name . . . Address RONSON, Newark, New Jersey.

Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
SPEAKS FOR ITSELF!
Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER
SCREENED COMB
LIGHTNING FAST OSCILLATING CUTTER
TRY IT—COMPARE IT
AFTER ALL, "THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING IS IN THE EATING"!

You can now use Shavemaster—actually try it yourself—enjoy a famous quick, close, comfort-shave right at your favorite dealer's counter!

All across the country Shavemaster dealers have placed the new Shavemaster demonstration unit on their counters.

You are invited to come in and let Shavemaster speak for itself in *results*—not "promises". Only with Shavemaster could these convenient "see-for-yourself" demonstrations be so successful. Why? Because Shavemaster is the electric shaver that gets down to business and does a job RIGHT NOW—not next week or the week after. It has the new patented principle that is all its own—features different from all other electric shavers. It has greater, steady POWER that doesn't swoon when a man-size beard comes along. It makes friends quickly —*and it keeps them.* Try Shavemaster at your dealer's today. You have a treat in store.

Sunbeam
THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY, 5697 Roosevelt Rd., Chicago, Ill.
Canada Factory, 321 Weston Rd. So., Toronto . . *49 Years Making Quality Products*

WHY SHAVEMASTER GETS DOWN TO BUSINESS AND DOES A JOB, RIGHT NOW

THE "INSIDE STORY"

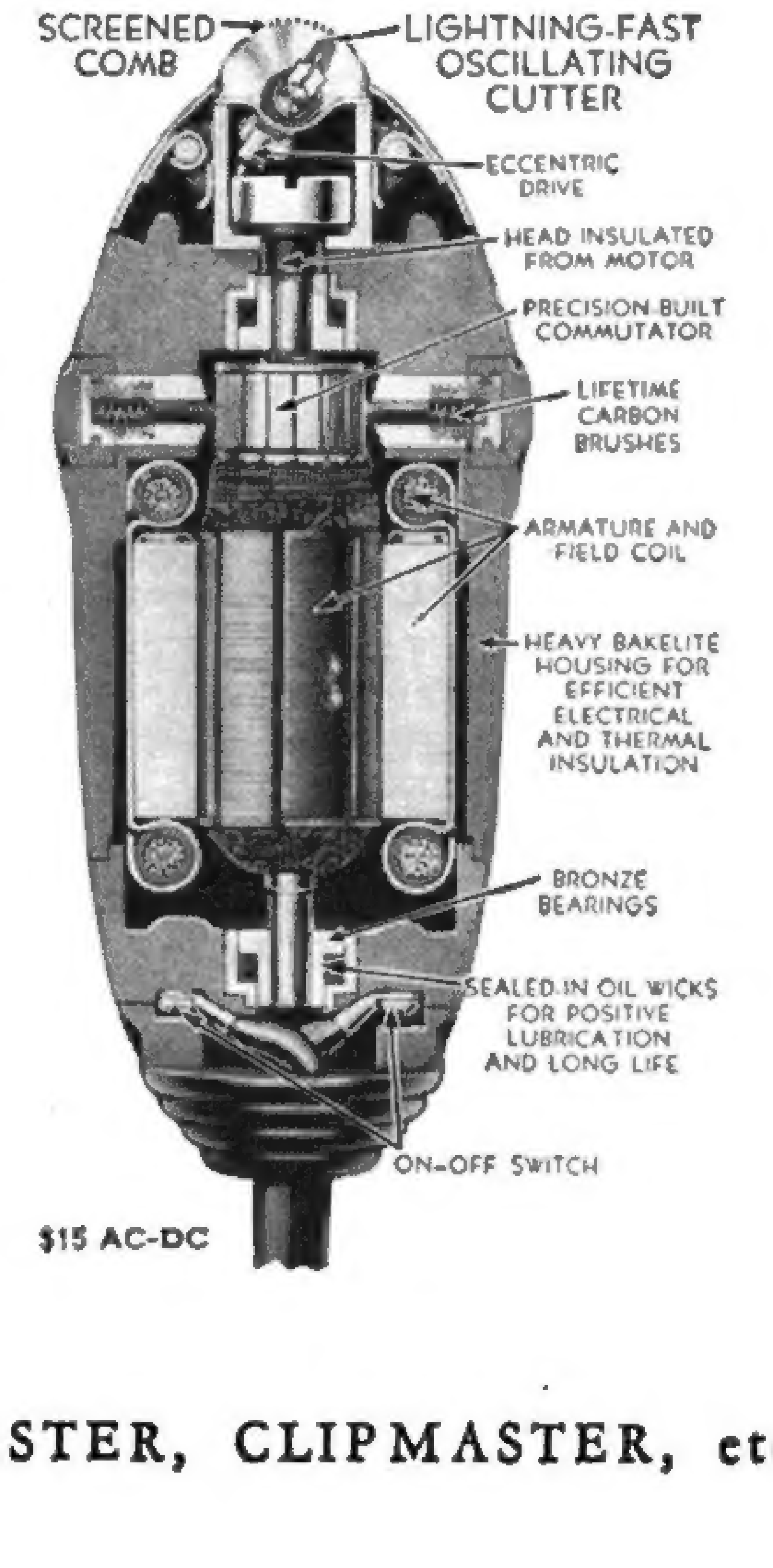
★ The **ONLY** electric shaver by a manufacturer qualified by nearly 50 years' successful experience in BOTH the hair clipping and electric appliance industries.

★ The **ONLY** electric shaver with a powerful, brush-type, series-wound, self-starting Universal motor.

★ The **ONLY** electric shaver with a lightning-fast, single-cutter that oscillates in an arc inside a comfortable, smooth shaving head.

★ The **ONLY** electric shaver with a shaving head shaped to comfortably fit every contour of the face, and screened to pick up the beard the way it grows.

★ The **ONLY** electric shaver with a shaving head screened not only to shave the short beard, but also to pick up curly hairs that often cling close to the neck.


SCREENED COMB
LIGHTNING-FAST OSCILLATING CUTTER
ECCENTRIC DRIVE
HEAD INSULATED FROM MOTOR
PRECISION-BUILT COMMUTATOR
LIFETIME CARBON BRUSHES
ARMATURE AND FIELD COIL
HEAVY BAKELITE HOUSING FOR EFFICIENT ELECTRICAL AND THERMAL INSULATION
BRONZE BEARINGS
SEALED-IN OIL WICKS FOR POSITIVE LUBRICATION AND LONG LIFE
ON-OFF SWITCH

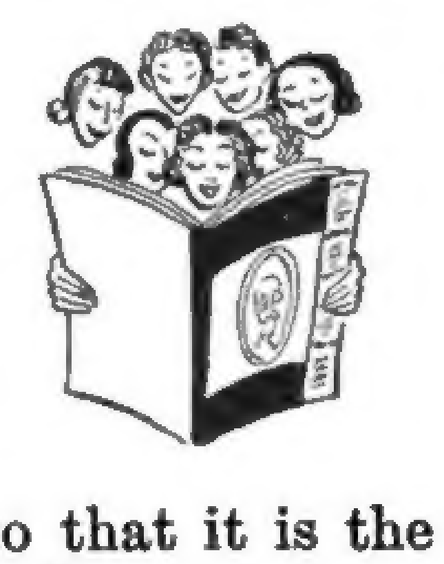
$15 AC-DC

Famous for Sunbeam MIXMASTER, IRONMASTER, COFFEEMASTER, SILENT AUTOMATIC TOASTER, CLIPMASTER, etc.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

THE AMEN CORNER

I have just finished reading your article *New Faces, Quack Style,* and I hasten to tell you how happy I was to see that you, too, are helping to expose this menace. As beauty editor of the *Los Angeles Times* I am in a position to know how many lives they ruin. In a small way I feel that I have kept some women from believing that they could have youth and a new face for thirty dollars.



Of course here in Hollywood we have many ranking plastic surgeons but alas they don't advertise so that it is the quacks that rope them in.

There was one thing that Dr. Urkov said that is not true. That is in regard to facials. I don't mean that he willfully withheld any facts but I have seen with my own eyes wonderful examples of muscles being put back in place by massage. Many a movie queen has been kept looking years younger by the clever fingers of these corrective facials. If Dr. Urkov is interested in knowing more about this I would be glad to give him further information.

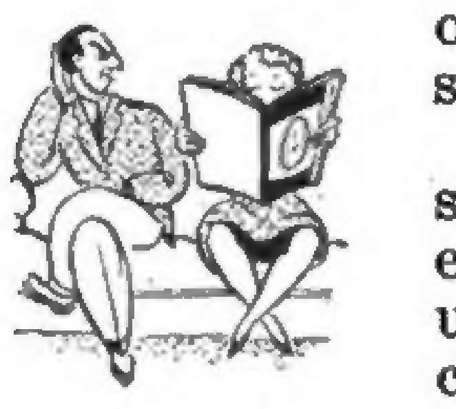
I am only sorry that this splendid article of yours cannot be reprinted and distributed to every female in America who thinks she can have herself re-done for a few dollars.

Very truly yours,

Los Angeles, Calif. Lydia Lane

READING LIGHTS FOR LOVERS' LANE

The day your September issue arrived, I happened to have my copy in the car. That night I took my O. A. O. (one and only) out a-riding. After riding around a while, we stopped at one of the popular night spots, (one of the dark variety) or maybe I should say parking spots. Anyway when I stopped, shut off the engine, and turned up the radio, did she cuddle up close?



The answer is no. She insisted on reading Esquire. And to add to the consternation and confusion, the couple in the rumble seat noticed us reading it and insisted on reading it, by moonlight.

But I suppose such is life and Esquire is getting too strong a force, so . . . I'll just have to be philosophical, (quick Meadows, my pipe).

In a more serious vein, I would like to say that your little gem is one of the best, Petty keeps improving, and so on. It is really tragic though, that so many people judge the magazine by its cover and cartoons. But enough for now. If you use this, please sign it:

Portland, Ore. The Mad Scot

SPORTING TRIBUTE

During the last few months I noticed with regret in such American magazines as Esquire, *Time, Life, Saturday Evening Post,* and others, articles illustrating the very poor qualities of the Italian soldiers on the war-front.

If all this reporting and writing is true, if the Italian soldiers are only fit to run from their enemies . . . why in the name of God Almighty are England and France and other countries so anxious to get them out of Spain as quickly as possible?

In the Esquire of September, on page 157 one reads: "The Italians are bad soldiers. Always we pick Italians when we have to find a weak line to break under. They fear cold steel and wilt under bombs. Their hearts are not in it."

Gentlemen, "fictitious" or "satirical" you have printed these statements, but they are false.

During the World War as a corporal of the 3rd Regiment of the crack Austrian Imperial Tyrolean Alpine Troops (Korporal in dritten Tiroler Kaiser Jäger Regiment) I have had to fight against the Italians on the Alpine Front. What splendid, great, noble soldiers they were! Later while convalescent in Innsbruck, a town that has never tried to hide her deep hate and animosity for everything that was Italian, I read many a time in local newspapers such headlines as these: "Ein grosser sieg für die Italiener" or "Die Alpini die sehr tapfer kämpften," and so on, (a great victory for the Italians or the Alpini who fought so valiantly).

Those were times that an enemy was a gentleman. Then, truth was not interfered with, by this huge wave of hate and contempt that sweeps and pervades the American press . . . against a Nation which (let us remember) with its half million dead and a million wounded was, and still remains her ally of the World War.

Respectfully,

Quintilio Paissani

New Orleans, La.

P. S.—I would be very much obliged if you were to publish this letter in the *Sound and the Fury* column—space permitting.

JESSE STUART OR ANYBODY ELSE

I have read *Brother Spencer Takes a Bride,* by Jesse Stuart in the September issue of your magazine. Stuart mentions several times that the martins are feeding the young birds with worms from the potato patch. This is, as far as I know, one shade from the impossible.

I had a grandfather who made a hobby of building martin houses and observing the martins that made their homes therein. When he passed on, some fifteen years ago, I took the houses and added several hundred rooms to the colony. I too have made a hobby of these birds. In his fifty years of observations and in my fifteen neither he nor I have ever seen a martin, male or female, eat worms or feed in the bush or on the ground.

These remarkable birds feed entirely on the wing. The only time they are on the ground is when they gather materials with which to build their nests.

The birds subsist on a diet of winged insects. The adult birds feed the tiny young birds tiny insects and as the young birds increase in size the old birds increase the size of the insect diet. The size of these insects range from the ordinary mosquito to the dragon fly. The latter being, in many instance, two to three inches in length.

If I were to take the time I could, I believe, write an article on the martin that would be much like Esquire. The article would have much volume, it would have humor, it would be entertaining and it would, in a large measure, be full of facts.

If Jesse Stuart has ever seen or heard of any one else seeing a martin feed the young with worms or feeding on the ground I would, in no small measure, be pleased to be informed of this most rare occurrence.

Yours for more facts in fiction,

Chaska, Minn. J. H. Zamjahn

BUNDY IN BRAILLE

This is a note to tell you folks about my partial appreciation of your Esquire and its contents. My wife reads me the understandable articles and all of the stories, satire and departments, but I'll be damned if I can appreciate the cartoons. She has a bit of difficulty in their explanation, although she evidently enjoys them herself.

You see, I am blind. I read a bit of Braille myself, but anything not in "the code" must be gotten across to me verbally. Despite my "affliction," as various professional sympathizers and assorted yaps and bores say, I still maintain my sense of humor.

What I'm getting at is this; how about putting Esq in Braille editions, as the *Reader's Digest* considerately does. Maybe then I could appreciate some of E. Simms Campbell, Bundy, Petty, Mahon, Hoff, and the rest. Aside from the obvious advantages to me and my ilk as you no doubt dirtily right away see in the Bundy category, you could start something for the blind—illustration in Braille! I know of nothing of the kind. You could pioneer!

You might even put some of the better *art* in tissue compresses. Think of the publicity! Think of the novelty! Think of the circulation! Think of the money coming in! Think of the critics!

Think of Bundy in Braille! Why hell, more than half your regular customers would want Braille editions!

Almost sincerely yours,

Evanston, Ill. Al Gutzmer

STILL THEY COME

If you are interested in really tough problems, how about this one? Given four points in the same plane, no three of which are colinear, draw a square so that each side lies in one of the four points.

Very truly,

Brooklyn, N. Y. E. M. Abrahamson

THE "75" GROWS UP

Far be it from us to be crass materialists and object to a work of art on factual grounds, but, confidentially, something is hellishly wrong with the illustration for your poem, *I Am the Best Thing They Did.* If your artist intended to depict a 75, the War Department would undoubtedly be interested in securing his plans, as this gun is entirely revolutionary in appearance and, undoubtedly, function. "Notice my recoil take-up, the cylinder"—there isn't any that any present Soixante-quinze could use. Perhaps Illustrator Sharp is more familiar with recent developments. Incidentally, it hasn't any carriage, as all field pieces must. The most striking resemblance to a 75 is that it has a hole in the front.

As for Poet Rolfe, he has really created a revolutionary gun. "Smooth—I could fire sixty times a minute." Really smooth! Enlisted men using a standard 75 would not like Mr. Rolfe at all; they and the gun find it impossible to keep up the top efficiency rate of six a minute for more than an hour. Mr. Rolfe's theoretical maximum would leave you a nice puddle of steel—the gun would burn itself out. Other artillerymen will perhaps write in and point out various technical mistakes in aiming and firing a gun as proposed in the poem.

If a 75 doesn't look sinister enough for the artist's purpose, he should know that the appearance belies the effect; it's potent as hell. The gun could best be used to shoot poets and illustrators like these two who have strayed so far from reality; then it would make an excellent monument for them and warning for future writers. As a matter of fact, they'd be safe because the piece wouldn't shoot, but maybe they'd like it in the "Mojave Desert . . . where no bombs will fall next time." None fell this time!

Sincerely,

Herbert C. Freeman, Jr.
2nd Lt. 5th FA—Res.
George W. Frank
2nd Lt. 5th FA—Res.

PICTURES PROGRESS

In most ways I disagree with Parke Cummings, author of *Beautiful Colors* in your September issue. I think the youth of today has just as much interest in famous athletes, in fact, more interest than the boys before the World War.

It was just a few years ago that I got colored pictures of baseball stars by buying a big wad of chewing gum, and every boy in my neighborhood saved them. On the back of the card was a short summary of the player's life. We played with them just as he did when he was a boy, by shooting them up against a wall or fence and winner take all. The one who "leaned" his card up against the fence got two cards, instead of the usual one, from his opponents. And if two cards were "leaners" the last one shooting a "leaner" would get four cards from his opponents.

SPORTS PAGE

The only trouble we had was, when we took them to school to play, they were taken away from us because it was called "gambling."

It was just three years ago that they stopped selling candy bars on the West Coast that had pictures of Pacific Coast League players. They weren't colored, nor did they give any information on the back, but they served their purpose of interesting kids in local baseball.

Not that I want to brag, but I think I know quite a bit about Major League ball players and their teams even though I have never seen a Major League game. I get all of my information in the newspaper and different sports magazines, and it so happens that certain magazines sell enlarged pictures of athletes for a very small sum.

I'll admit that other sports have been let down in regards to picture cards but we can get more accounts of one athlete from the papers than could fit on the back of ten cards.

But I have a cheer for Mr. Cummings, because I can see with the present lacking interest in sports on the part of 10 and 12-year-olds, who would rather get one movie star's autograph than 5 athletes' autographs, something has to be done to revive interest in all sports.

James F. Steacy,
Regular Esquire Fan

Inglewood, Calif.

AND THEN?

Your magazine is so good now, that all a gal (girl) needs is the Bible and Esquire.

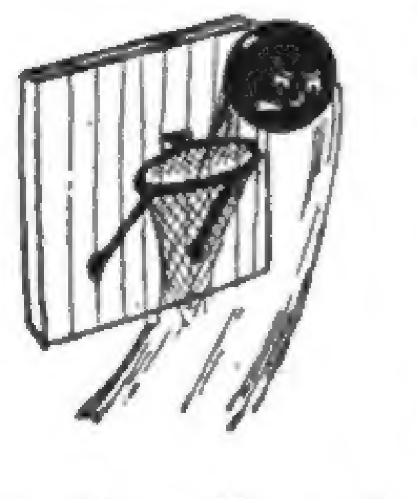
Yours truly,

R. Vivian Jacobs

New Haven, Conn.

ACCURACY AGONY

This is to tell your sports writer, John R. Tunis, to read up on his basketball rules. I'll quote a sentence or so from his article, *To Hell With the Referee:*



"In a close intercollegiate match recently the two teams were tied and just as the whistle blew one player caged a basket. Question; had the whistle blown before or after the ball had fallen into the hoop?"

In those two sentences Mr. Tunis infers that if the whistle had blown just before the ball entered the hoop the score would not count. That isn't true at all. What makes the difference is when the ball left the player's hands.

Alan C. Rose

New Dorp, S. I., N. Y.

Continued on page 12

A Truly Great Whiskey

Four Roses Whiskey achieves its matchless flavor in much the same way as the finest champagnes . . . coffees . . . and tobaccos. Like them, it is a superb blend — a blend of straight whiskies in which *several* selected whiskies are merged to make one truly great whiskey. *Four Roses* is 100% straight whiskies, 90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

CONTENTED CUSTOMER

Pardon the querulous bleatings of a baffled reader, but just WHAT in the hell is all this stuff about the "looseleaf" ESQUIRE? I've read (and bought) the magazine since it first came out (I even subscribe to it, if it is not too, too shameful to admit it), have a nice collection of back copies and probably get as much mileage out of each copy as anyone.

Yet never have I been snowed under by a storm of loose pages. In fact, being an ardent saver-upper of Petty and E. Simms Campbell (Hot Ziggety!) I have occasionally emitted low, uncouth words as I attempted to remove said "pitchers" without undue exertion.

If sufficiently goaded, I could point out that even a two buck book will not allow its reader to chin himself on each page, or use it for morning calisthenics, without shedding an occasional leaf. Apparently some guys figger that, when they pry open the old coin-purse for the amputation of a tarnished half-dollar from the collection of antique coins, they should get a genuine hand-tooled Russian leather binding with 6-ply all-weather nonskid pages individually riveted to a bridge girder backing! Try any one of the nickel mags for the looseleaf shuffling act!!

Or am I being discriminated against? Mebbe ESQUIRE is giving some subscribers a special edition for the express purpose of creating more "Fury." Or, most probably it's just another Nazi plot and we should ignore it.

If I have seemed slightly testy, that was the idea.

My first outbreak to *S. & F.* and now I'll relax and continue my enjoyment of the magazine.

Frank R. Malleaux
Ann Arbor, Mich.

YOU'RE JUST A STRONGER MAN

With reference to the article, *I'm a Strong Man*, in the September issue I wish to offer a bit of comment.

First let me say that I am well supplied with the records and abilities of strong men past and present. It is my hobby and business and I might add that I hold a record or two myself.

But that is neither here nor there. What I want to howl about concerns some of the feats that strong feller was supposed to have done.

The strongest man in the world today could not lift a 600-pound stone with hands alone (he didn't mention the use of a harness, y'know), not to mention the fact that the strongest 11-year-old boy could hardly hope to even roll it. And then . . . to have him go so far as to say that he carried it 20 feet and threw it over a 4-foot fence! At 11 years he must have been all of 48 inches tall himself. If you read your papers you will have noticed that the German team contested the American team a couple of months ago in New York and on the German team is the strongest man in the world today at lifting. He failed to lift to his chest 370 pounds in the form of a bar bell. Now a bar bell is a long handled dumbbell, the bar being just 1 1-10th inches in diameter. One can get a pretty good grip on that . . . see the light? Oh yes, the world's record for lifting a weight off the ground on a bar bell (easier to get a hold of than a boulder, huh?) is 652 lbs. And then that bunch of tripe of him carrying the 1,100-lb. hydrant a block . . . more phooey!

His back lift and carrying the horse may be authentic and I do not wish to cast reflections on those particular lifts as they are quite possible. However, I seriously doubt that the man was ever capable of doing road work with a 100-lb. dumbbell on each shoulder. I have placed 255-lbs. across my shoulders in the form of a bar bell and squatted on my heels 25 times in succession. . . . I have lifted 235 lbs. overhead with my left arm, which incidentally is only 15 lbs. behind the best man in the world today, and yet I must admit that I couldn't run 25 feet with two 100-lb. dumbbells on my shoulders, although I might walk a considerable distance.

I am enclosing three pictures, one shows me lifting 255 lbs. with my left arm. I did not complete the lift however. To complete it one must stand erect and bring the heels together. I lost the bell just as I stood up. The other two pictures show the development from this form of training and incidentally teaches one the limitations of the human body. I might add that my experiences have prompted me to recognize the impossibility of the feats that our friend is supposed to have accomplished.

I regret to say that the strong man of the article does not appear in the annals of strong man history.

With sincere regards to you and to your publication, I beg to remain,

Yours sincerely,
Columbus, Ohio Roger G. Eells

IT'S NEVER OVER

As an avid student of the history of our War Between the States I was greatly interested in Garnett Eskew's defense of General McAusland and his actions at Chambersburg in 1864 and the interesting way in which he stated the facts concerning this much discussed incident.

An impartial student will readily admit that McAusland was entirely blameless in a military sense for the destruction of Chambersburg and that in so doing he was acting in the subordinate capacity of obeying the orders of his superior officer.

Mr. Eskew however, in an understandable attempt to rescue McAusland's reputation from the calumny of embattled Pennsylvanians, has distorted his military record considerably. This is especially true in the manner in which McAusland's Retreat from Fort Donelson is handled.

Mr. Eskew describes it thusly, "He gathered a few detachments of infantry and artillery together and led a sortie out of the doomed fort, stole stealthily through the woods to the Cumberland River. Here he seized a broken down little steamboat, fired her up, loaded on his men and escaped to within the Confederate lines. He brought off half his command in this way and won for himself commendation from the high quarters in Richmond."

With this paragraph is dismissed one of the most disgraceful acts ever perpetrated by a commanding officer in the field. I do not refer to McAusland but to his superior officer, Brig. Gen. John B. Floyd, who ordered the escape. The fact that McAusland was not responsible for what happened that Sunday morning in February, 1862 is no excuse for Mr. Eskew to fabricate the facts in so dramatic and untrue a fashion.

The true facts are an ugly postlude to the otherwise courageous conduct of a brave garrison fighting against heavy odds.

Floyd, the senior officer, saw surrender was inevitable and was highly doubtful as to his fate should he be among those captured. He was still under indictment for the embezzlement of public funds lifted while Secretary of War in Buchanan's cabinet and he had serious doubts as to how he would be treated. He relinquished his command to his subordinate, Brig. Gen. Pillow. This worthy in turn passed the fort over to Brig. Gen. Buckner, late of the Kentucky State Guard. This time it stuck and negotiations were begun for surrender.

Meantime a steamer arrived bringing four hundred belated Tennessee reinforcements. Floyd ordered them to disembark and commandeered the vessel. He then ordered his own division to get on board. These were the 51st and 56th Virginia, Col. Wharton's Brigade; French's Battery and the 36th and 50th Virginia, Col. McAusland's Brigade. Thus Floyd with Wharton's and McAusland's Virginians steamed away to safety. It had been necessary to form the 20th Mississippi under arms around the boat landing to prevent the growing throng of abandoned troops from rushing the boat, which according to reports had room for many more on board. Major Brown of this regiment reports that his men were promised passage for this duty but they too were left behind with the others.

And as for receiving "commendation from high quarters in Richmond," I am forced to look upon that as pure fiction. He may not have been at fault but the whole nasty business raised one hell of a stink in Richmond. The complete story of the incident can be found in the regimental reports and the proceedings of the board of inquiry published by the Confederate Congress in Richmond in 1862.

This is not an attempt to discredit a brave and able soldier but to publish the true story of his escape from Fort Donelson. Very truly yours,

William Reisman
New Rochelle, N. Y.

FILE UNDER SPECIAL PLEADING

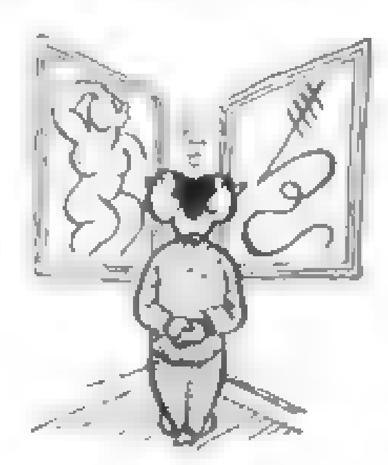
Imagine my surprise to find, on page 154 of your September issue, that Princeton, Yale, et al. had ceased to be the sole contenders for honors on the fashion pages of ESQUIRE. For, lo and behold!—you have finally broken down the golden barriers of monopoly and have finally accorded to the oldest university (Don't holler, Harvard and William and Mary. The word university is not to be confused with college) in the United States, to wit, the University of Pennsylvania, the rather dubious honor of permitting its sacred emblem to grace the side of a cigarette box. Sometime in the dim future, I should care to see, instead of the towers of Princeton, the towers of Yale, and the towers of Squeedunk State Teacher's College, the towers of Pennsylvania on your fashion plates. After all, you know, we of Philadelphia are not nudists. Nor do we run around from class to class dressed in potato sacks. And so, Esky, the next time you feel the collegiate urge coming on, instead of hollering for the Orange and Black, the Pink and Green, or the Mauve and Lavender, how about a little shout for the Red and Blue?

Here's hoping,
Robert K. Moxon
Narberth, Penna.

APOLOGY TO AN ABSTRACTION

Again the *Sound and Fury* has roused my ire, this time with a letter in the September issue, entitled "The Applesauce of Abstract Art." This letter goes against my grain because I like abstract art and I also like applesauce.

The reason most members of the conventional school of art dislike abstract art is that art for so long has been wrapped in the shrouds of conventionalism that it almost makes conventionalists chew rocks when they hear of anything besides classicalism. It must be admitted that for better or for worse, the interest shown by the public in abstract art has put the conventionalists on their toes. And believe me, anyone who can get the conventionalists to even *think* of getting on their toes deserves much credit!



Everyone cannot be expected to have the same tastes. However, Americans as a whole have developed the habit of condemning everything they do not like or understand. This is not only intolerance—it is an admission of shallowness. This same intolerance has banned abstract art from Nazi Germany, because, as Hitler explains it, abstract art is not "legitimate." But what, pray tell, is "legitimate" art? It is purely a matter of personal human opinion. (Just who qualified Hitler as a critic of the arts is what many artists would like to know—he should have stuck to paper-hanging.) As long as a painting has followed the fundamental laws of art, and has not violated the unwritten rules of decency, how can anyone declare what is "good" art and what is not?

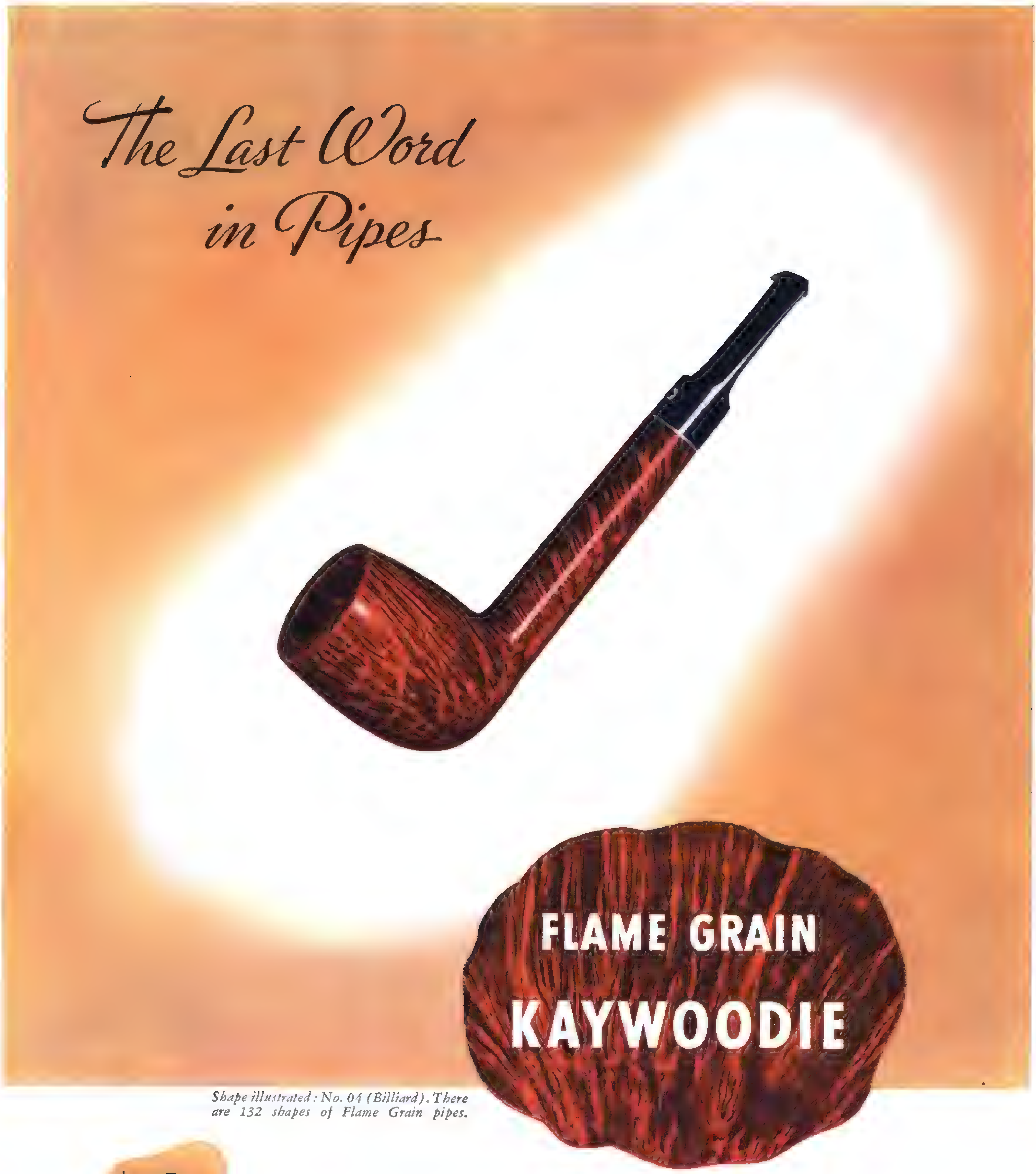
Abstract art is generally misunderstood because many of its critics do not even understand the purpose behind it. Compared to one of Renoir's or Rubens' nudes, abstract art looks flat. But abstract art should not be viewed in the same light as conventional, academic art. In abstract art it is not the outward form that matters. It is the artist's inward feelings that are of supreme importance. After all, is there any more reason for art to be dependent upon natural forms than music upon natural sounds? Abstract art does not appeal to one's senses. Instead, it appeals to one's intellect. Too often visitors to art galleries praise and laud nudes, not because they are considering the art principles successfully employed in the painting, but rather because the model's subtle curves and soft flesh tones appeal to their senses. Not that I dislike the representation of natural forms—I do believe, though, that there is room for both types of painting.

Only time can tell the value, or lack of it, of abstract art. At any rate, abstract art has stimulated the work of many artists, both commercial and non-commercial. We must remember that it is an old human custom to be wary of new ideas. Therefore, the least we can do is to be thankful that artists in our country are free to paint and experiment as they please. Some may not like abstract art, but at least it is better, and much more easy on the nerves, than posters painted at the demands of dictators. The abstract painter, by nature, is an individualist. Perhaps this is why abstract art is banned in the totalitarian states.

Out of fairness to those who enjoy abstract art, I would appreciate the printing of this letter in answer both to that unpleasant gentleman who criticized it on your pages, and also to those clever and beautifully executed drawings (June '38) ridiculing abstract art, drawn by the clever and necessary E. Simms Campbell.

Very truly yours,
Upper Montclair, N. J. Ted Cook

Continued on page 174



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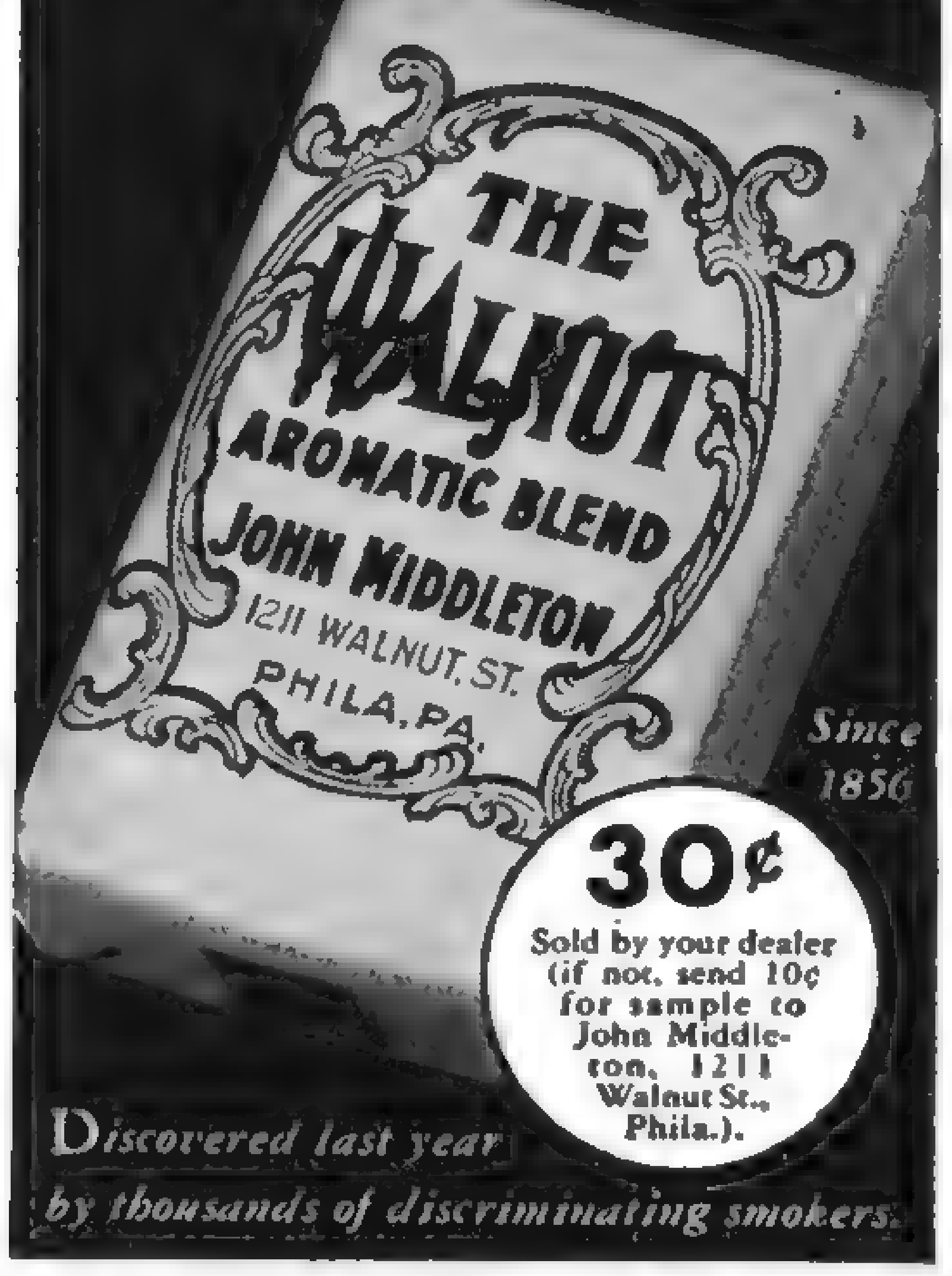

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LATEST IN LEATHER. Race track fans will be glad to know about a new leather wallet especially designed for bettors. A compartment to hold winnings (if any); a 5-inch pad on which to list your "horse, jockey, distance, time, odds, bet, won, lost, balance," etc. Gold pencil attached. Next in leather is the "hole-in-one" belt . . . a neat job which can be adjusted to fit fluctuating waistlines via a sliding buckle with prong which slips into a hole. Easy to get on in a hurry by means of a patented slide-hook. Pigskin or calfskin with silver or gold finish buckle carrying your initials. Exhibit No. 3 is the 2-tone reversible leather belt. You can have a black leather belt (gold finish buckle) or, with a flip you can turn it over and have a brown belt. Buckle reverses too. Belt comes in several colors and different leathers.

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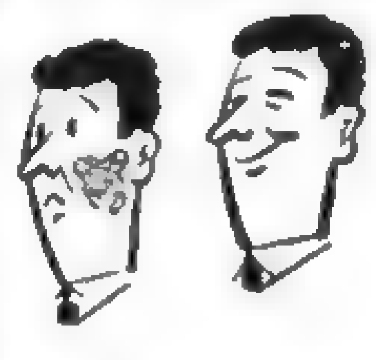
Ranger



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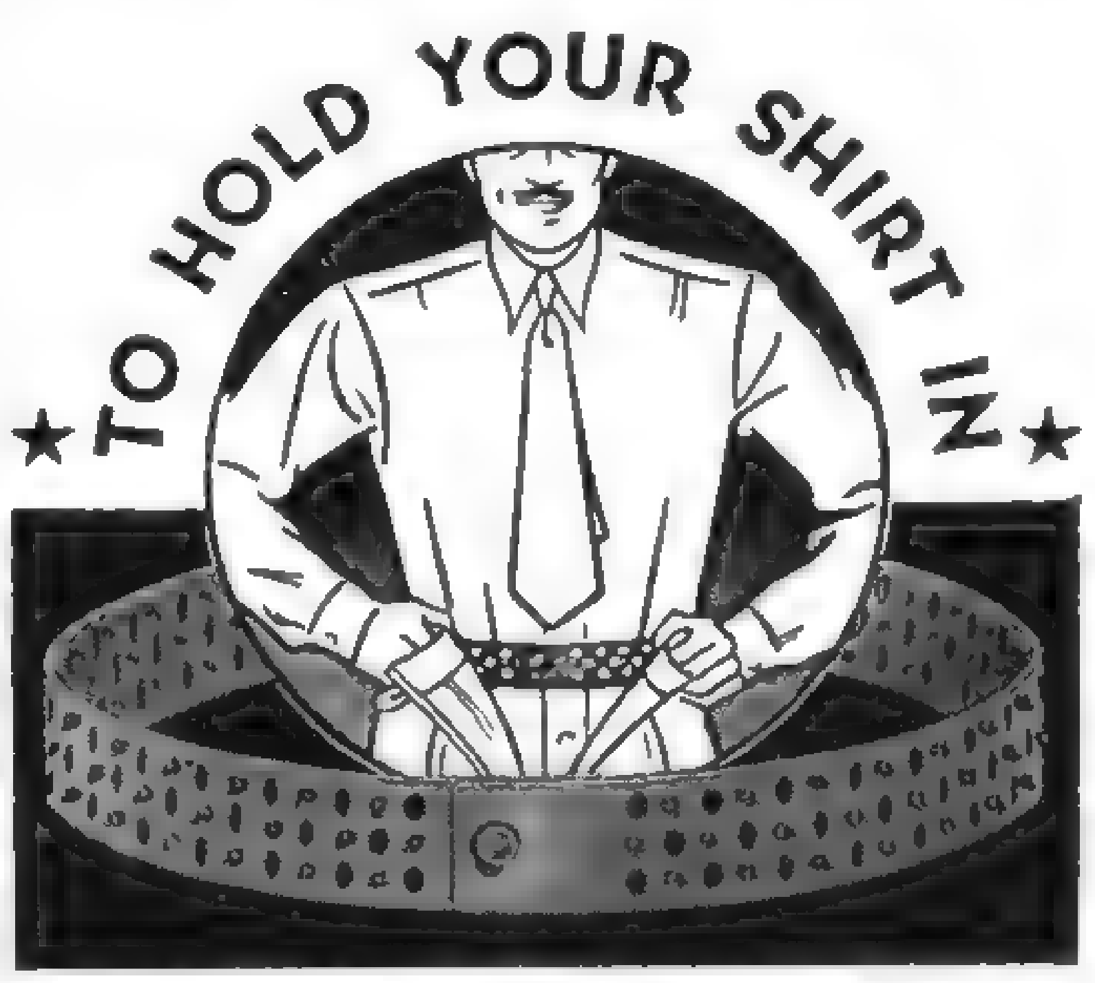
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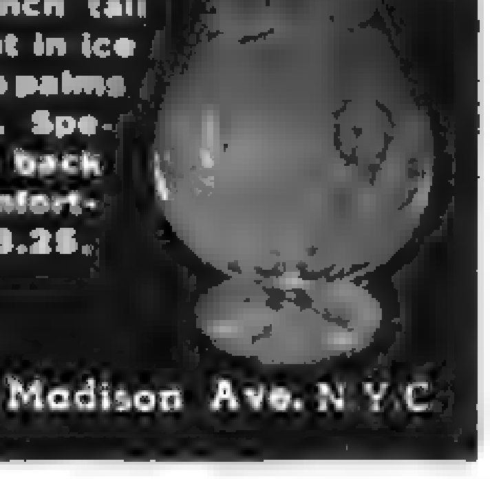

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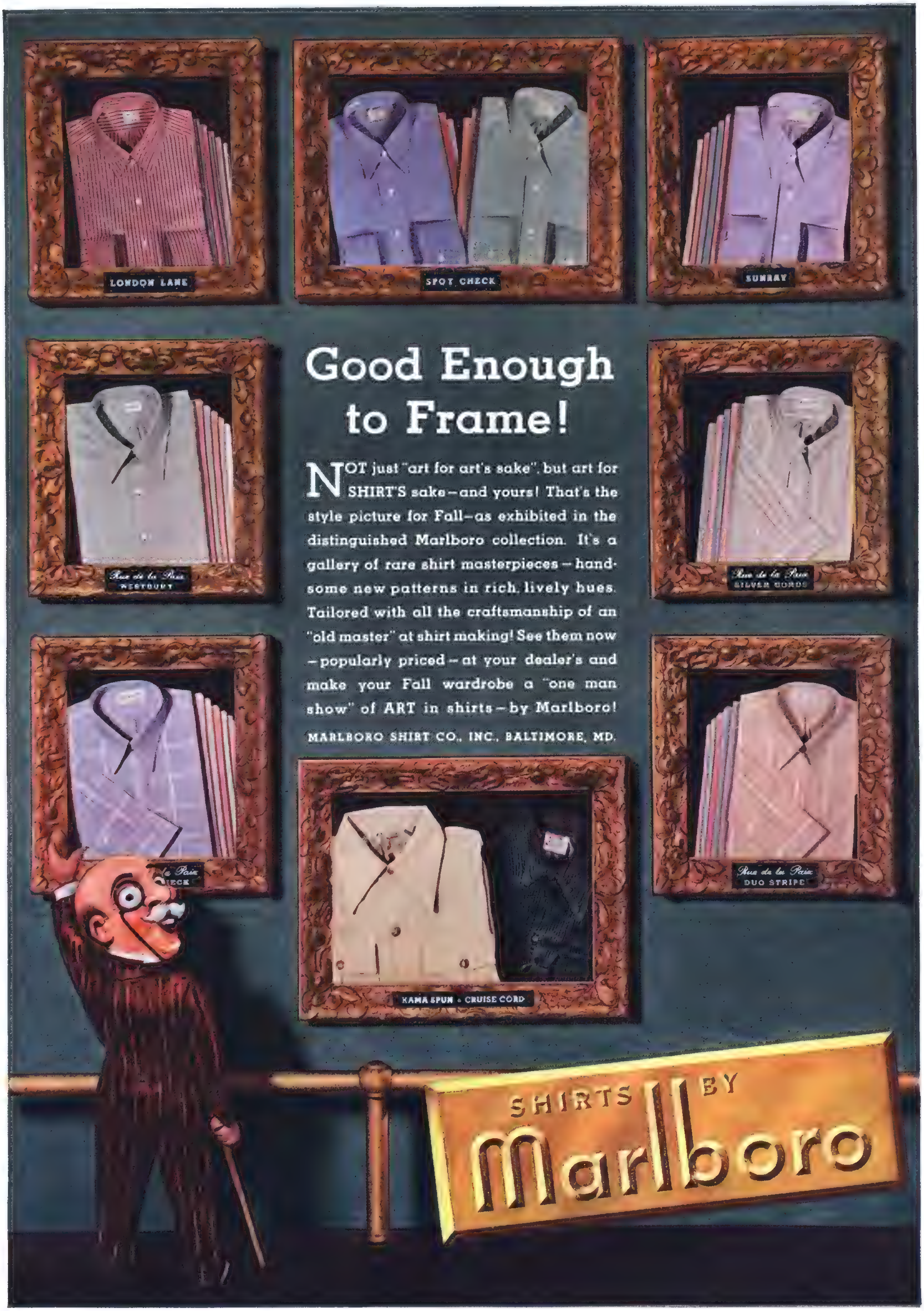
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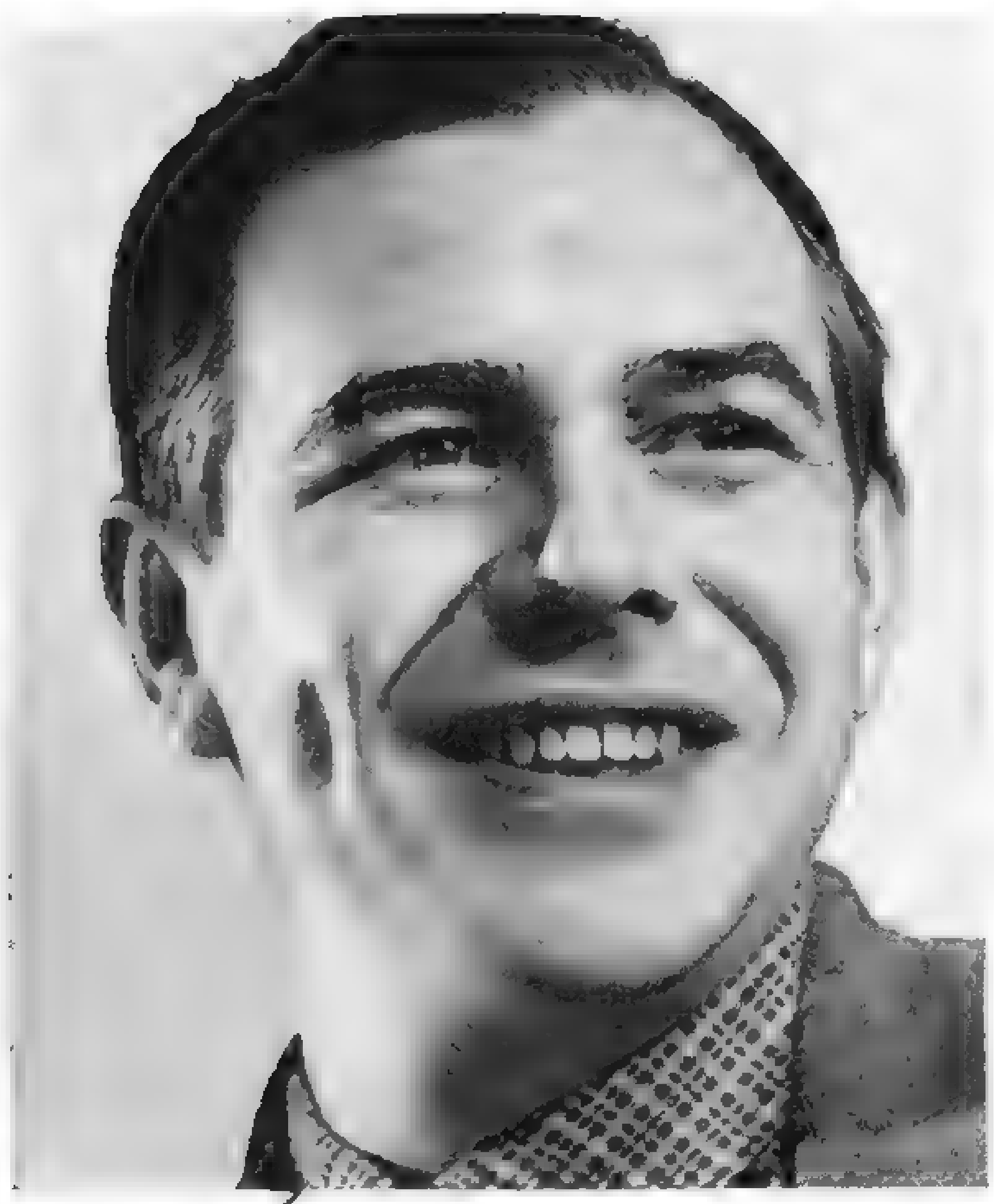

IT HURRIES YOU ALONG

Why fumble with *five* old-style fastenings on your trousers? Today you can have the TALON fastener—and close or open your trousers with one easy *slide.*

"Tell Me—am I *safe* in these Pants?"

An answer to Mr. J. S.—and to the millions of men who like the ease, security, neatness of the **TALON** *trouser fastener*
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The point is: the TALON fastener for trousers is a *special* kind of slide fastener. It is perfected *expressly* to give trouble-free service in trousers.

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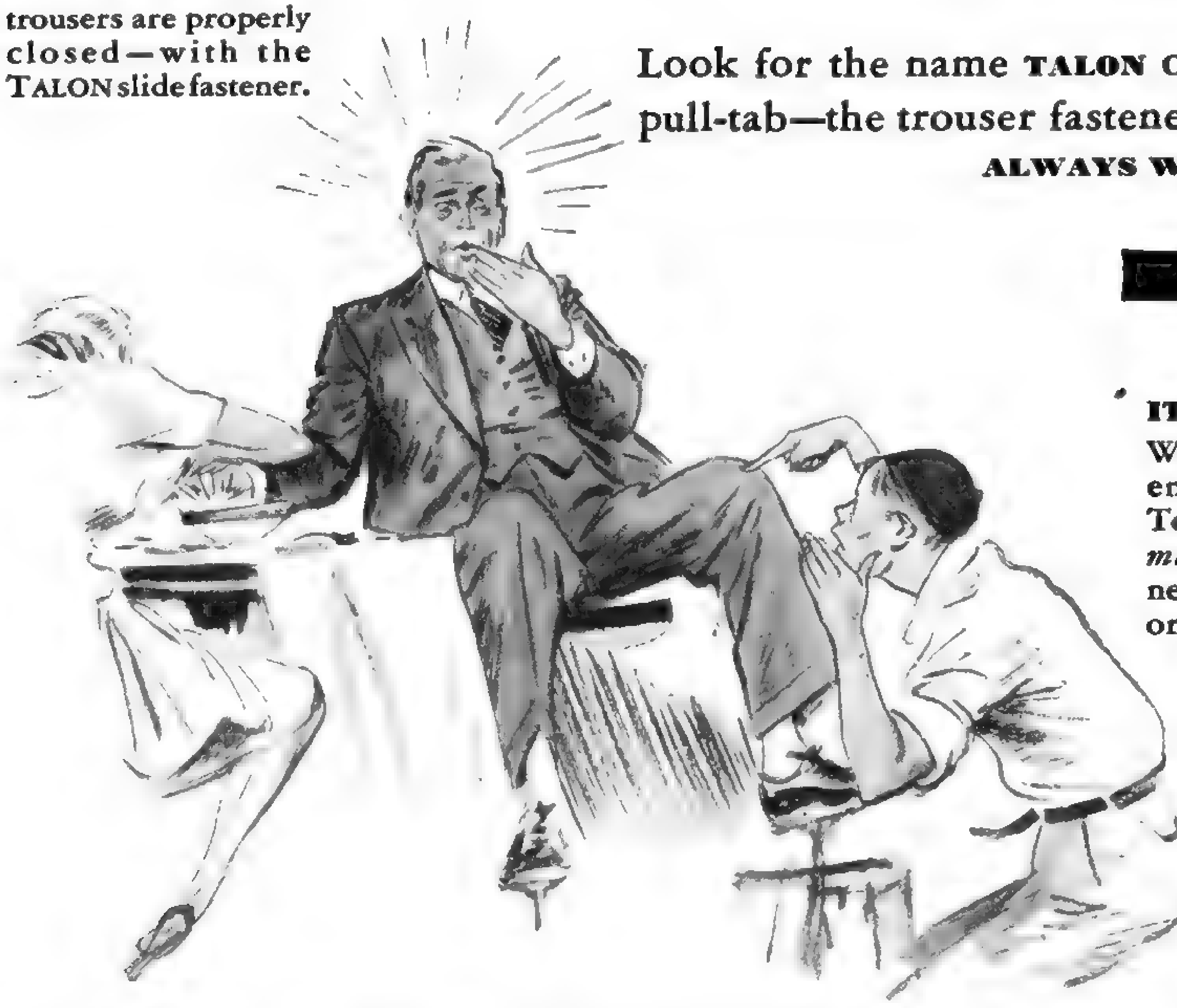
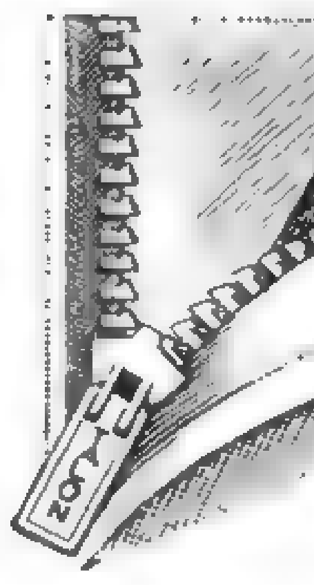
OLD OR NEW? Which makes "better sense"? The conspicuous, old-style fly that often gaps or bulges (above)? Or the well-groomed appearance of the TALON trouser fastener (below)?

PROTECTS YOU

Why risk wearing trousers that can come open by accident? Today you can always *be sure* your trousers are properly closed—with the TALON slide fastener.

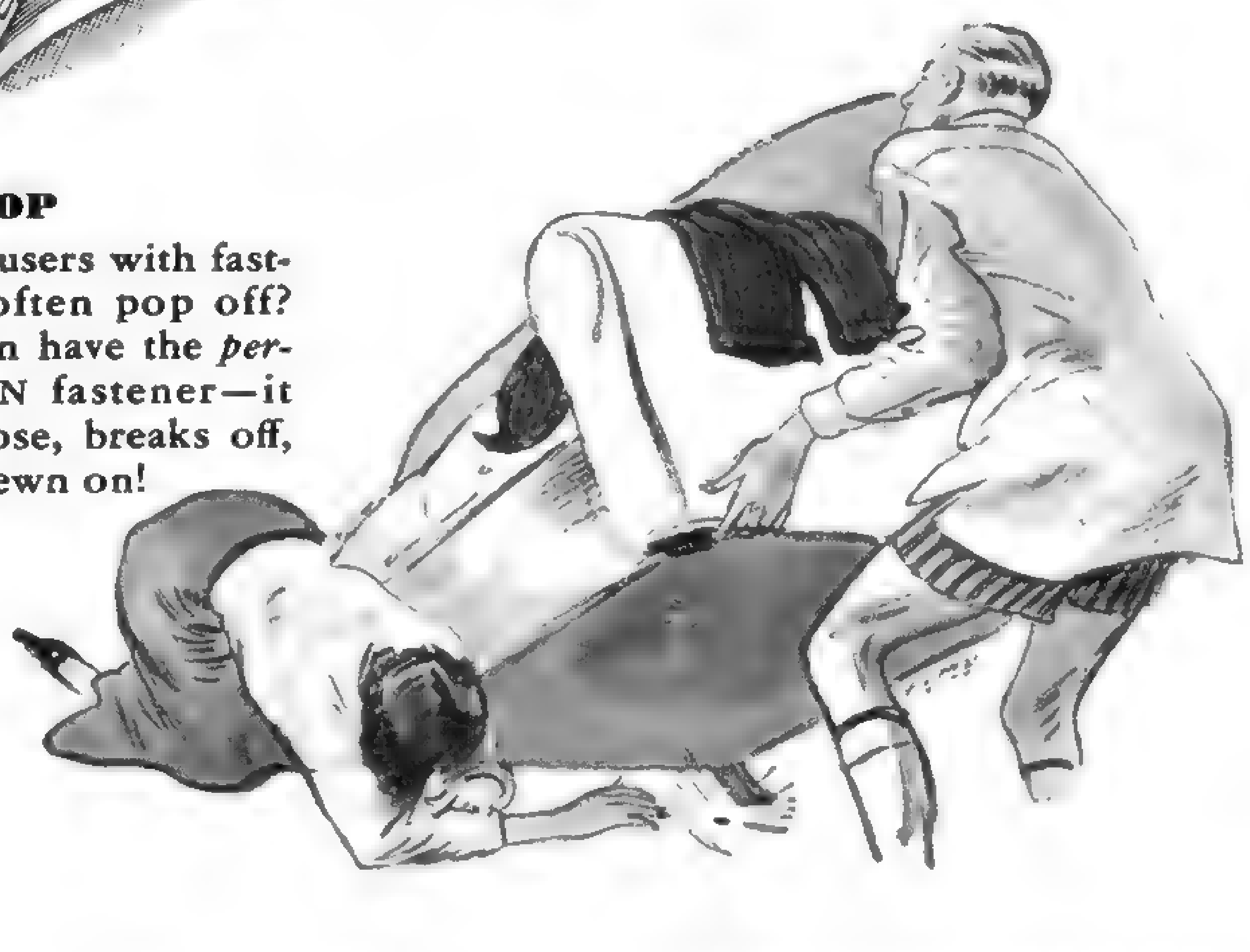


Look for the name **TALON** on the pull-tab—the trouser fastener that **ALWAYS WORKS**



IT CAN'T POP

Why wear trousers with fastenings that often pop off? Today you can have the *permanent* TALON fastener—it never gets loose, breaks off, or has to be sewn on!



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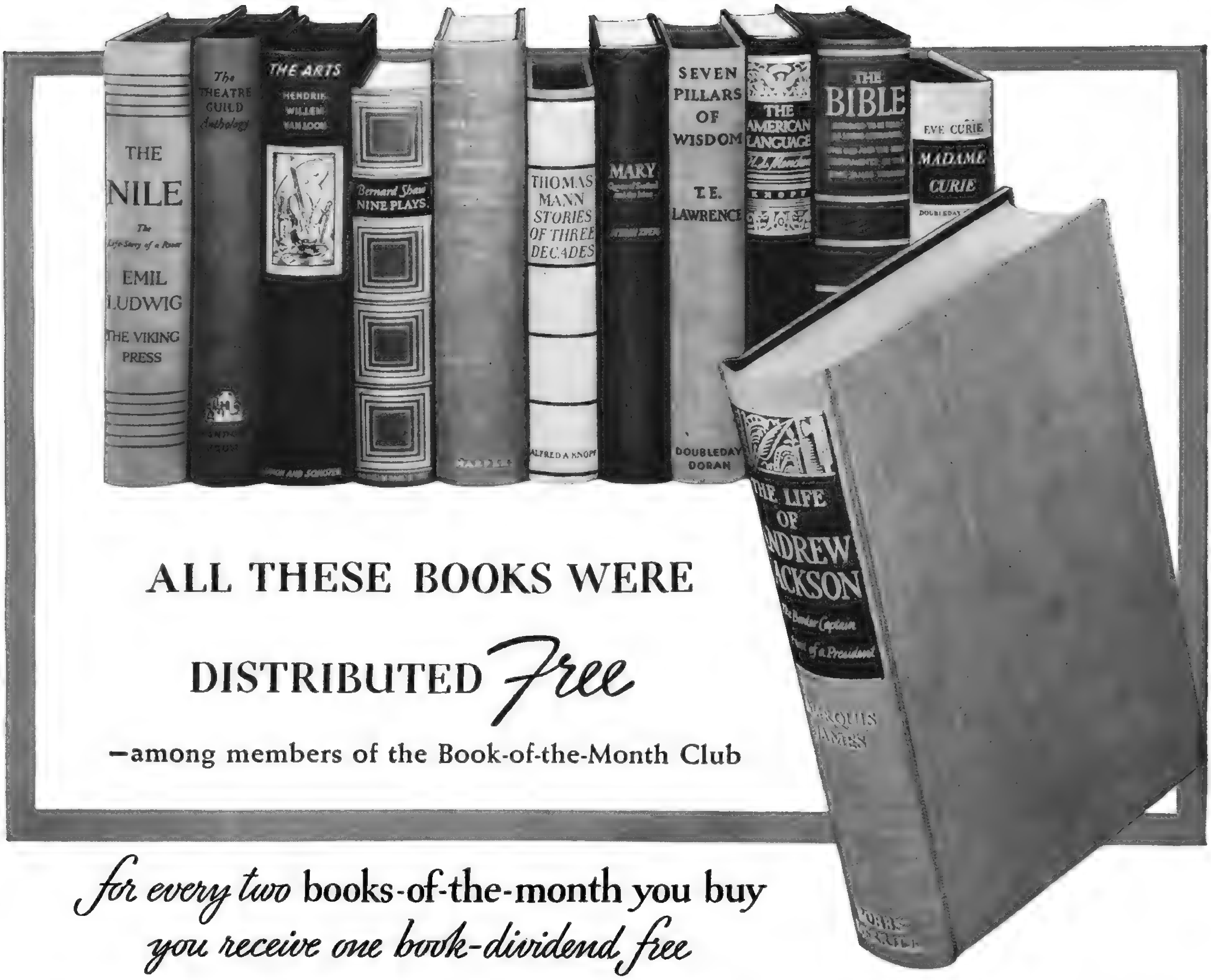
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BAKED GRAPEFRUIT, HAWAIIAN. For a starter you might serve grapefruit done the way the Hulas do it. Slice the fruit in half and score. Drop spoonfuls of pure molasses between the slices and in the center. Sprinkle with cinnamon and bake under broiler for 5 minutes.

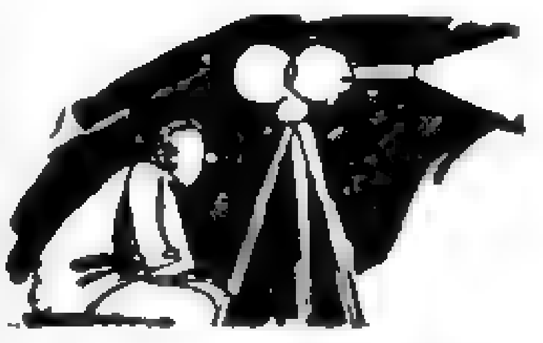
CANNED CREPE SUZETTES. And to end up with, if you still want to save yourself a lot of time in the kitchen, we direct your attention to the new 8 ounce jars of neatly rolled crepes. All you have to do is pour crepes and sauce into a pan, heat in melted butter for 5 minutes, remove, sprinkle with sugar, anoint with brandy or rum, light up, and look for the pale blue flame. One jar serves 4 to 6 people.

RUSSIAN MINTS. Some of the smartest hostesses in the Hollywood colony are serving Russian mints with after dinner coffee. The mints are shaped like caramels, and are coated in chocolate with a soft filling of mint flavored chocolate. Idea is to put the mints in the ice box for a 10 minute chill before serving. You buy the mints from a shop in Pasadena . . . they got the idea from a confection that was served with black coffee in Russia before the revolution, and needless to say, guard their authentic recipe like the crown jewels. The shop ships to all parts of the country and the candies arrive in perfect shape. Might put this down for a Christmas thought.

WORLD'S FAIR COCKTAIL. While we're still out on the coast . . . the bartenders in some of the hotels in San Francisco have been having a grand mixing contest to decide upon what concoction would be worthy enough to be dubbed *the* "World's Fair Cocktail". Bartender of the St. Francis Hotel won with this: ⅔ Bourbon, ⅓ Italian Vermouth, 1 tsp. curacao, 1 tsp. anisette, orange peel. Serve in old fashioned cocktail glasses. We tried one in the St. Francis bar, in company with that Highbrow Hobo, Bruno Lessing . . . who, judging from the encores, found it good.

CRANBERRY CASHEW SALAD. As long as you are serving your bird smoked, instead of roasted, you might as well disguise the proverbial turkey companion . . . cranberries. A cranberry salad is what we have in mind. Like this: Cook 2 cups crans with 1 cup water and 1 cup sugar. When they pop, add 1½ tablespoons unflavored gelatin which has been soaked in ¼ cup cold water, to the hot mixture. When cool throw in ¼ cup ground, salted cashew nuts, ½ cup chopped apples, ½ cup diced celery. Turn into molds and chill. Serve on lettuce.

MORE ABOUT CASHEWS. The cashew tree is an evergreen that grows wild on the sea coast of Western India. To bring the nut from India and still retain its tree-fresh taste was once thought to be impossible. Now, however, the best cashews are packed in air-tight tins by a special, patented method which insures their freshness. The shell of the cashew consists of three layers, the outer and inner being hard and dry, but the intermediate layer containing a caustic oil which is eliminated by roasting the nuts. The sap is used as a varnish and an aromatic drug is prepared from other parts.



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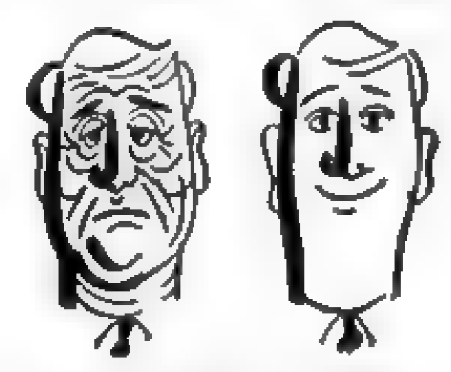

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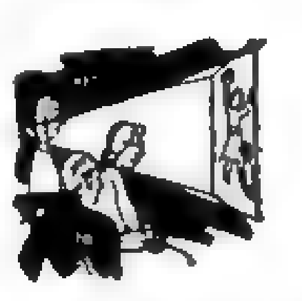

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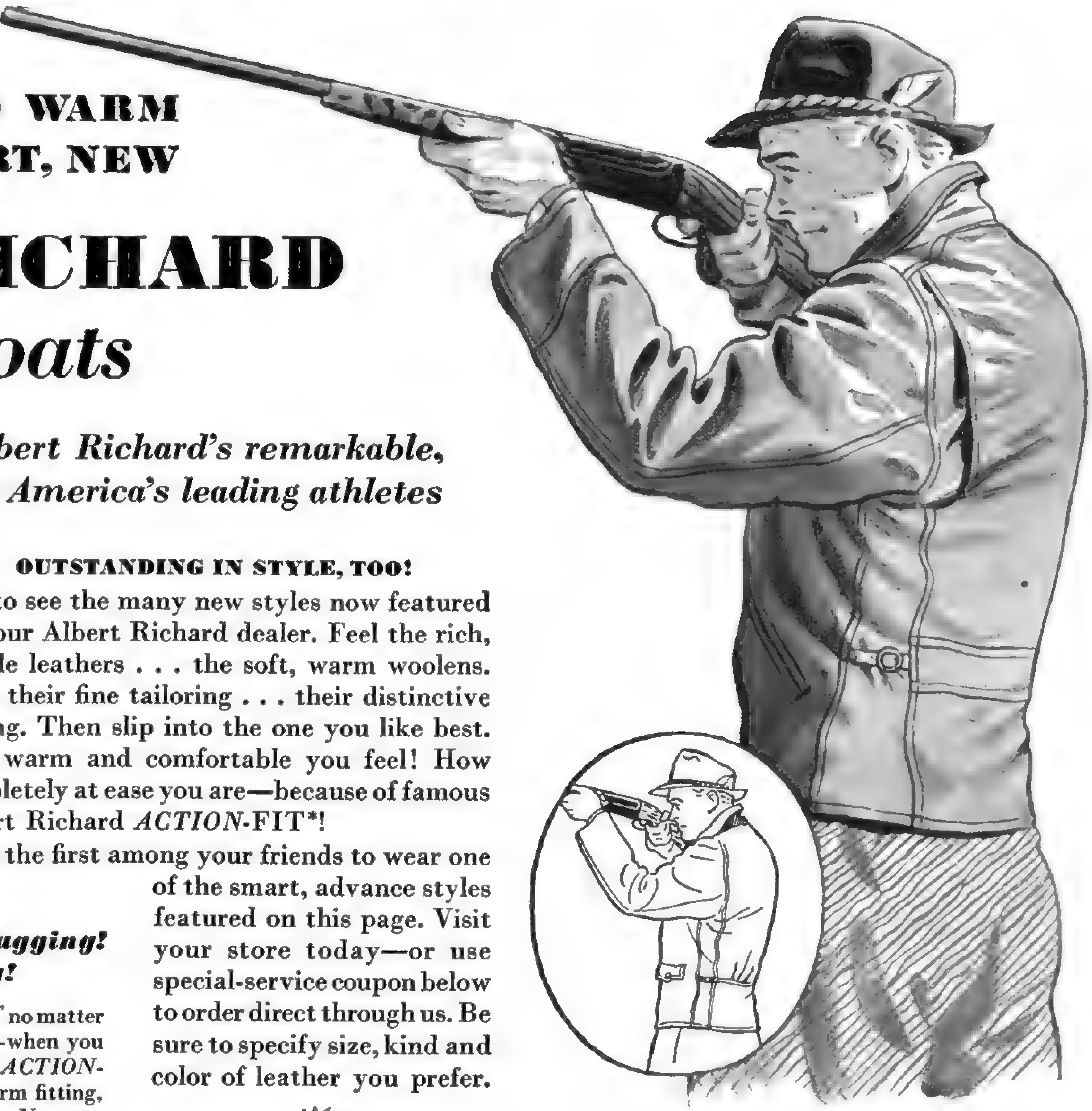

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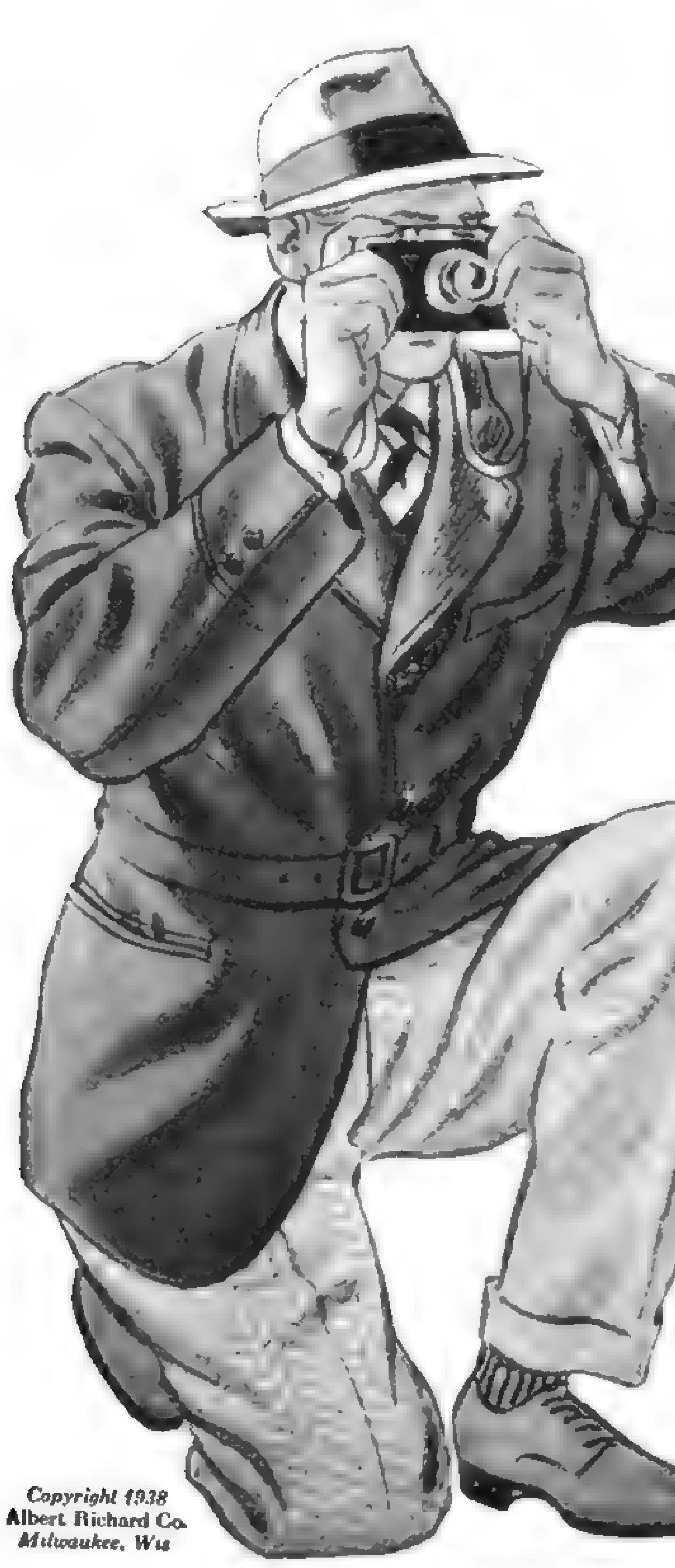

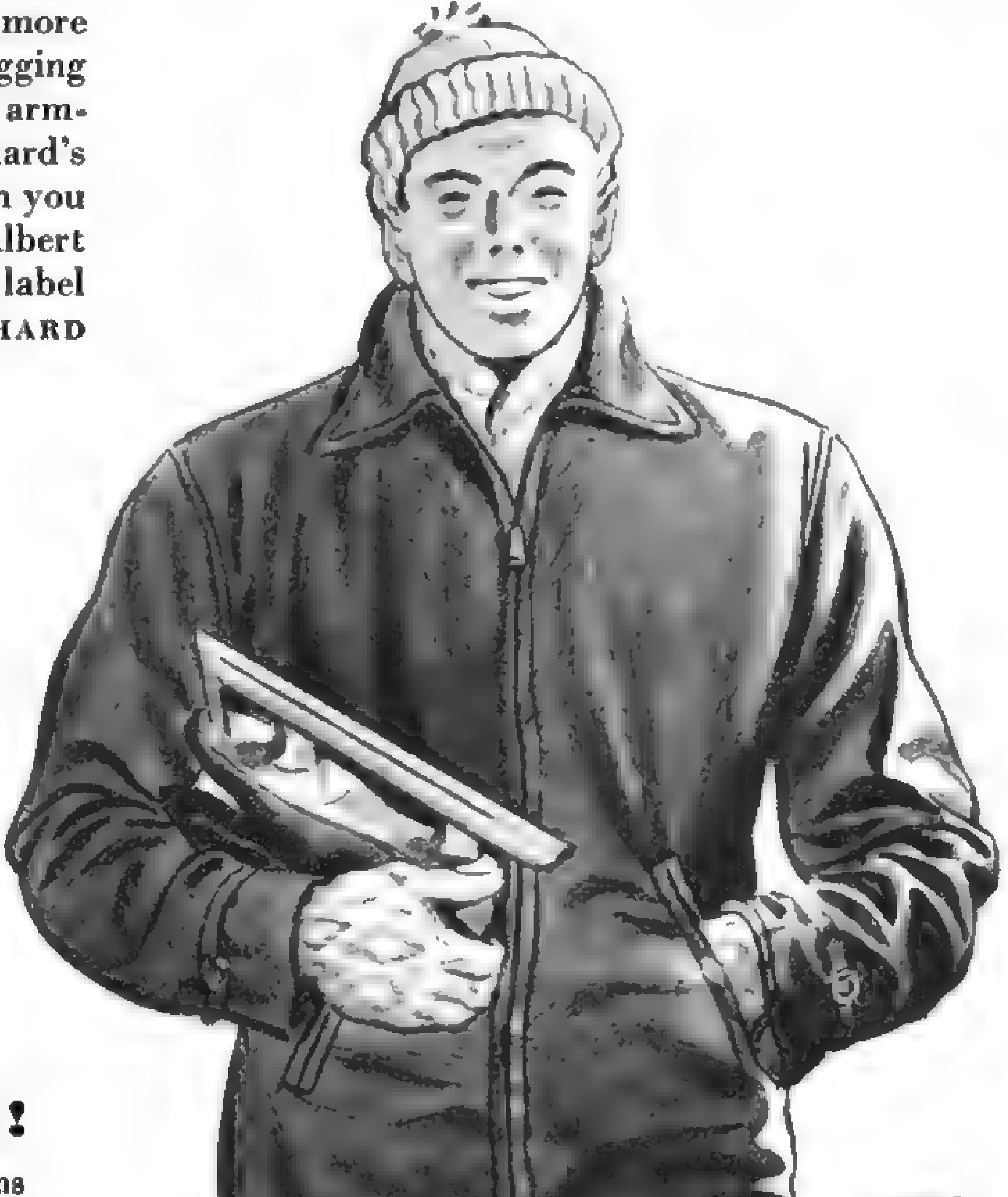

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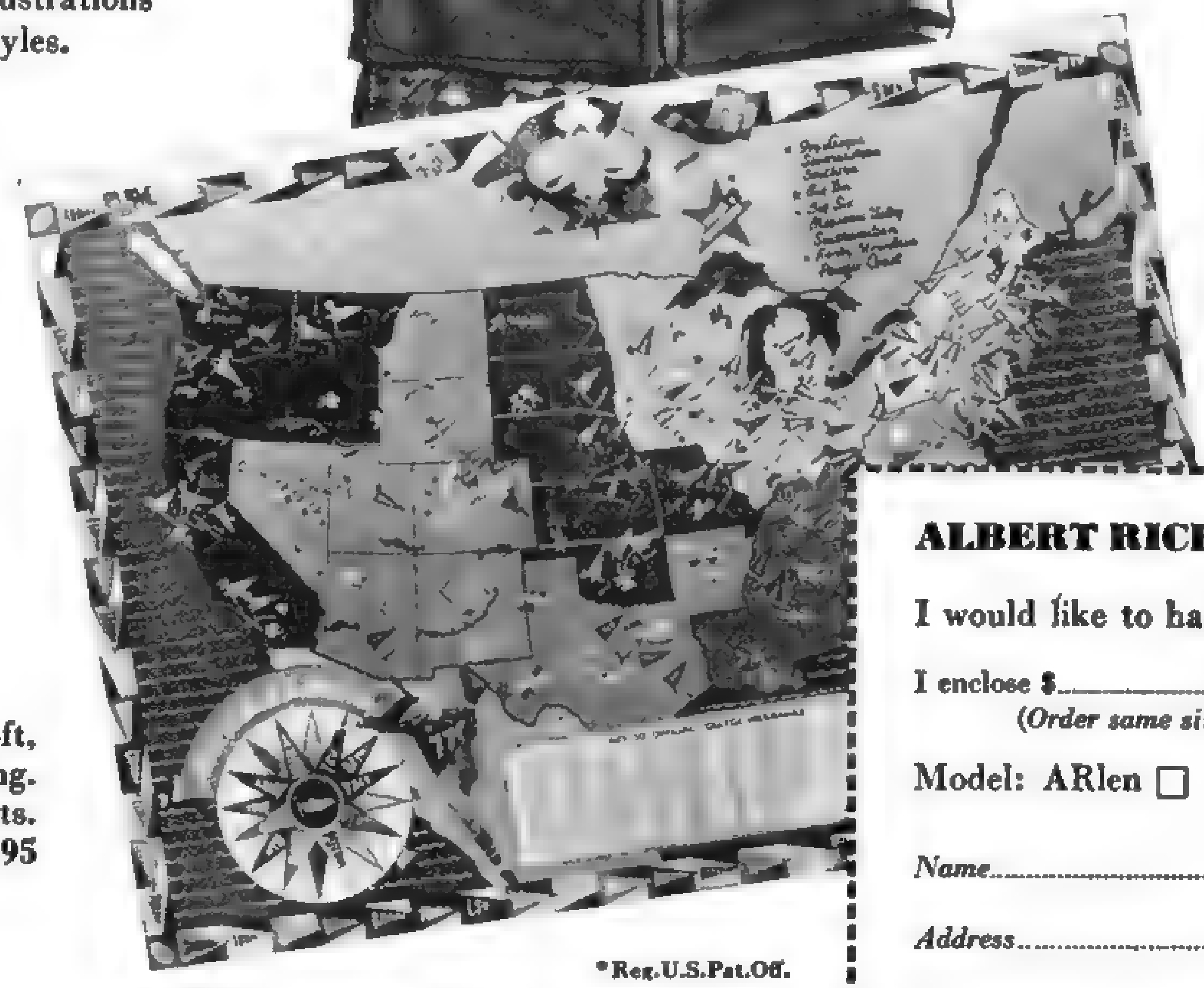

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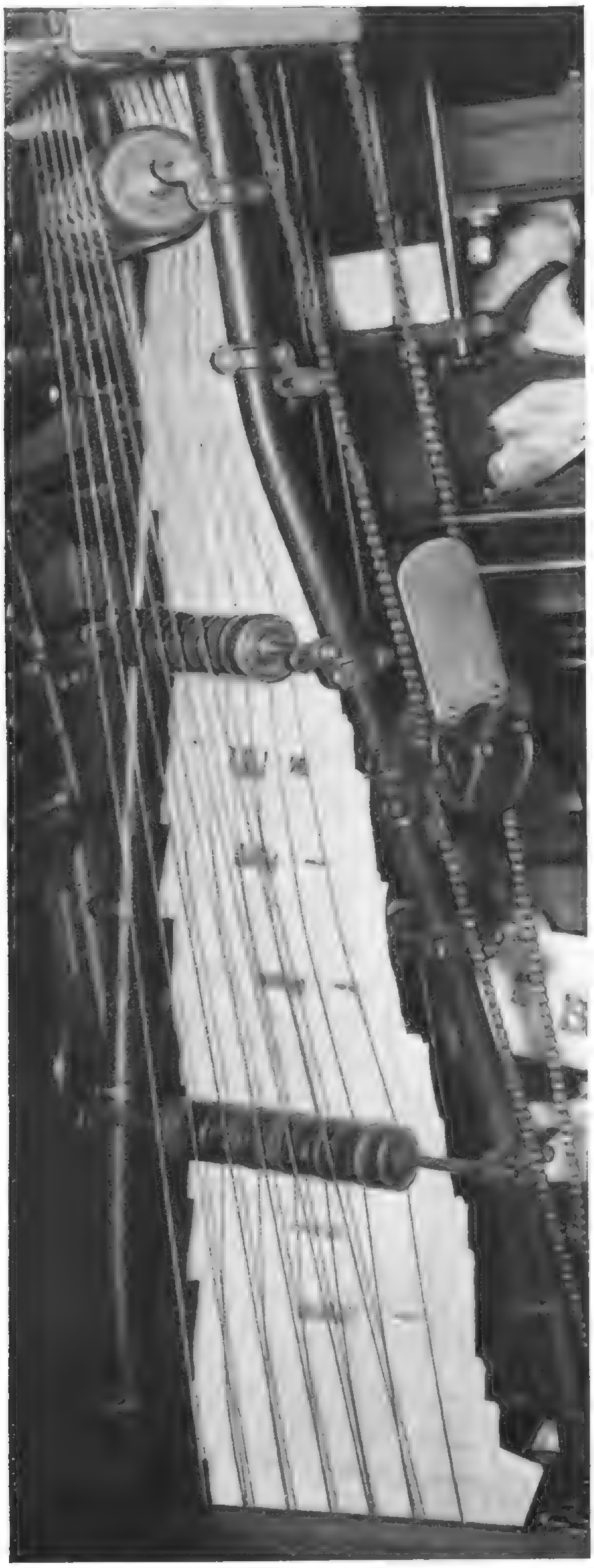

Automatic conveyor in The Chicago Daily News press room, which trundles papers from the presses to the bundling machines.

A LITTLE four-page newspaper—The Chicago Daily News—first published on December 23, 1875, "marked the opening of a new epoch in journalism in the United States, if not the whole world."* It had more faith than capital. Its editorial staff, finding the only available quarters in the composing room, sat on kitchen chairs and wrote copy on a rough pine table. It did not even own the press upon which it first was printed. Some called the new Chicago newspaper "bumptious." Others condescendingly declared it was published "somewhere on Fifth avenue behind a tree!"

But this newspaper had the character that weathers well. It sought accuracy and fairness in its news and editorial columns. It sold space to advertisers only on the basis of definite, proved, net paid circulation—before men even dreamed of an Audit Bureau of Circulations. It published a newspaper for home consumption, for entire family readership. And it always has had the capacity to serve.

Indeed, the history of Chicago's achievements since the Great Fire of 1871, parallels the history of The Chicago Daily News. For this newspaper has been unrelenting in its fight for the fundamentals that it believes to be right: Honest and efficient government, schools well staffed, well equipped and well administered, safer and improved transportation facilities, the establishment of parks and forest preserves and playgrounds, equitable and peaceable relations between capital and labor, and, above all, the preservation and extension of opportunities which will make the children of today the useful citizens of tomorrow.

Simple points. Nevertheless, points that have attracted to this newspaper men and women of distinction . . . men and women who not only are capable, but also are conscious of their responsibilities.

** Source: "Newspaper Building," by Jason Rogers*

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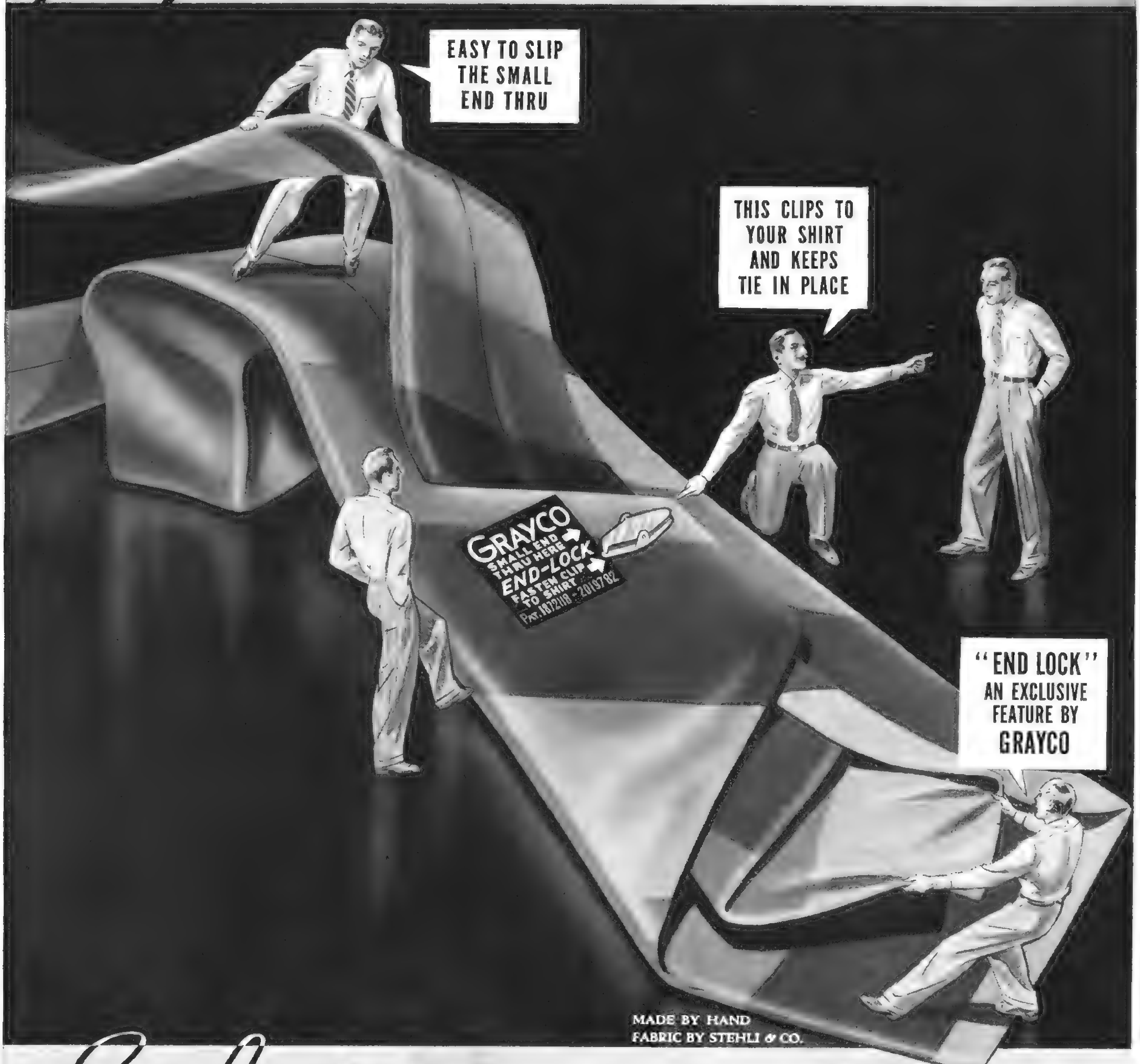
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. . . a label essential to the smartly dressed man . . . who knows the value of "tie-tidiness". The exclusive patented construction found only in Grayco *End-Lock* . . . it always keeps the tie in place.

This means when clip is fastened the tie cannot become distorted.

$1

Illustrated

All-Silk BARATHEA

Select your favorite stripe color combinations at your dealer's

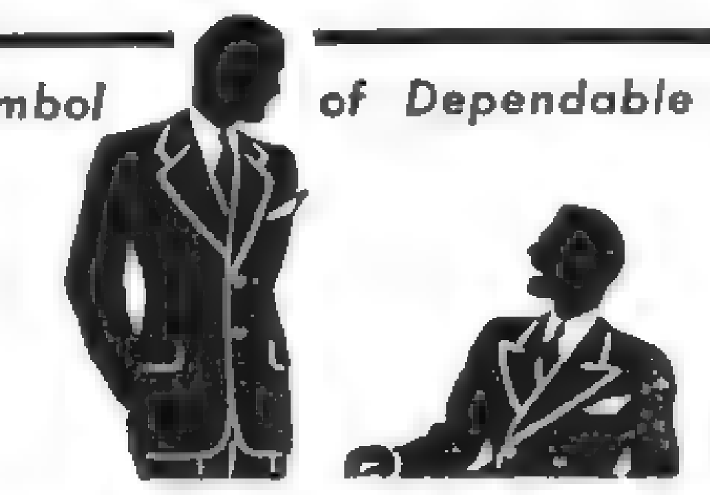
1. TRI-TONE BLUES.........NAVY, MARINE and ROYAL
2. TRI-TONE BLUES.........NAVY, ROYAL and COPEN
3. NAVY BLUE, ROYAL BLUE and SILVER GREY
4. NAVY BLUE, ROYAL BLUE and DARK RED
5. MAT BLACK, DARK RED and SILVER GREY
6. TRI-TONE REDS...MAROON, DARK RED and GARNET
7. MAROON, CARDINAL and SILVER GREY
8. TRI-TONE GREENS.....MYRTLE, FOREST and RESEDA
9. MYRTLE GREEN, SEAL BROWN and LUGGAGE BROWN
10. TRI-TONE BROWNS......SEAL, LUGGAGE and FAWN

★*You will also like these all-silk BARATHEAS in solid colors! They're available in every desirable shade..."End-Lock", of course.*

MARION R. GRAY CO., 824 SO. LOS ANGELES ST., LOS ANGELES

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

The Symbol of Dependable Quality



★SIMPSON CLOTHES

They add distinction to men, young and older!

★ How much better a man feels when he *knows* he's well dressed! How much more confidence he has when he knows that the suit, topcoat, or overcoat he's wearing was made to *his* measure by tailors skilled in their craft. These are the extra dividends collected by wearers of SIMPSON individually tailored clothes, sold direct by responsible men skilled in measuring. It costs no more for a SIMPSON garment, handsomely tailored of fine, imported or domestic fabrics than you'd pay for most ready-made clothes. Send for descriptive style Folder E.

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Display Rooms in Many Cities

KAN-U-GO

New! Original! CROSS WORD CARD GAME

Exciting . . . Absorbing . . . Sweeping the Country! 2 to 7 players, or solitaire. 60 card deck...secret of KAN-U-GO'S fascination.

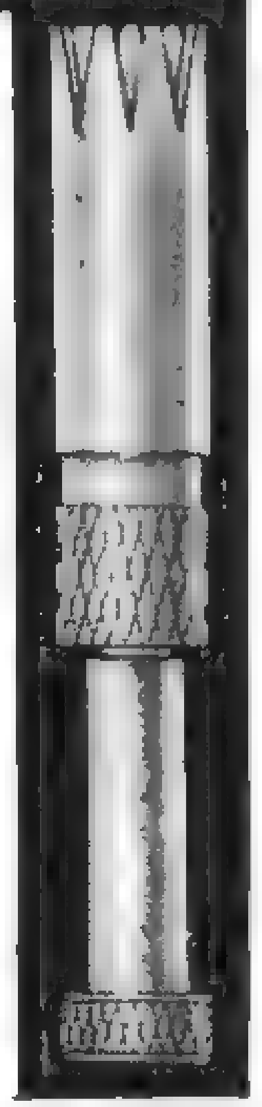
4-Color Gift Box . . . At Stores Everywhere

50¢

Sole Dist. U. S. A.–
A. A. BURNSTINE SALES ORGANIZATION
200 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Don't PULL HAIR FROM NOSE!
May cause fatal infection

use **KLIPETTE**



NEW INVENTION

You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. The use of scissors is also dangerous and impractical. There is no better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Rounded points cannot cut or prick the skin.

So simple! Just turn the end. Surplus hair comes out easily and gently. Never pulls.

Actual Size $1.00 Made from finest Surgical Steel. Chromium plated.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back

HOLLIS CO. 207 Market St., Newark, N. J. Dept. 127
Enclosed is $1.00 for KLIPETTE. If I am not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded.

Name____________________
Address____________________

ON THE RIGHT SCENT. In the old days you called her a "vamp"... and you chose for her—perfumes costly and potent. Here's the 1938 version... with appropriate fragrances for her type.

WORLD WEARY. An expensive pleasure is the luxury lady, selfish, casual and sardonically seductive. Fascinating in spite of her blasé banalities, her devastating wit, her caustic comments. She can ensnare a man with effortless ease, her passion is probably pallid, of the warmed-over guinea hen variety, still, you never know. Not enough that she be au courant, she exhausts herself and others keeping ten laps ahead. She has rows of expensive atomizers filled with the newest and most costly scents. She's seen everything and been everywhere.

HER PERFUMES SHOULD BE: *Caron's* Noel de Nuit, laden with opulence, *Guerlain's* new Coque d'Or in its precious gold bottle; *Revillon's* aptly named Egoiste, *Alexander de Markoff's* haughty Prince George of Russia, *Patou's* Joy... an American beauty fragrance, reputedly the most expensive perfume in the world; *Lelong's* Impromptu... experienced sex; *D'orsay's* Duo... companion to sable and mink; *Lanvin's* Arpège, knowing, yet in the best of taste; *Chanel's* immortal No. 5; *Weil's* sophisticated Noir, for a woman in black; *Ciro's* Camélia du Maroc, a fitting complement to the camelia corsages you'll send this lady; the dry, disturbing luxury of *Matchabelli's* Infanta; Lengyel's romantically seductive Essence Impériale Russe; *Coty's* Styx, dangerously dominating; *Lenthéric's* disturbing Anticipation; *Corday's* siren perfume, Toujours Moi; *Houbigant's* Présence or *Hudnut's* Vogue.

JEWELS FOR THE STARS. There's a tiny shop "on the strip" in Hollywood which turns out jeweled creations of striking originality. "An apple a day keeps the doctor away"... and all other competition, too, if you give your gal a magnificent jeweled apple done in rubies with emerald leaves; or, another symbolic bit would be a couple of cherries, likewise studded in rubies. If you feel in a vindictive mood, you might send your perfidious love a ruby raspberry. Gloria Swanson ordered a sheaf of wheat all done in diamonds. It should have been Mae West, who ordered a *diamond lily*... whole thing studded in pearls and diamonds. Mary Livingston, spouse of "Jello Again" Benny, is wearing a colossal double morning glory ablaze with rubies and diamonds, etc. The shop does jeweled wrist watches with straps of *tubular* instead of flat mesh ... gold or platinum. Take a look at "Son of the Sahara," a 28 karat, *deep brown* diamond of exotic intrigue.

BLACK LIPSTICK. Long-suffering males have lived through black mascara, black enameled nails and now... black lipstick. Not, however as sinister as it would sound. The idea came from that country of peerless osculators, La Belle France, whose fair femininity begged for a lip rouge that would not come off when bussing, bathing or beveraging. The black lipstick is like ebony in the stick, but turns to an indelible, velvety red when applied to the lips. Surely the beginning of a happier era for lovers and laundries.

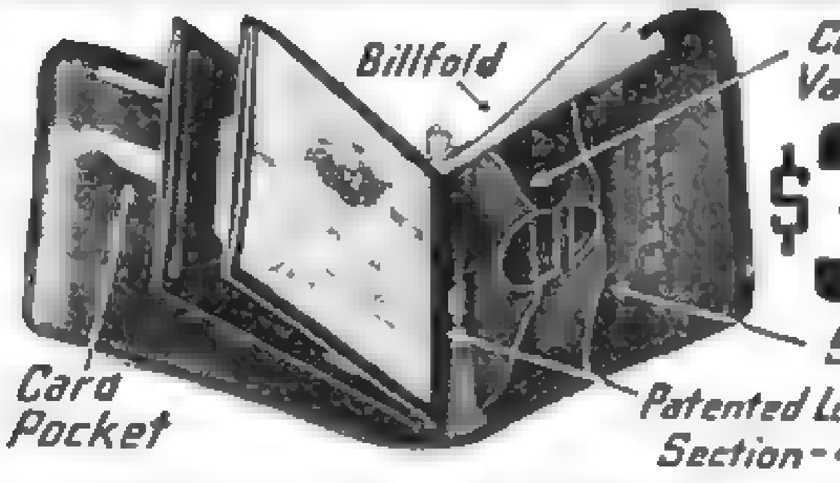
IRIDESCENT LIDS. As long as we are reporting on the newest foibles of the frail... you'll be seeing iridescent eye shadow. Downcast eyes will be heavily lidded with bronze, sparkling with a silvery iridescent green or violet... starry with iridescent blue or gold. Out of a box, boys, out of a box. And applied with a little camel's hair brush!

"O, what would life be without Vitamin D? As for *me* I would *not* care to *risk* it! So I'm happy that I... Get a good rich supply In RED HEART'S *3-flavor* DOG BISKIT!"

RICHLY nourishing and *economical*. Contain 24 wholesome ingredients, including many not found in other foods of this type. Protect teeth 3 ways: (1) harden gums and remove tartar; (2) provide gnawing exercise; (3) supply abundant Sunshine Vitamin D! Three flavors for taste variety... beef, fish, and cheese. Heart-shaped or kibbled, in 11-oz. box or 28-oz. cellophane bag. John Morrell & Co., General Offices, Ottumwa, Iowa.

RED HEART THE 3 FLAVOR DOG BISCUITS

AMAZING Pass Cases For MEN!



$3.90 POSTPAID

Genuine Steerhide-"Talon" Zipper-$3.90 Postpaid
Also with zipper keycase, $5.90 - Deluxe gift set

Lodge fellows, business and railroad men all say HALVORFOLD is the only one worth while for passes, money and cards. Must be right—more than 1,000,000 now in use.

If your dealer—luggage or deparment store or jewelry store cannot supply you, order direct from us and give dealer's name. If looking for just an ordinary billfold, don't bother.

HALVORFOLD 505 W. WASHINGTON Dept. D1 CHICAGO ILL.

"Enchanting Entertainment"

MARCONIPHONE
PORTABLE AUTOMATIC RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

The new 1939 custom built 10 tube model reproduces with a high accuracy that equals the actual rendition of the program in the studio.

- Operates on AC or DC and European Voltages
- Automatically changes 10 and 12 inch records

In genuine cowhide or rawhide leathers *from* $159.50
(*European Volt. $10 Extra*)
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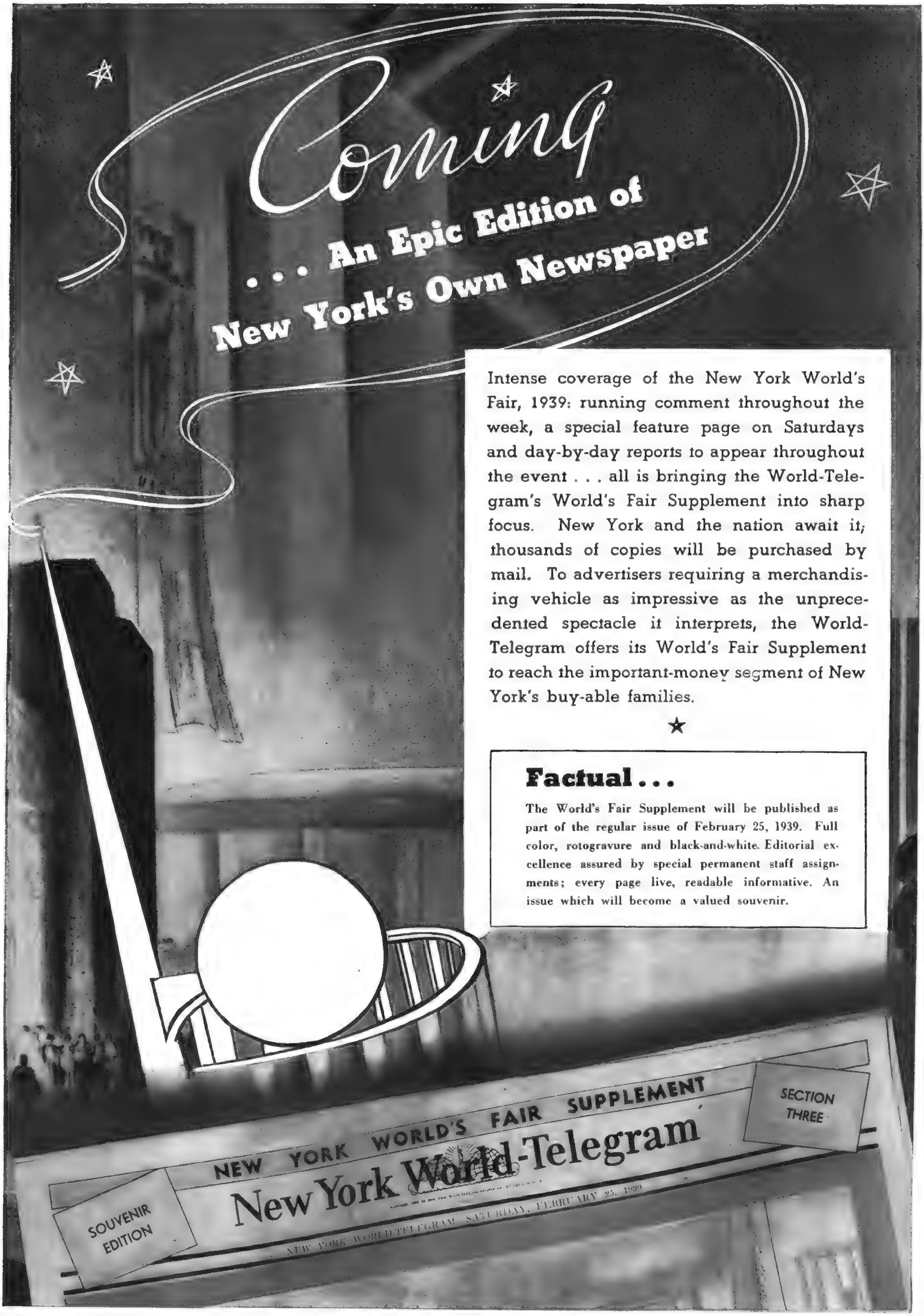
Coming

. . . An Epic Edition of New York's Own Newspaper


NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR SUPPLEMENT
SECTION THREE
SOUVENIR EDITION
New York World-Telegram
NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1939

Intense coverage of the New York World's Fair, 1939: running comment throughout the week, a special feature page on Saturdays and day-by-day reports to appear throughout the event . . . all is bringing the World-Telegram's World's Fair Supplement into sharp focus. New York and the nation await it; thousands of copies will be purchased by mail. To advertisers requiring a merchandising vehicle as impressive as the unprecedented spectacle it interprets, the World-Telegram offers its World's Fair Supplement to reach the important-money segment of New York's buy-able families.

★

Factual . . .

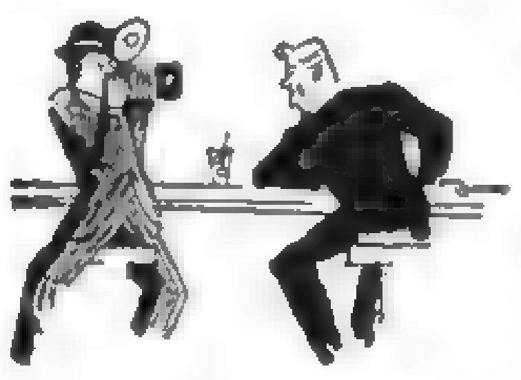
The World's Fair Supplement will be published as part of the regular issue of February 25, 1939. Full color, rotogravure and black-and-white. Editorial excellence assured by special permanent staff assignments; every page live, readable informative. An issue which will become a valued souvenir.

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

When the first International Casino floundered we were pleased to see that Bob Christenberry was to be the new master at the helm. A second wise move was the plan to bring back Clifford Fischer, who did such a swell job at the French Casino. It takes that added continental touch, we believe, to lift such places out of the pattern of every other floor show on Broadway, and make it a night-life occasion. The shows are to be rotated between London, Paris and New York, thus assuring a fresh supply. The idea of having a different revue at dinner than at supper is also toward the side of black ink on the ledger.

As the pilgrim turns to Mecca, every year we turn to Mascotte—a sort of penance for the hundreds of strange portions we have devoured during an experimental year. Bernard never fails us and still holds his spot in the town's six best. After dry sherry, we partook of the Potage Mascotte (green turtle with black bean and sherry); then there was a Filet of Sole Murat, and the house specialty, Agneau de Lait; asperges nouvelles (the largest in captivity); Poire Messaline and Café Diable. We chose a Meursault Charmes, '34 as fitting for the weather.

We were discussing with J. P. Barrere, of the New Weston, the silly practice of Americans who refuse to give proper thought to ordering wine and liquor. The same gourmets who may exact the most precise care of their dish, often toss off a wine order with: "Oh, a white or some Chianti." As Mons. Barrere pointed out, this country imported twice as much French, Spanish and German wine in 1879 than in 1937. But in those golden days the connoisseurs knew their wine and ordered it. Following which discussion, we dipped into what Mons. Barrere calls a "simple" dinner: fruit cup with Kirsch; Madrilene, Royal sherry; broiled fresh brook trout, Erdener Treppchen, '34; filet mignon, vegetables; field salad, Corton Clos de Bressandes, '21; Coupe Maison, Lanson '26.



The Stork seems to have settled into a clientele that suits it best. Gradually and subtly it has worked itself around until it is rightly listed as one of the premiere class spots of the town's night life. The bands have always been balanced to meet the two needs—accepted and contemporary dancing, and the kitchen and its prices have been kept up to gourmet standards. With the addition of Arthur Brown (who did so much for El Morocco), the Stork seems committed to the picture-in-the-paper patronage. However, as long as Sherman Billingsley is around, a lot of us, unphotographable mugs, will continue to clutter up his bar.

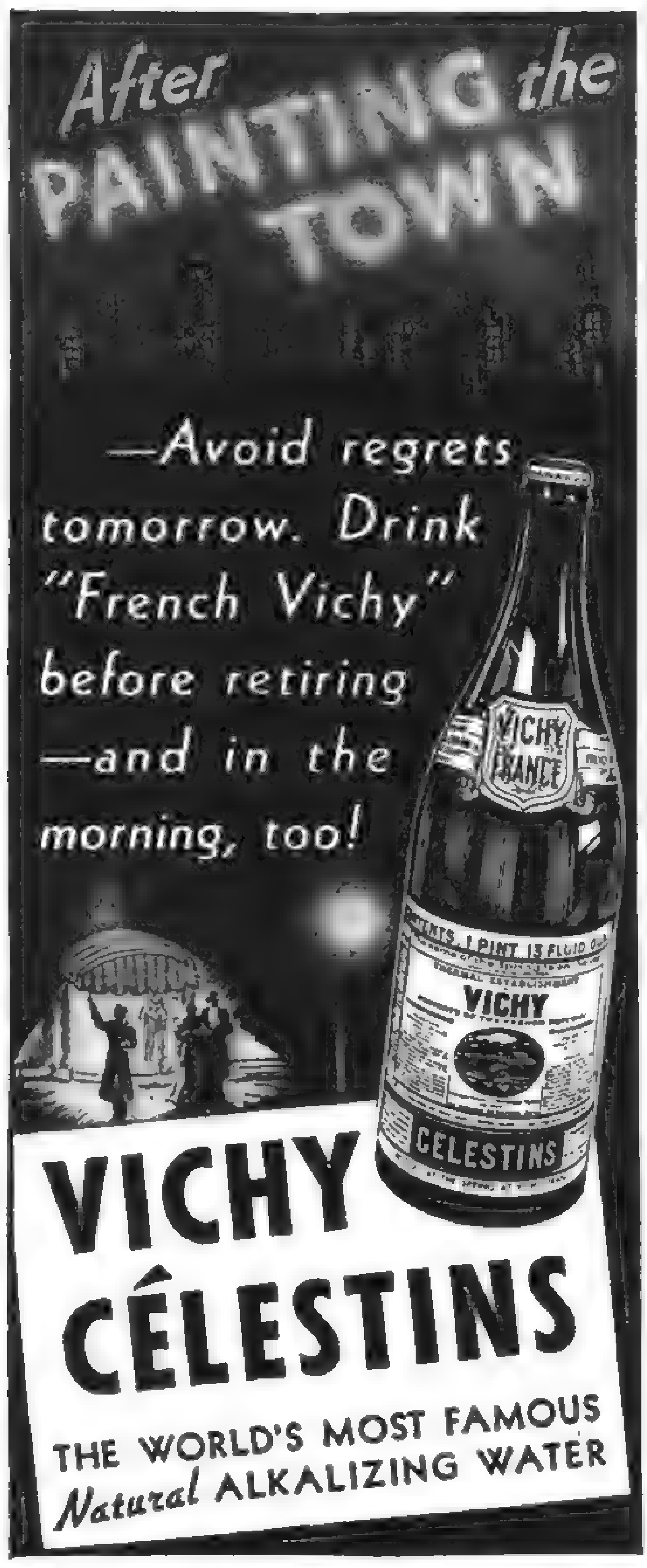
Mary MacDonald, who is fondly remembered as a concessionnaire (or is it -airess?) in some of the East Side night clubs, has taken unto herself the historic Stage Coach Inn at Locust Valley. There she has installed a bar and chef and caters to the North Shore elite, as well as motorists from town. The place is really old and if you doubt it, a glance will convince you. Years ago we got an added pleasure out of a stirrup cup made from a recipe of Martha Washington herself. Two would lift you on to any saddle. We hope Mary MacDonald revives it.

Mons. Durand, remembered by gourmets for his many fine kitchens (he opened the Louis XIV) has found himself a year-round place at Manhasset. It is called the Chalet Durand and is a few feet off the Main Road. Usually you find Mons. Durand there fussing in the kitchen, and it will be well to consult him about your wants. The lobsters and special ways of cooking chicken are noteworthy. The wine-list, while scant, is sound. We had a Pommard, '29 with our dinner that we will remember vividly for a long time.

New Yorkers' Drink of the Month

"OLD-FASHIONED"

Drop one lump of sugar in an "Old-Fashioned" glass, saturate with three dashes of Angostura Bitters and a splash of seltzer, muddle, add cube of ice, garnish with fruit, serve with a stirrer. 1½ ozs. whiskey desired should be served on the side.



After PAINTING the TOWN
—Avoid regrets tomorrow. Drink "French Vichy" before retiring —and in the morning, too!
VICHY CÉLESTINS
THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS Natural ALKALIZING WATER

WHEN THEY TALK OF
famous taverns, of mutton chops and clay pipes — this is the place they mean — the one and only — the "old reliable!"
Keen's
ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE
36th Near 6th

DINE·DANCE
ROMANCE
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HOTEL LEXINGTON
Lexington Avenue and 48th Street
NEW YORK
Charles E. Rochester, Managing Director

Famous for FOOD and SHOW
MIKE FRITZEL AND JOE JACOBSON'S
CHEZ PAREE
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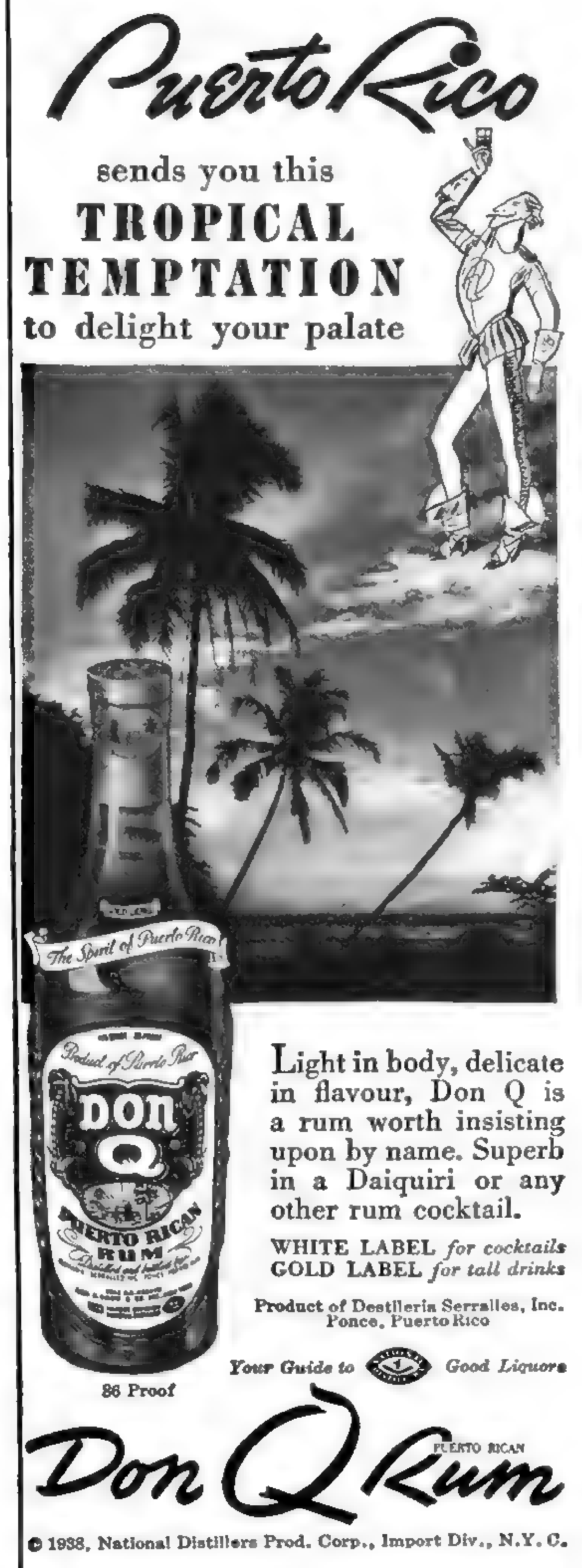
THE SPOON IS THE ENEMY OF THE HIGH-BALL - - -
STIR WITH SELF-STIRRING
BILLY BAXTER
CLUB SODA
FREE RECIPE BOOK—RED RAVEN CO., CHESWICK, PA



Puerto Rico
sends you this
TROPICAL TEMPTATION
to delight your palate
Light in body, delicate in flavour, Don Q is a rum worth insisting upon by name. Superb in a Daiquiri or any other rum cocktail.
WHITE LABEL *for cocktails*
GOLD LABEL *for tall drinks*
Product of Destilleria Serralles, Inc.
Ponce, Puerto Rico
Your Guide to Good Liquors
86 Proof
Don Q Puerto Rican Rum
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The Glass Hat
AIR CONDITIONED
Dine and dance, something doing every minute. Circular Bar. Two smooth orchestras.
HOTEL
Belmont Plaza
Lexington Avenue at 49th Street, New York
John H. Stember, Manager
National Hotel Management Co., Inc. • Ralph Hitz, President

Ocean-Clear LOBSTERS
World's Largest Distributors of
LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED LOBSTER CO., INC.
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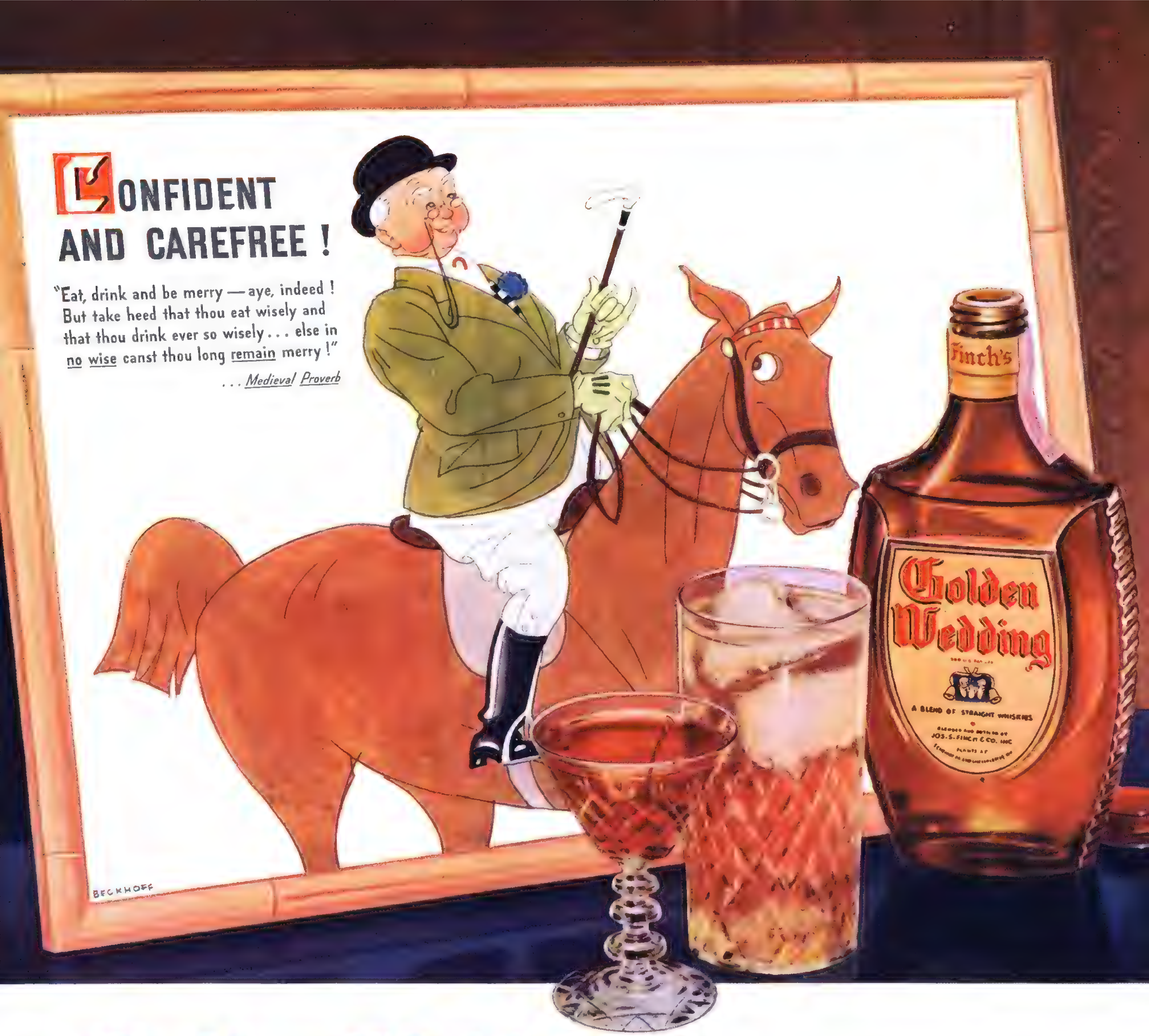

Finch's
Golden Wedding
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
JOS. S. FINCH & CO. INC
BECKHOFF

CONFIDENT AND CAREFREE!

"Eat, drink and be merry — aye, indeed! But take heed that thou eat wisely and that thou drink ever so wisely . . . else in no wise canst thou long remain merry!"

. . . *Medieval Proverb*

Golden Wedding *the whiskey you feel good about!*

How about your next Old-fashioned, Manhattan, or highball? You're just BOUND to like it better if it's made with a whiskey you really feel good about! So why pull your punch? Go ALL the way and ask for Golden Wedding. There's a feeling of pleasant satisfaction in the knowledge it's ALL whiskey — de luxe whiskey — a truly grand union of peerless straight whiskies from the famous House of Finch. Even the very youngest whiskey in it is 4 years old. An honest, forthright, 4-square product if there ever was one — COMPLETELY whiskey — and completely delicious!

Golden Wedding

AND AT THE BAR— When you see this tall bottle at the bar, you're in a place that gives you *ALL* whiskey...Finch's finest. A blend of straight whiskies . . . 90 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old!

GOLDEN WEDDING
As you prefer, in Bourbon or Rye

COPR. 1938, JOS. S. FINCH & CO., INC., SCHENLEY, PA.

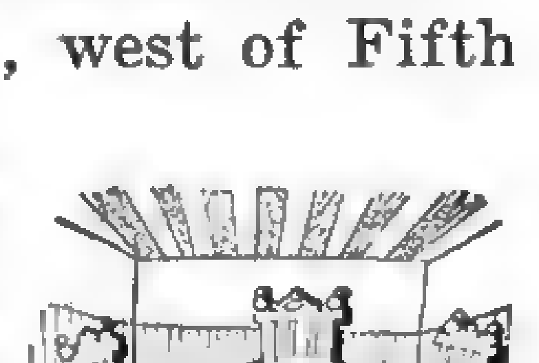
Even the youngest whiskey in it is 4 years old

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

The Savoy-Plaza lounge, from five until theatre time, is one of the favorite spots of any New Yorker. For the informal evening, starting with cocktails and lingering on until it's time to have a snack before the curtain rises, it is well planned. The buffet, both hot and cold, is right before you and there is no undue waiting. As to entertainment, it follows the sophisticated lines laid down by Dwight Fiske.

When a restaurant man boosts another, that is news. Frank Hart, who runs a no-mean gourmet shop himself at Lakeville, Great Neck, has always claimed Beau Sejour, at Bethpage, L. I., one of the top spots of the country. You can find few to dispute him, if they have ever dined with the Wilson family in their spacious home. Mother Wilson and two sons run it now, and run it as the best provincial taverns in France are conducted. Week-ends there may be twenty at dinner, week nights, perhaps only a few. But the place is a shrine for real gourmets and on all the confidential maps. Nothing is prepared in advance; if you must be served in haste, order ahead by 'phone. The menu is limited and the Wilsons wouldn't change it for money, though they might for love. Lobster, they say, should be prepared one way; and that way they serve. Likewise chicken and duck. Others may have other tricks; they won't dispute that, and they won't argue about it. Starting with a dry sherry we had the hors d'oeuvres, dozens of them, all fresh; then a Chateau Briand with corn sauté, out of their garden and stored for the winter. After the salad came something called a peach pie, but which wasn't—a sort of small boy's dream of heaven. Clos-Vougeot '26 was the noble vintage for the steak and a Hennessy brandy with the coffee. Oh yes, a taste of Veuve Cliquot with the dessert.

Motoring down Princeton way for any of the contests, you're a fool if you don't cut up to Andover on the way back and see for yourself the fabulous place that is Perona Farms. Every one knows the three Perona brothers, (Joe and John of El Morocco), the modest one runs the Farms. Daughter Aida, with her husband Maurice, find that they have to do the actual running, Papa being so busy with his hobbies. The hobbies, though, have turned out all right, the four hundred acres producing enough butter, milk and chickens to supply the place. Taste some of their pastry and you will realize what that means. This year they make their own bread daily from home-grown wheat. But it takes a lot of two dollar dinners to pay for all the farm machinery that Papa orders from the catalogues. And now he's gone off to the Isle of Guernsey, bringing back a herd of thoroughbred cattle. Perona Farms, though, is not a provincial tavern, but really a swank night club, with swimming pool, orchestras and extensive wine cellar, set off in the woods.



As this was written another new one was about to open—The Cock 'n' Bull, on Fifty-fifth Street, west of Fifth Avenue. Out of England, via Hollywood, it features all those things dear to the tourist in London who likes to sit in the chair warmed by Dickens and who thinks Simpson's serve food. The kitchen is controlled by women (the law won't permit bar maids, more's the pity), and the food is from a buffet. Oak-paneled rooms add to the atmosphere, cabbage doubtless will be called "spring greens" and it will all be veddy, veddy British.

Armando's, 54 East Fifty-fifth Street, continues to be one of the gayer rendezvous for young folks. Also near the Columbia Broadcasting outfit, it snares a great many of the air executives. Armando himself is always on hand to help with dinner suggestions. The cocktail hour is the high spot.

No Eclipse
for HEINEKEN'S!
Even brown October ale cannot outshine the world's Peer of Beers!
HEINEKEN'S
IMPORTED
HOLLAND BEER
(SINCE 1620)
IMPORTED BY
Austin.Nichols & Co.
(INCORPORATED)
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A N C O
EST'D 1855

★
Swing to
TOMMY DORSEY
In The Redecorated
TERRACE
RESTAURANT
★
HOTEL NEW YORKER
34th Street at Eighth Avenue
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MYERS'S RUM
It's That SATISFYING FLAVOR
. . . of 100% Fine Old Jamaica Rum, All 8 Years Old and 97 Proof that makes any man welcome a drink made with
MYERS'S
★ RUM ★
"Planters' Punch" Brand
FREE BAR GUIDE: For a fine collection of over 60 authentic tropical recipes for rum drinks, drop a postcard to R. U. Delapenha & Co., Agents in the U. S. A. Dept. F-5, 57 Laight Street, New York

COOK'S
Imperial
AMERICAN
Champagne
Made by AMERICAN WINE CO · ST·LOUIS since 1859

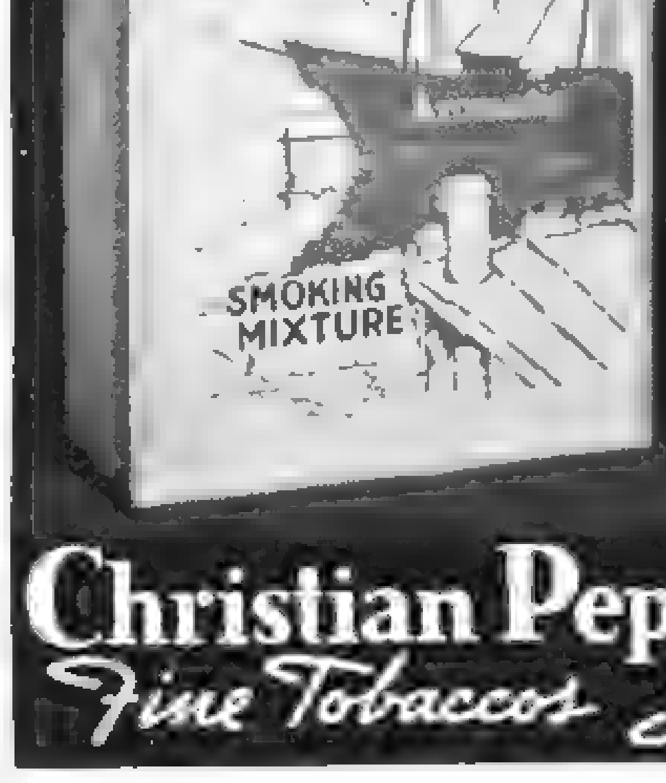
DINE! DANCE! REVUE!
ENJOY A DARING GIRL SHOW
Greenwich Village
CASINO
5 SHERIDAN SQ. CH 3-8816 9417

Have You Tried America's Finest Aromatic Tobacco?

CONFIDENTIALLY—well, you can tell an appreciative friend—this town is going *aromatic* in a very large way—with tobacco, we mean. And the name London Dock keeps popping up.

Seems that among men who make pipe smoking a rite, America's finest aromatic tobacco is *the thing*—a new experience in pipe enjoyment. Slightly on the expensive side, true; but when tobacco connoisseurs give London Dock the unanimous nod of approval, you can't very well trail the pack, can you? You'll recognize London Dock by its handsome gold package—or you may want to try a sample first. 18

Send 10¢ to
128 Delmar Bl.
St. Louis, Mo.



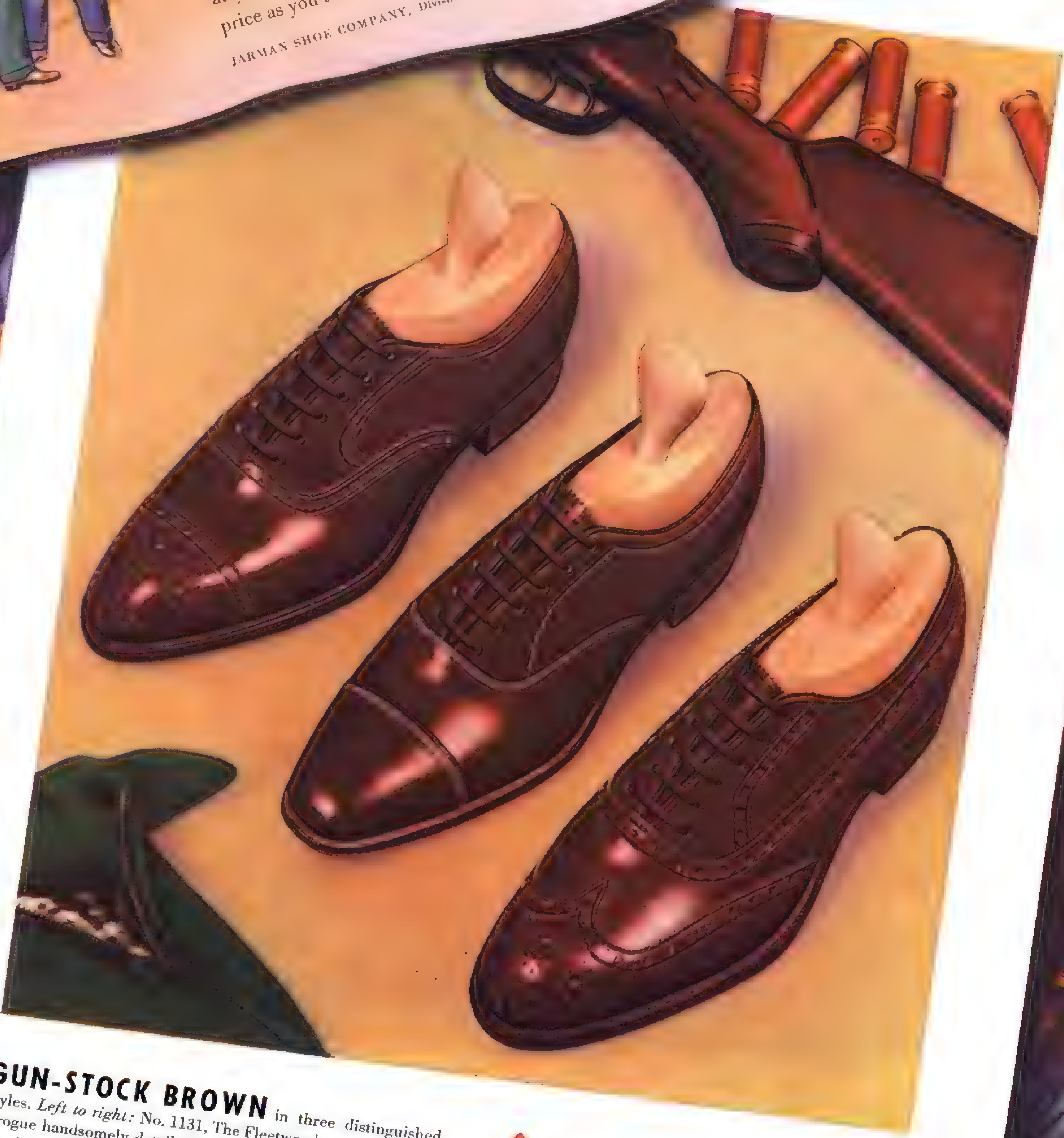
Export Foil Package 40¢
POUND PACKAGE $3.00
Christian Peper · St. Louis
Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

THE NEW SEASON CALLS FOR NEW COLORS

Gun-Stock Brown

Jarman designers have created the newest and richest color of the year. Gun-stock Brown. A real man's color, deep-hued and gleaming. It goes exceptionally well and will be worn with most every type of Fall apparel. Gun-stock Browns are made of mellow, hand-picked leathers. They'll rate top honor in style—and that's apparent at a glance. Their high style rating is matched only by their comfortable fit and the long-lived service they will give. Check all the fine qualities of these grand-looking shoes at your nearest Jarman dealer's. You'll be as pleased by their price as you are by their appearance . . . most styles $5 to $7.50.

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, Division of General Shoe Corporation, Nashville, Tennessee



GUN-STOCK BROWN in three distinguished styles. *Left to right:* No. 1131, The Fleetwood . . . A straight tip Brogue handsomely detailed . . . fashioned to be equally smart for city wear or with tweedy informal togs—a Jarman Friendly Shoe. No. 1132, The Norman . . . The trim lines of this French toe assure you style-rightness for street and business wear—a Jarman Friendly Shoe. No. 4150, The Regent . . . Right you are when you wear this full British Brogue, whether you're dressed for a day at the office or a week-end in the country—a Jarman Custom Grade.

TREAD-TESTED

Jarman

SHOES FOR MEN

$5 TO $7.50

MOST STYLES

Studebaker

EVEN THE VOLUBLE FRENCH CAN'T DESCRIBE IT!

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTON BRUEHL

A woman goes to Paris when she wants to "go to town" in style . . . And for the styling of its stunningly beautiful new 1939 Commanders and Presidents, Studebaker went to Paris-born Raymond Loewy, famed designer of the Broadway Limited and star visualist of New York's World's Fair . . . See these motor cars of tomorrow in all their glory at your nearby Studebaker showroom today . . . De luxe models at standard-model prices . . . cars that are so distinctive in their keen, vigorous lines, so appealing in their deep-bedded comfort, they have won the unqualified acclaim of such acknowledged style authorities as Patou, Maggy Rouff, Callot Soeurs, Suzanne Talbot, Rose Valois . . . The new Studebaker prices are almost as low as the lowest and the trade-in value of your present car may cover the down payment—with balance on easy C.I.T. terms. The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Indiana.

YOU'RE SEEING IT FOR THE FIRST TIME..THE NEW SURCOAT!

THE FIRST COAT WITH THE STYLE OF A TOPCOAT, PLUS THE COMFORT, FREEDOM OF A JACKET!

THE FIRST COAT THAT'S BOTH A "HIT" ON THE AVENUE AND A "NATURAL" ON THE FAIRWAY!

THE FIRST COAT MADE IN MODELS, FABRICS, KNIT GOODS, FOR EVERY SEASON, EVERY TASTE!

WHERE'D IT COME FROM? A NEW INVENTION..THAT OWES EVERYTHING TO THE * TALON SLIDE FASTENER!

THE SURCOAT
SHOWN IN MODELS BY FOUR OF MANY MAKERS

Thanks to Surcoat Construction ... a light, simple, smart coat that drapes gracefully, yet does not hamper action! It comes in wool gabardine—TALON slide fastener closes it quickly, easily!

A new world of smart designs opened with Surcoat Construction and TALON fastener! Model above has capeskin sleeves, alpaca body . . . features style, convenience and complete freedom of action!

It's light-weight, but warm—smart looking, yet free as a breeze! This gabardine model owes everything to the Surcoat Construction and TALON fastener. Has raglan shoulders—concealed pockets!

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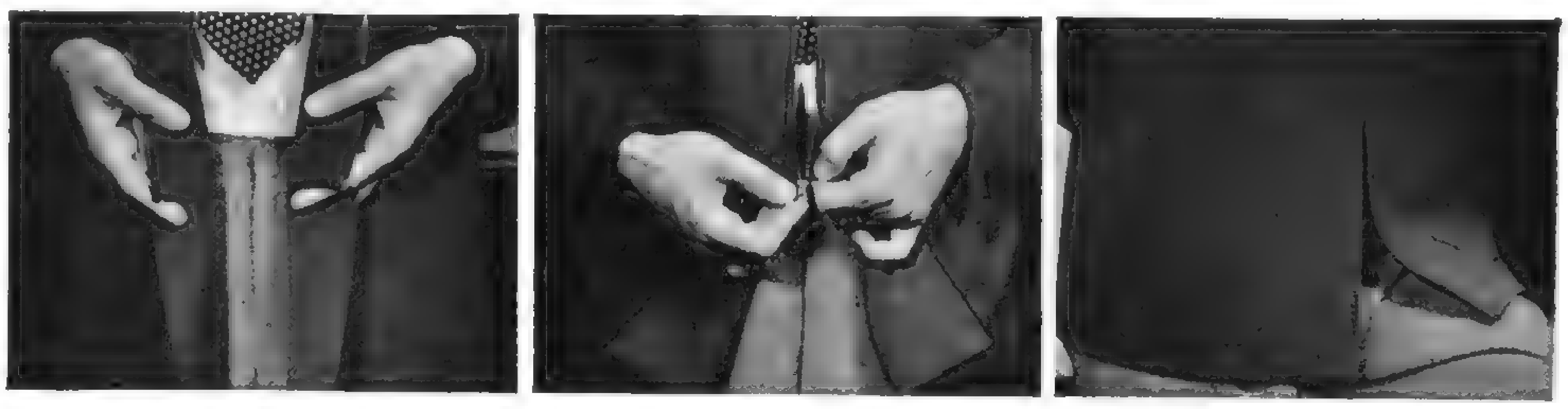

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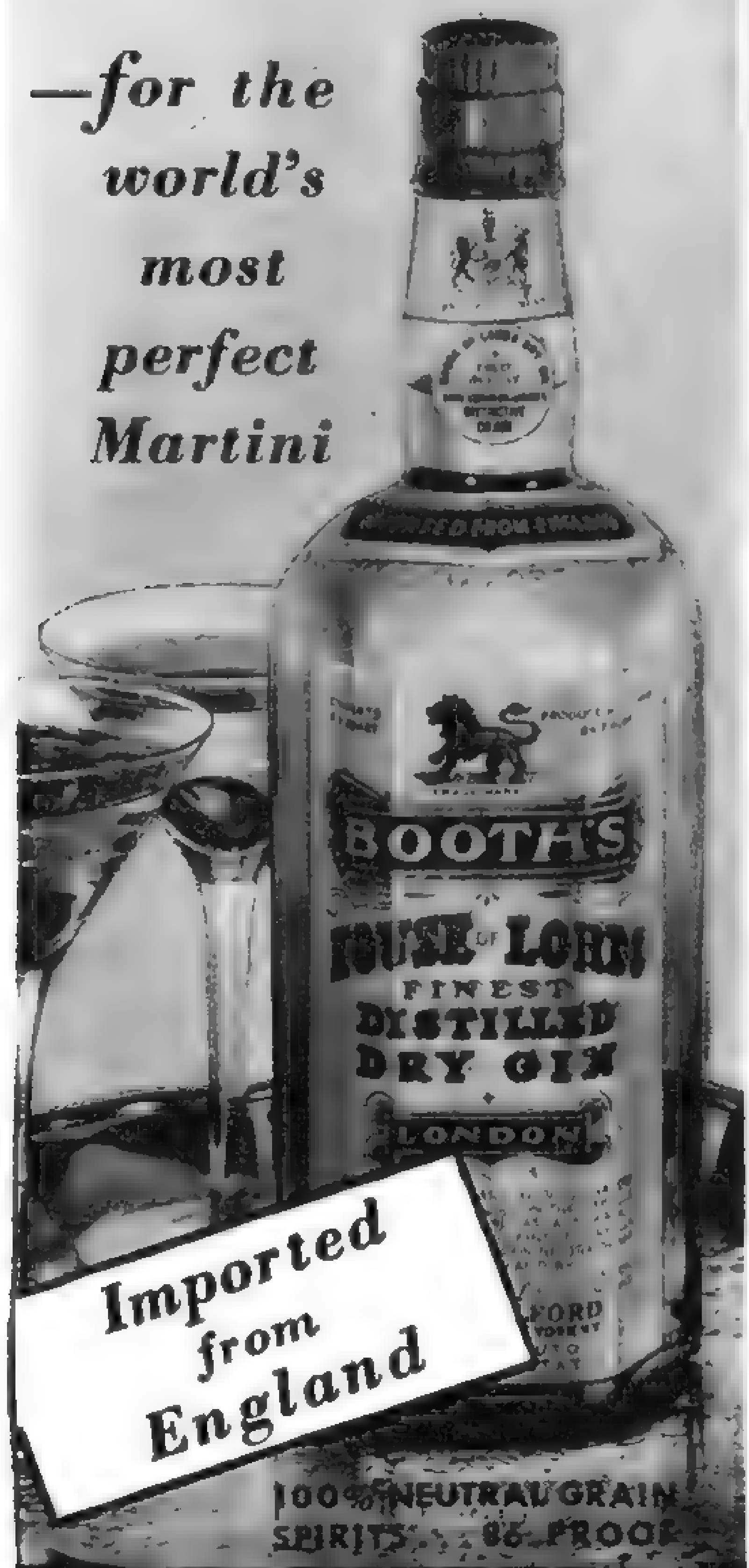
PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE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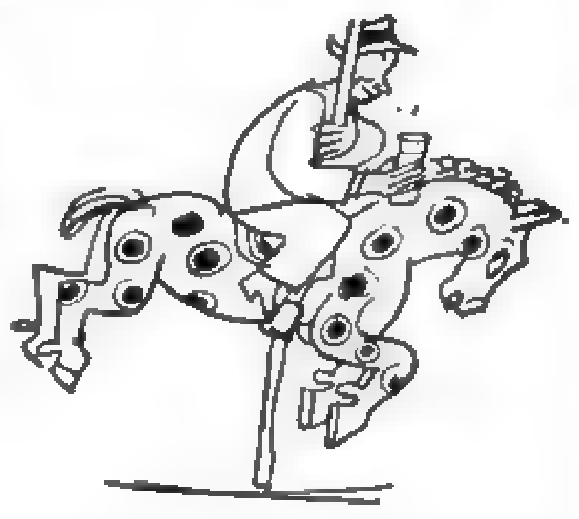
N. T. G. who has been around long enough to know just how much the tired business man won't tire of in the way of floor shows and pretty girls, takes a flier in a new atmosphere. Called The Midnight Sun, located above the Winter Garden, it joins the long list of smörgasbord tables. So—if you have trained your stomach for the late Cuban and Hawaiian menus, you might as well join the new Swedish cycle. To their credit, the vikings do give you a choice of at least forty things to chew on.

If we can't have Stuff Smith all the time at the Onyx, our next preference is Count Basie at the Famous Door, 66 West Fifty-second Street. Despite savants and high-brow devotees, we think the boys from Harlem have swing in their blood and bones and can never be equaled by their white brothers.

Montparnasse, on Seventy-Ninth Street, just east of Madison, is an oasis for the east side, the better restaurants stopping in the early Sixties and not resuming again for a long time. They have instituted a two dollar dinner, for those too tired to order, and it ranks well on up the list for splendid gustatory bargains. The vichy soisse is commendable as is the filet mignon and breast of guinea hen. Our taste fell to the filet, perhaps so we could sample the Richebourg '29, a remarkable adventure. The profiterolle here remind us of the old days when we piled them in at *Au Petit Coin;* the French must still be wondering where we put them.

Away back in the torrid days (Do you recall them?), Marchisio was cabling his order for the grouse you will be eating these days at the Marguery. For it seems the grouse on the Scottish moors are numbered, what with J. P. Morgan holding the gun for King George, and the Prime Ministers and Cabinet all getting away from unpleasant crises. It seemed odd to us at the time, but it is all a part of the care that goes into the conduct of a restaurant run for gourmets. If you are not on the daily list of the Marguery and go there occasionally, we find it an excellent idea to depend upon the expert services of Mino, who can best guide your tastes through the elaborate menu.

La Marquise is run by some of the boys who used to pilot Chateau Moderne. It is at 28 West Fifty-sixth Street, and so escapes some of the traffic jam further south. We found it a very good place for dinner, with attention paid to the food; a bit too much attention paid to the entertainment, as it is such a small room. But being near the Swing Belt perhaps the patrons demand a certain amount of sound and fury.



Not that we have gaily sprung upon a horse's back for some time, but we like to dawdle on a Sunday morning at the Lombardy Hunt Breakfast. It starts about noon, as soon as the bar can open, with a stirrup cup and a buffet breakfast in the English manner. There is pleasant and unobtrusive music and sometimes a palmist or her equivalent to let you know what you might expect in life.

"Pals" is one of those institutions that might be used in the copy books to explain America to the foreigner. Six years ago, Marty Horn and Roy Sale found themselves out of work via the depression and opened up a hot-dog stand at Prospect and Eagle Rock Avenues, West Orange, N. J. The place was eight by ten feet. By cell-division and multiplication, the place is now one of the top spots of the community. Somewhere, lost in the maze of salons and rooms (they have rooms for all ages), is the original cell. The main dining room can seat five hundred and is usually full. An orchestra plays away and girls sing now and then, but there is no dancing. The menu, of course, has expanded with the joint and contains items as high as $2.90. The main traffic is in steaks.

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Nelson S. Bond

Nelson S. Bond (*Man Who Walked Through Glass*, page 67) likes this camera study, because it shows the back of his head—a neat coup, he feels, on the part of Edward Quigley. He is married to a girl whose disapproval of one of his stories is a sure-fire indication that it will sell. He has lately moved to Augusta, Georgia, where he finds lots of companionship in the way of fellow writers, fishermen and stay-up-all-night-and-straighten-the-world-outers. Last year one of his stories was selected by Edward J. O'Brien for his annual volume of *Best Short Stories.*

•

Our **Discovery of the Month** is **Alfred M. Swift** who makes his virgin appearance on page 73 with *You Press The Middle Valve Down.* He attended Penn State, barely getting his diploma (there was a small item which had to do with library books). After that, he says, "Came a quick succession of newspapers, including a few weeklies until five years ago when I caught on on the Erie, Pa., *Times* and stuck around in an editorial whipping boy capacity. Last May I came back to the old homestead. At present I'm a press—engaged in public relations work for Penn State. I haven't been mugged recently and the picture is somewhat dated. But if a staff artist can be persuaded to straighten the nose, introduce a few worry wrinkles where they will do the most good, it will pass. This is the first attempt at serious writing I have made. Once three of us set up a fiction factory in Erie on the theory that we could grind out spicy mysteries, detectives and adventures by the bales and become suddenly rich and infamous but it petered out because we fell in love with each other's characters."

Alfred M. Swift

•

S. Warren Cunningham, a reader in Port Chicago, California, voiced this protest:

"The inference created in the statement by Mr. Montross in his article *Hail to the Gentry*, that the Coronation Edition of Burke's *Landed Gentry* is letting in Americans 'under the line' for the first time, is incorrect. I call your attention to the last edition *Irish Supplement*, under Cunningham (formerly of Birr) and you will find my family and arms listed down to and including myself and brother. The family has been in this country about one hundred years, American therefore for three generations. This listing disproves the inference I am protesting.

"A second error is that *all* invitations for the Coronation Edition do not contain a note that there is no guarantee of publication of the subscriber's family and an invitation to 'please remit.' Ours does not contain either. Maybe each of the births, weddings, and deaths in American haunts have been registered as they happen in both Ulster's Office and Herald's College, and do not require authentication."

After **Lynn Montross** read Mr. Cunningham's letter, he wrote:

"Thanks for giving me the opportunity to reply to the aggrieved aristocrat. My authority for the assertion that Americans are recent guests in the pages of Burke's *Landed Gentry* is no less august and unimpeachable a source than Burke's themselves. In fact, the invitations mailed to American prospects made a selling point of the statement that 'distinguished Overseas Collateral Families will be included for the first time.'

"The caps, I might add, are Burke's. As befits a firm dealing in the ultimate and utmost, Burke's very seldom stoops to lower case.

"Whether or not the London publishers have made exemptions favoring some American families, as Mr. Cunningham writes, I wouldn't know. But it sounds reasonable. Most aristocracies have eventually found it necessary to set up an inner aristocracy of even bluer blood. Wheels within wheels, as P. G. Wodehouse would put it, and nobody has ever written more competently about the folk whose family histories appear in the famous *Peerage* or *Landed Gentry.* Otherwise, of course, aristocracy itself might run the risk of leveling off into a mere democracy of distinction, especially under the competitive conditions of modern business.

"All of the direct quotations in my article were taken, caps and all, from the printed invitations sent to prospective American clients. Indeed, I was honored myself, but felt it necessary to decline with thanks. The trouble in my case was not lack of appreciation of the distinction offered. On the contrary, I felt a spiritual glow comparable only to the after-effects of a brisk rubdown. But the devil of it was that my appreciation of the '25$' requested ('all Overseas Applications must be accompanied by a Remittance') finally got the best of my Better Nature."

•

Ernest Hemingway is contributing a series of three stories, beginning with this issue (*The Denunciation*, page 39), through December and January, all built around Chicote's, a once famous bar in pre-war Madrid.

•

O. K. Armstrong is writing a peace book to end all peace books, called *The Autobiography of Mars.* He's a member of the American Legion, in good standing, aside from that, having served in the aviation during the World War. He was secretary of the Committee on World Peace at the New York convention last fall, and delegate to the peace congress of the World War Veterans at Paris last October. He hails from Missouri—thus, *You Can't Teach That Here*, on page 45. For two years he taught journalism in Drury College, at Springfield and for three years he was head of the journalism department in the University of Florida. For seven years he has been writing magazine articles and feature matter, much of it ghost writing for various colonels and senators. And he frequently makes the *American Legion Monthly*, *Forum*, *Country Gentleman* and *Country Home* under his own steam.

•

Carleton Smith, whom you heard over NBC as music commentator last summer, is not to be confused with the Carleton Smith who is official White House radio announcer for NBC. He is also not to be confused with Dr. Carleton Sprague Smith of the New York Public Library. They all get one another's mail pretty frequently, and the fact that the New York Public Library Carleton Smith and our own Carleton both collect folk music doesn't help very much. Several years ago Carleton (Sprague) Smith got married, and your correspondent got cables of congratulation from all over—making him feel very strange, since he is a bachelor. Then there's another Carleton Smith who works for the Jim Handy Film Service in Detroit. But why burden you with all this?

Kingsley Tufts

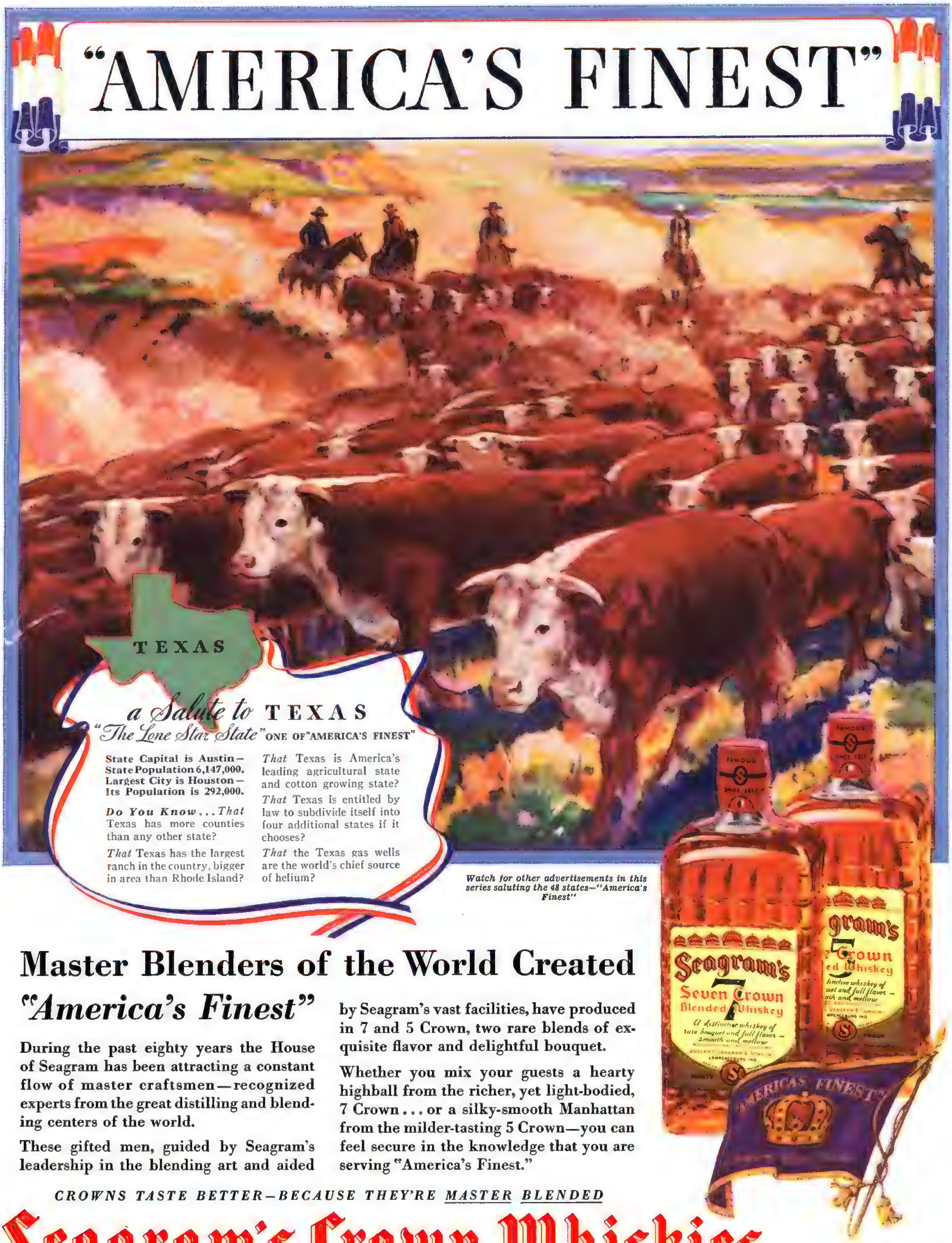
Kingsley Tufts says that poetry is a fairly recent venture with him but his poems have appeared in many of the anthologies and reprint column and verse magazines—including *Poet Lore*, *The Gypsy*, *Kaleidograph*, *The Lantern*, *Poetry World*, *Shards*, *Silhouettes*, *The Bard*, *Literary Digest*, and *Muse.* He was born on an Indiana farm in 1907. And he says: "My days have been spent in all sorts of employment; on farms and in factories in the Middle West, and in offices in San Francisco, Los Angeles, and New York. My A. B. degree in Economics and M. A. degree in Philosophy are from Stanford University, and at present I am studying for my Doctor's Examinations in Philosophy at the University of California. I once tried Harvard but gave it up better to enjoy Boston and vicinity."

•

George Petty is hunting big game in British East Africa, near Nairobi. He is using the same old Manlicher Schoenhauer, a 9.5 job, that brought down the Kodiak bear last summer. He was advised to take something more forte for elephants, rhino, buffalo and lions. But George is so used to his gun, he decided to take a chance. So if a lion gets bulgy, and the bulge is Georgie, you'll know why.

Carleton Smith

"AMERICA'S FINEST"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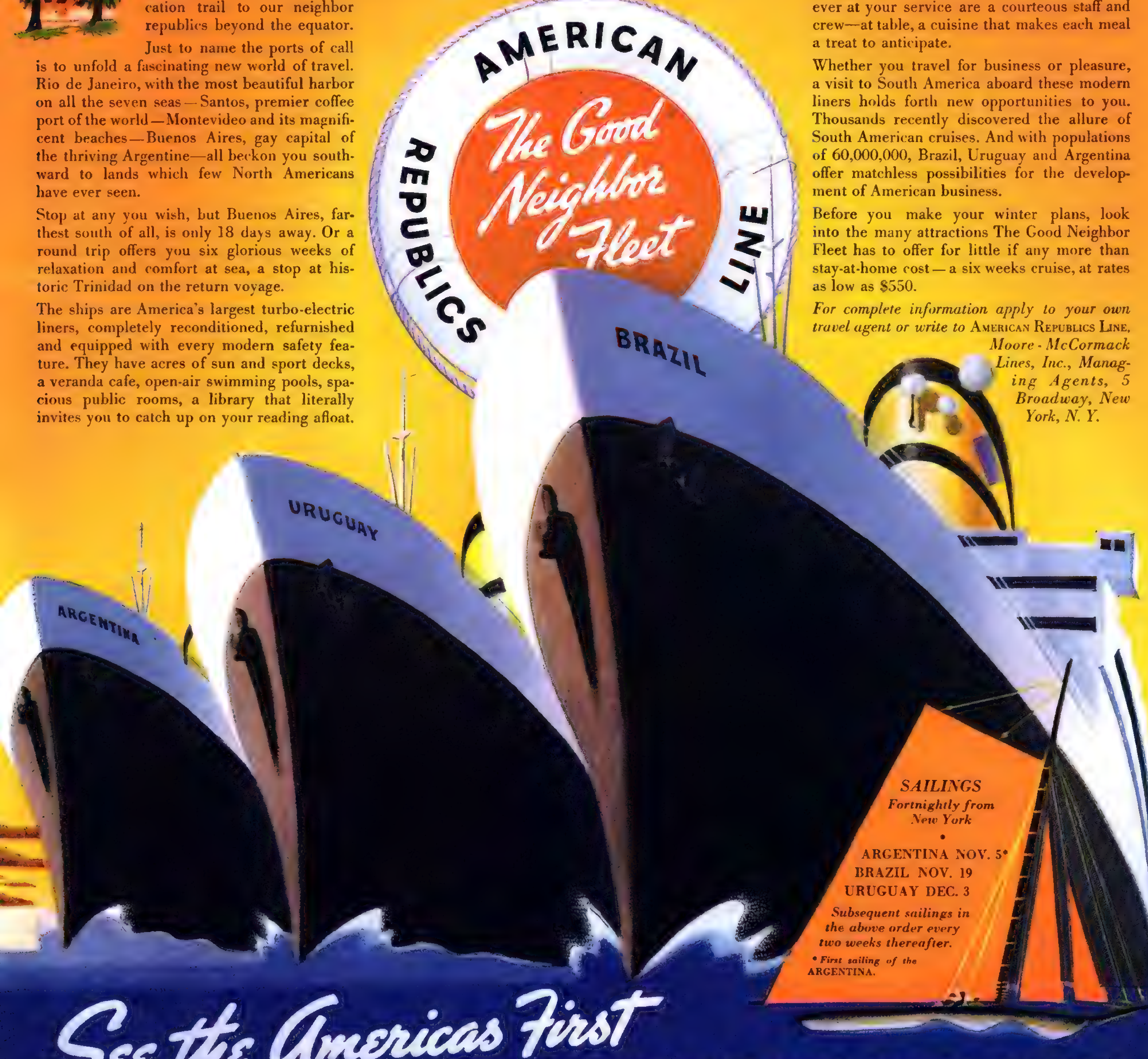

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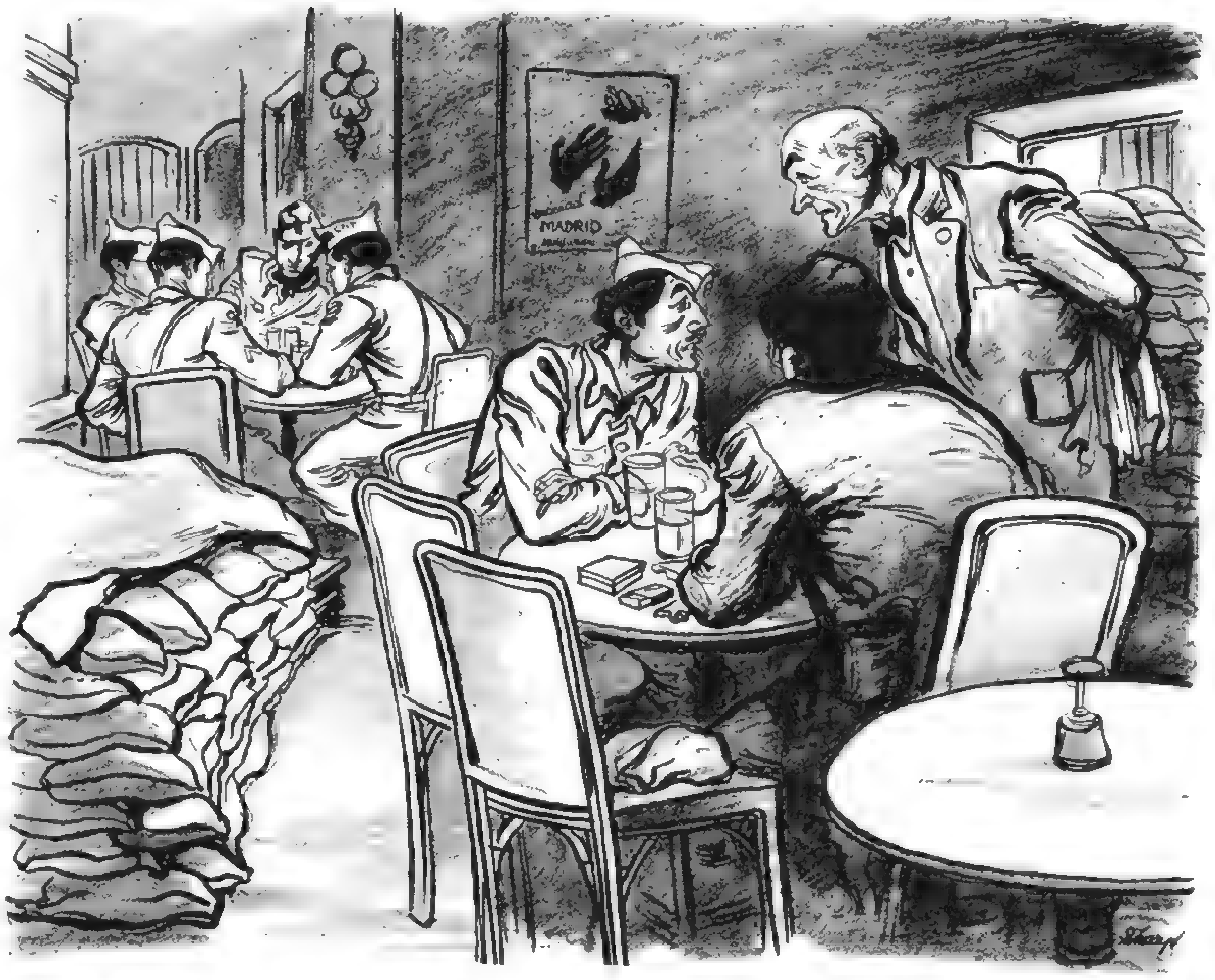
A Small Thing to Look for ... A Big Thing to Find

The Denunciation

First of a series of three short stories using a bar in Madrid as a background

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

• FICTION •



CHICOTE'S in the old days in Madrid was a place sort of like The Stork, without the music and the debutantes, or the Waldorf's men's bar if they let girls in. You know, they came in, but it was a man's place and they didn't have any status. Pedro Chicote was the proprietor and he had one of those personalities that make a place. He was a great bartender and he was always pleasant, always cheerful, and he had a lot of zest. Now zest is a rare enough thing and few people have it for long. It should not be confused with showmanship either. Chicote had it and it was not faked or put on. He was also modest, simple and friendly. He really was as nice and pleasant and still as marvelously efficient as George, the chasseur at the Ritz bar in Paris, which is about the strongest comparison you can make to anyone who has been around, and he ran a fine bar.

In those days the snobs among the rich young men of Madrid hung out at something called the Nuevo Club and the good guys went to Chicote's. A lot of people went there that I did not like, the same as at The Stork, say, but I was never in Chicote's that it wasn't pleasant. One reason was that you did not talk politics there. There were cafés where you went for politics and nothing else but you didn't talk politics at Chicote's. You talked plenty of the other five subjects though and in the evening the best looking girls in the town showed up there and it was the place to start an evening from, all right, and we had all started some fine ones from there.

Then it was the place where you dropped in to find out who was in town, or where they had gone to if they were out of town. And if it was summer, and there was no one in town, you could always sit and enjoy a drink because the waiters were all pleasant.

It was like a club only you didn't have to pay any dues and you could pick a girl up there. It was the best bar in Spain, certainly, and I think one of the best bars in the world, and all of us that used to hang out there had a great affection for it.

Another thing was that the drinks were wonderful. If you ordered a Martini it was made with the best gin that money could buy, and Chicote had a barrel whiskey that came from Scotland that was so much better than the advertised brands that it was pitiful to compare it with ordinary Scotch. Well, when the revolt started, Chicote was up at San Sebastian running the summer place he had there. He is still running it and they say it is the best bar in Franco's Spain. The waiters took over the Madrid place and they are still running it, but the good liquor is all gone now.

Most of Chicote's old customers are on Franco's side; but some of them are on the Government side. Because it was a very cheerful place, and because really cheerful people are usually the bravest, and the bravest get killed quickest, a big part of Chicote's old customers are now dead. The barrel whiskey has all been gone for many months now and we finished the last of the yellow gin in May of 1938. There's not much there to go for now so I suppose Luis Delgado, if he had come to Madrid a little later, might have stayed away from there and not gotten into that trouble. But when he came to Madrid in the month of November of 1937 they still had the yellow gin and they still had Indian Quinine water. They do not seem worth risking your life for, so maybe he just wanted to have a drink in the old place. Knowing him, and knowing the place in the old days it would be perfectly understandable.

They had butchered a cow at the Embassy that day and the porter had called up at the Hotel Florida to tell us that they had saved us ten pounds of fresh meat. I walked over to get it through the early dusk of a Madrid winter. Two assault guards with rifles sat on chairs outside the Embassy gate and the meat was waiting at the porter's lodge.

The porter said it was a very good cut but that the cow was lean. I offered him some roasted sunflower seeds and some acorns from the pocket of my mackinaw jacket and we joked a little standing outside the lodge on the gravel of the Embassy driveway.

I walked home across the town with the meat heavy under my arm. They were shelling up the Gran Via and I went into Chicote's to wait it out. It was noisy and crowded and I sat at a little table in one corner against the sandbagged window with the meat on the bench beside me and drank a gin and tonic water. It was that week that we discovered they still had tonic water. No one had ordered any since the war started and it was still the same price as before the revolt. The evening papers were not yet out so I bought three party tracts from an old woman. They were ten centavos apiece and I told her to keep the change from a peseta. She said God would bless me. I doubted this but read the three leaflets and drank the gin and tonic.

A waiter I had known in the old days came over to the table and said something to me.

"No," I said. "I don't believe it."

"Yes," he insisted, slanting his tray and his head in the same direction. "Don't look now. There he is."

"It's not my business," I told him.

"Nor mine either."

He went away and I bought the evening papers which had just come in from another old woman and read them. There was no doubt about the man the waiter had pointed out. We both knew him very well. All I could think was; the fool. The utter bloody fool.

Just then a Greek comrade came over and sat down at the table. He was a company commander in the Fifteenth Brigade who had been buried by an airplane bomb which had killed four other men and he had been sent in to be under observation for a while and then sent to a rest home or something of the sort.

"How are you John?" I asked him. "Try one of these."

"What you call that drink, Mr. Emmunds?"

"Gin and tonic."

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Big Woman-Executive

Between yawns, her husband says she's fifty per cent no-sense-of-humor, forty per cent ambition, and ten per cent sex-antagonism

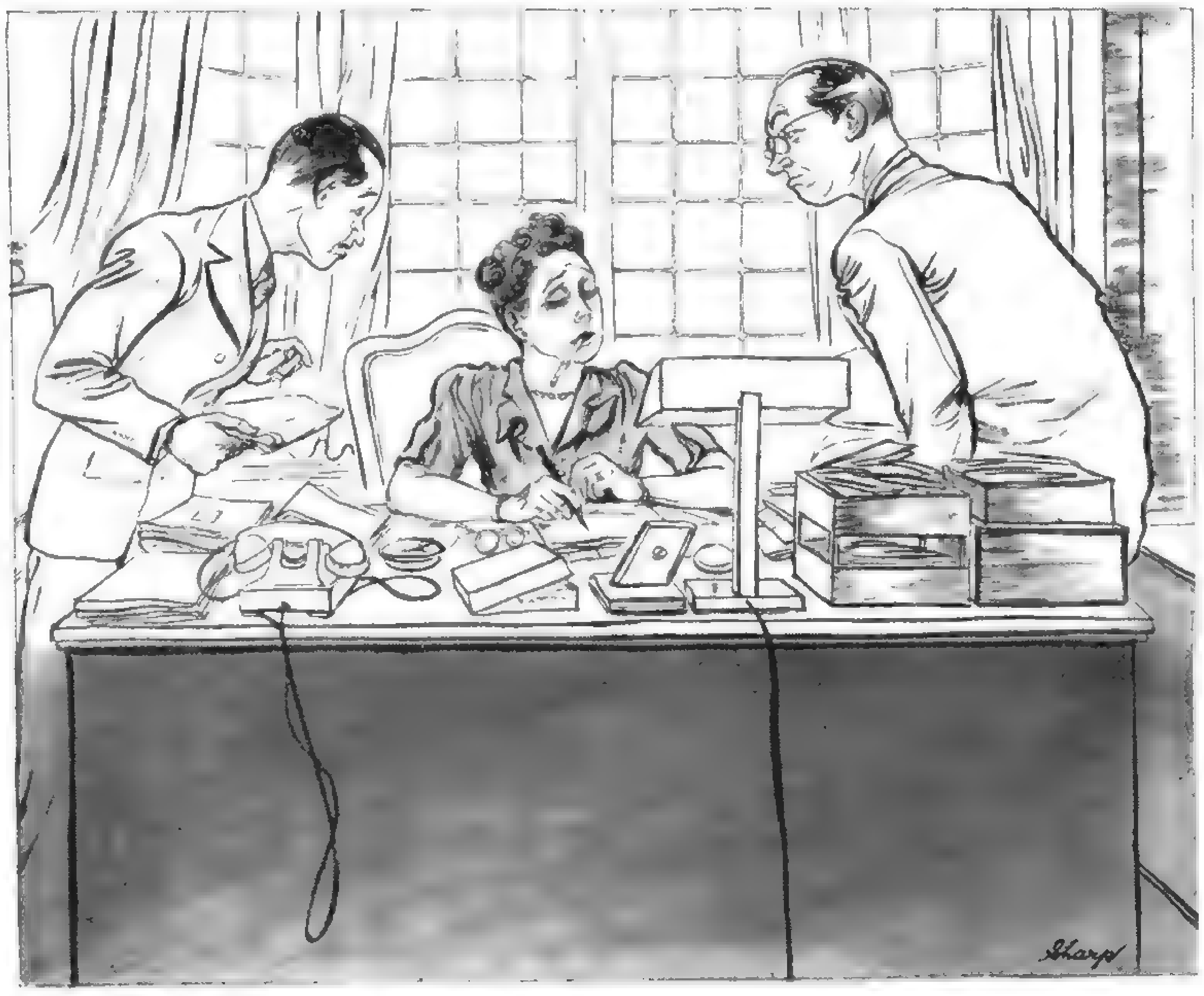
by ANONYMOUS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

I DON'T know whether to page a biologist and give him hell because he didn't tell me, or to send out a call for Rodgers and Hart and George Kaufman. What I mean is, it's not often you find a character with both bug-on-a-pin and musical comedy possibilities, and that's why I think I've got something.

The character—my wife. (Or the wife of any of a dozen men I know and of hundreds I don't know.)

Her looks are deceptive. A couple of rows of little-girl ringlets, long, red fingernails, and a hat with a yard of flimsy stuff flying off behind. A female, you say. I thought so too. But we are both wrong. She is not a woman; she's an executive, that strange, new, intermediate sex, a testtube baby from the laboratory of Big Business. Formula: fifty per cent no-sense-of-humor; forty per cent ambition; ten per cent sex-antagonism. Result (yes, there's a name for it)—Big Woman-executive. That's my wife.



Now I've thought a lot about this, and it seems to me that it should be possible for Mary to be Big Woman-executive for eight or even ten hours a day, then be Woman for the other fourteen. Evidently I don't understand, for Mary is Big Woman-executive all day—and Big Woman-executive all night.

When we married, each of us had outside financial obligations. I remember the night we figured things out. It was at End-of-Main between beer and hot dogs and we used a yard of the joint's paper napkins for our mathematics. I began by telling her life would be a lot more fun with her than without her. When she countered with a similar declaration, we got out the pencils and the figuring began. By midnight we knew the answers. For a time we would both have to work. At the end of five years, our debts would be paid and our dependents on their feet.

"Then, Mary," I had said, "you may stay home and improve your mind."

"Oh forget my mind," she had protested. "How about staying home and making little garments?"

She had been seeing the movies, I felt reasonably sure.

We have been married seven years now, and Mary is still on the job, battling. Her desk is a mess of buzzers and she buzzes away all day, tiring out a pair of secretaries and a young man assistant who, she insists, wants her job. For two years I have been reminding the gal that her mind needs improvement, and—oh well, I may as well admit it—I mentioned the little garments a couple of times too. You should have seen her reaction to that! Remember how your mother behaved when your voice was changing? Amused, and big-hearted, but somewhat embarrassed too. "Isn't he funny? But bear with him. It's a phase. He'll get over it." That's Mary, and she likes to kid me in company about being an old-fashioned male, and about what she calls my "urge to beget."

As for her chucking the job: would *I* give up all I have fought for and won? Would I give up *my* position and stay home? Then why should she? Anyway, we need her salary to keep up our living standard. I could make mincemeat of that last, but why argue?

I have an executive position also. I make more money than she does. And there you have at least one of the cat-o'-nine-tails that lashes Mary on to her battling and her buzzing. I can't remember when we ceased being man and woman, male and female, and became competitors. I think it was when Mary stepped over the heads of some of her male associates to a big promotion. There were still a few men standing between her and the place she wanted. The firmer these men stood, the more convinced she became that all men were her enemies.

Mary talks about my having reached "a plateau." What she means is she hopes I have. She is indulging in some wishful thinking. Of course she intends, in the matter of salary, to pass me by. Well, let her. I can take it.

But just a minute. We have an interruption. Some wench with Freud in her teeth has risen to explain my grouch in ten words or less. You guessed it: she's saying something about Freud and my ego which, it seems, is being "threatened." I no longer feel important. I'm not Big Papa Kingpin in the home.

Pardon me while I yawn. That's my trouble lately. I'm always yawning.

The truth is I have been accustomed to and I like capable women. So far as I am concerned, the swooners may swoon until they drop. But because a woman is capable, must she become an anomaly? In other words, can't women become successful and still be women? The Big Women-executives I know cause me to answer that with a weary negative.

What are these creatures concocted in the laboratory of Big Business anyway? Are they men or are they women? Their husbands don't know, but more than that: *they* don't know. And that as I see it is the comedy (and it's so damned comic, it broaches tragedy) of the present century. If we boys who are married to them are somewhat bewildered by the wives we have selected, I wonder how they feel about themselves?

For a generation women have been whirling in a mad dervish to prove their equality (correction: their superiority) to men. Is it possible they don't know that while they may change their political and economic status in a few years, they can't change their biology? They have gone places, done things, earned handsomely; in short, they will tell you they have conquered what they once enviously looked upon as the masculine world. Yet, to anyone who has observed them in their variegated moods, it is obvious that inside, these women have been running in counter direction. Is it any wonder they are divided creatures, nearer neuter gender than anything else? They are strong and aggressive all day. Be compliant at home, submissive even (supposedly characteristic behavior of the female)? Oh no, that would be weakness. They cannot accept themselves as women in the office, and they certainly cannot at home.

How's it all going to end? You tell me. Being the husband of a B.W-e. I have real reasons for wanting to know. In the mean-

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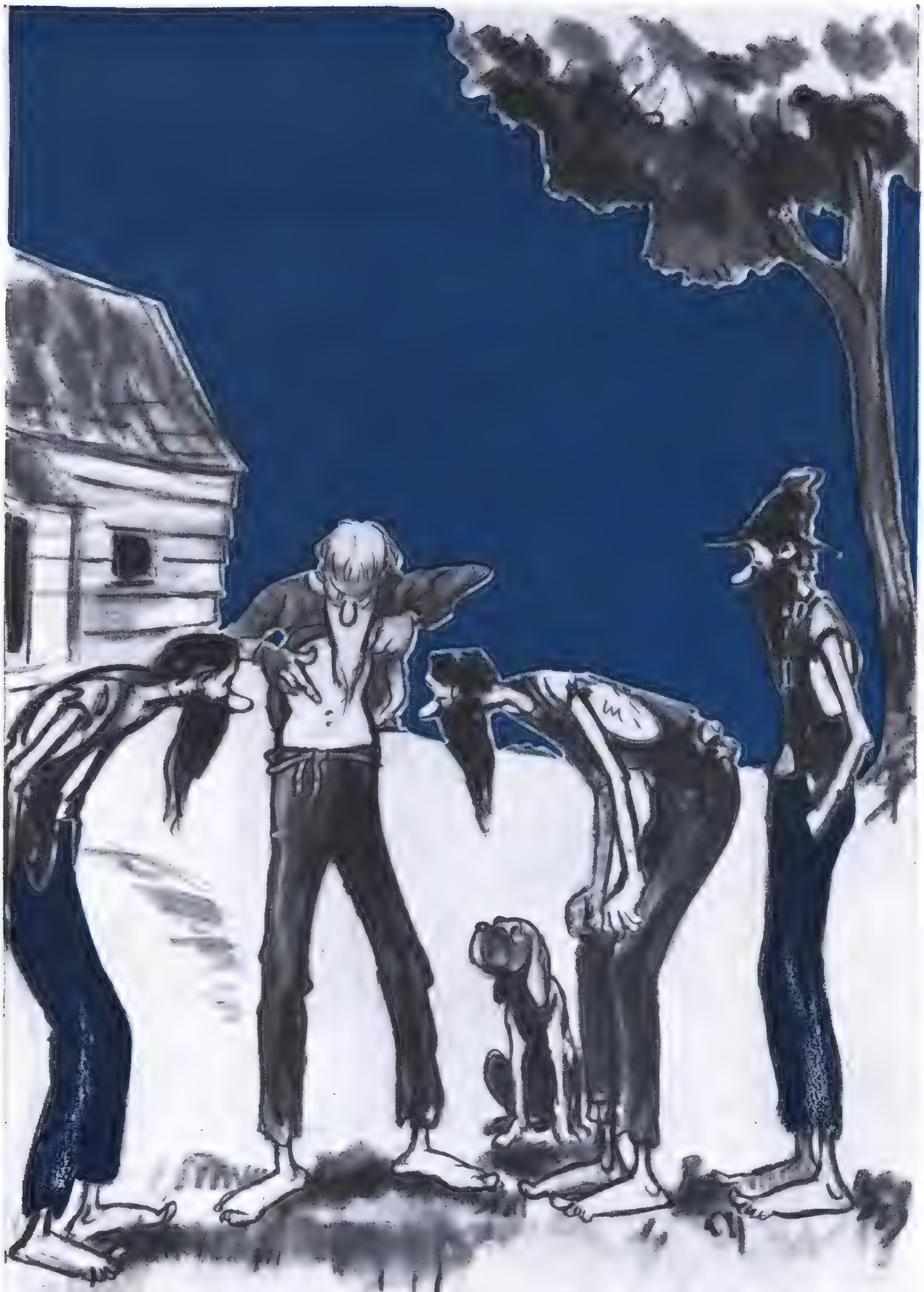


"Dang it—Ah can't remember—Ah think the little one is my ole bullet wound"

Ladies Prefer Brunets

But eight years of experiments, case studies and questionnaires show they will take anything and usually like it

by WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON

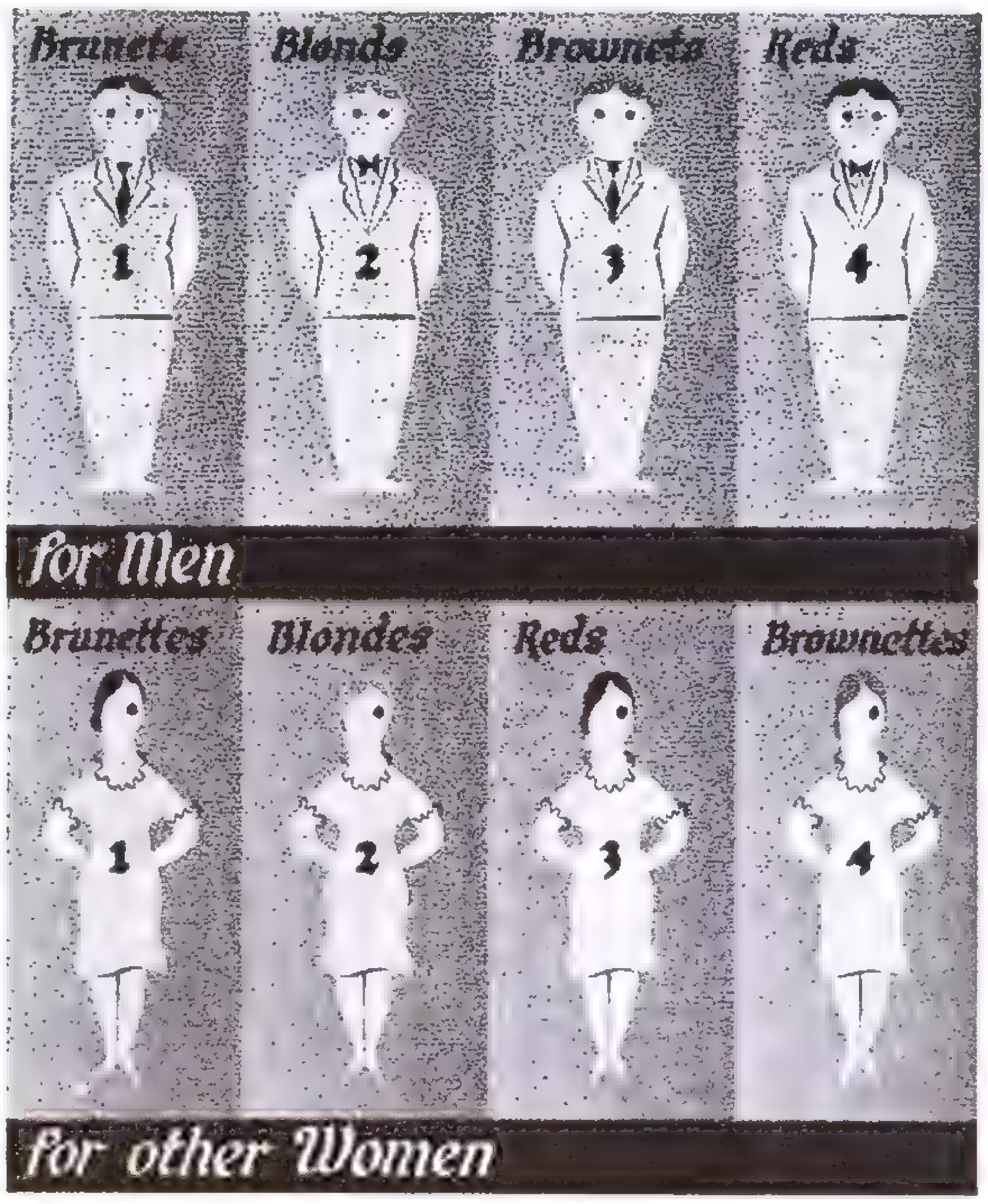
• ARTICLE •

"Oh, I think he's wonderful!" The speaker was a tallish, blue-eyed brunette, age twenty. The fellow she referred to had dark hair, brown eyes, small toothbrush mustache, and short compact figure. "Cute" and "exciting" were adjectives she applied to him. She was having, at the time, a love affair with this brunet boy. After she had lost him to a blonde, I tested the brunette girl's emotional reactions to brunet men, blonds, brown-haired men and redheads. Despite her recently acquired aversion for males who reminded her of the errant knight, she still responded more strongly to brunets than to any other type. But she married, two years later, an enormous, blue-eyed blond.

Eight years of experiments, questionnaires and case studies have convinced me that this attractive young female's case is typical of her sex. Ladies or not, they prefer brunets. But they take anything in trousers (including, occasionally, a masquerading girl). The female ardor for romance is understandable enough and explains the average girl's ready acceptance of an easily captured candidate for matrimony regardless of minor considerations. But when a girl has her choice—which she frequently has if the purpose contemplated is something less terrifying to the man than marriage—her selection of one male hair color rather than another verges on the mysterious. It is the sort of mystery which has always intrigued me and I set about investigating it, in the course of emotions researches at Columbia University, with true pioneer spirit.

Pioneers, of course, are people who don't know where they are going. That is the reason they go places. They strike off blindly in a direction which does not appeal to anybody else and sometimes they find rich fields for cultivation and sometimes they find only swarms of mosquitoes. I found both in the course of my blond-brunet-redhead studies. By dint of pestering all kinds of people, of both sexes, all ages and nearly every sort of occupation from a president's wife to a convict ditch digger, I discovered some surprising facts about pigment and personality. I established the strong probability that certain personality traits accompany corresponding hair, eye and skin colorings. Not that the pigment itself has anything to do with causing the trait. It is the hormones, or secretions from endocrine glands which determine both hair color and personality characteristics. Thus red, black, or yellow hair with blue, brown or green eyes, serves simply as a signal flag revealing to the naked eye what type of chemical process is going on within the body. It is the hidden chemicals thus betrayed by their tell-tale color effects which influence profoundly the way each individual thinks, feels and behaves.

Before attempting to unravel the complicated threads making up the different personality patterns, it seemed useful to determine which hair and eye colors men and women naturally prefer in members of their own and opposite sexes and why they prefer them. It proved one of those everlasting jobs —submitting questionnaires to everybody who would answer them—and I have been at it ever since. I have nearly twenty-thousand choices, an amply sufficient sampling when the trend of the preferences is consistent as it has been in this research.



Feminine Preferences

Still, I am always glad to enlarge my group of choosers, and if one or two hundred thousand of you who read this care to send me postcards in care of Esquire listing in order of your preference the hair colors of your own and opposite sex, and in another pair of lists their eye colors in similar order of your choice, it may change the vote significantly. If so, I promise to report it to you at a later date. I must also know your own hair and eye colors and of course your sex.

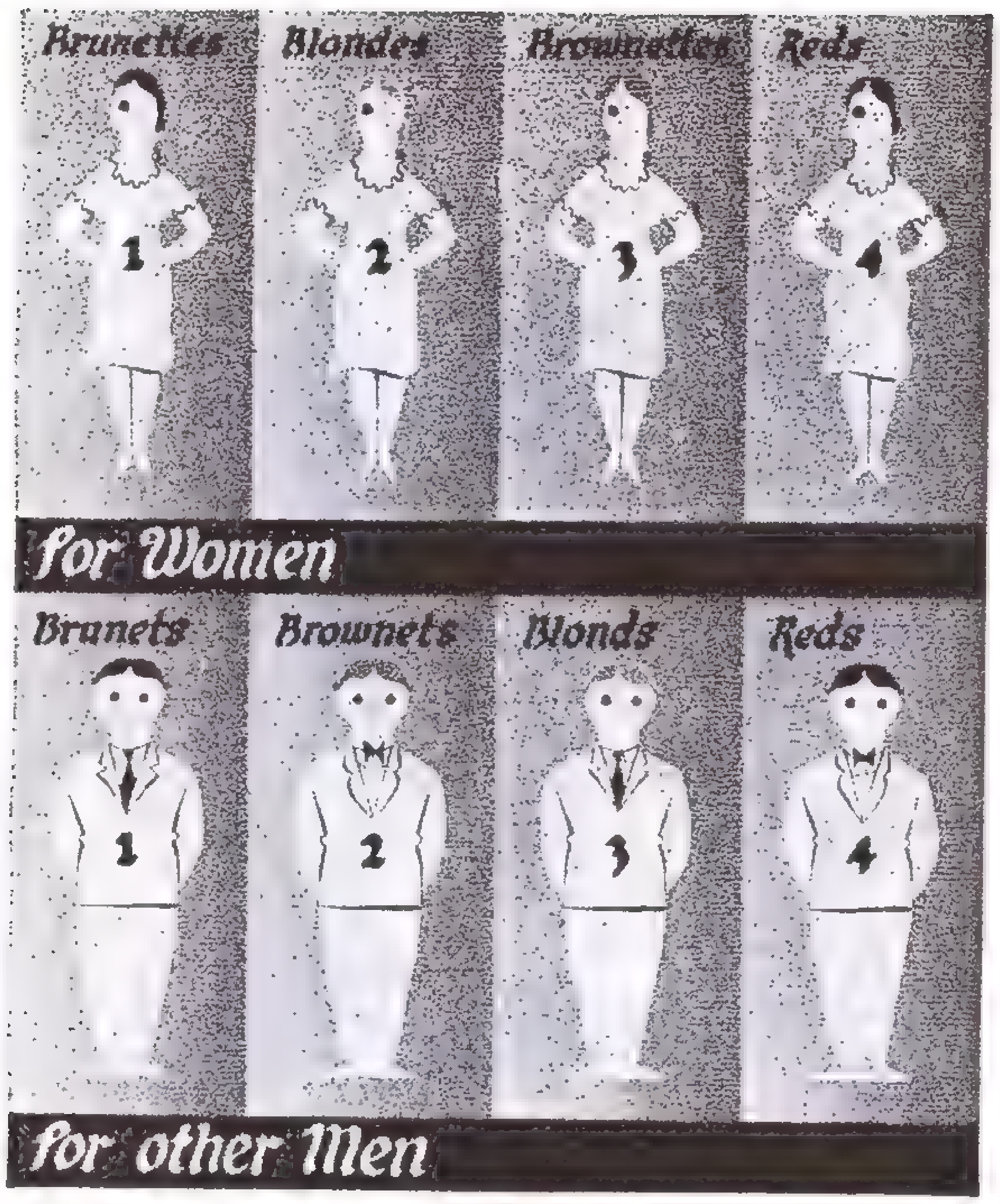
I have found that eye colors were thought of, by more than ninety per cent of the men and women questioned, as minor variations of the type of person indicated by the hair color. I made no attempt to impose scientific terminology; I merely accepted the terms in popular use. Brunets, according to this classification, are men with dark brown or black hair (the spelling *brunettes* indicating women of the same type). Brownets (and *brownettes*) have medium or light brown hair. Blonds (and *blondes*) have yellow or whitish-yellow hair color. Reds need no explanation except to say that this type includes auburn and carrot-colored hair, but not sandy or chestnut which belong to the blond and brownet groups respectively. Any of the types thus described may have eyes of any one of these color classes: blue, brown (including black), green (including hazel), or gray.

A few people who have given me their preferences have one eye of one color and one of another, as have Mary Pickford and Colleen Moore. If so I classify them both ways, including their choices in both eye-color sub-groups under the main hair color type to which they belong. Many people change their hair and eye colors. All babies, even Negroes, are born with blue eyes, the pigment, if any, developing after birth. A great majority of people have blondish hair in childhood, darker pigment gradually creeping in. Some individuals change in the opposite direction and some change from red to yellow or from red to brown after maturity.

The color that counts, of course, is the color present in hair and eyes when you express your preference.

Women, so far, vote as has been indicated in the chart on this page.

On the surface these two sets of preferences seem very much alike, the only difference being that brown-haired men take third place, while brownettes are placed last. But further analysis shows that women's preferences for hair colors in other women are based upon entirely different ideas and motives. Brunettes, blondes and red-haired women all prefer their own natural hair color to any other. Only the brownettes prefer another hue. They choose blonde hair—a brighter version, perhaps, of their own in-between shade. Women's choice of hair color in other women seems to be based primarily upon self-admiration, or perhaps upon subconscious self-defense. When I asked women to list the hair color of their most intimate friends I found that they included more brownettes than any other type. Do brown-



Masculine Preferences

haired women, perhaps, offer less pictorial rivalry and more flattering contrast to other types of females who choose them as intimates?

It is quite clear, however, that a woman's concern with her own hair color has nothing to do with her choice of a favorite masculine type. Brunettes, brownettes and redheads all prefer dark-haired men. Blondes—can you imagine it?—tend to be afraid of brunet men; their first choice is the somewhat modified brownet. Reversing Anita Loos' famous maxim makes it true; blondes prefer gentlemen, so they say. But despite their alleged timidity toward the darker-haired gentry who do not treat a girl with proper restraint, the yellow-haired females place brunets a close second, making this popular class of man an overwhelming favorite of the whole female gender. There is, however, one concession brunets must make to carry off First Prize in a beauty contest judged by women—they must have blue eyes. Some male types—brunets, brownets—prefer brown eyes in a man; but brunettes, brownettes, blondes and red-haired girls agree on this one thing: that men with blue eyes are most heavenly.

And now to refute a widely circulated slander against gentlemen—they do *not* prefer blondes. By an overwhelming majority the men I questioned chose brunettes, leaving the yellow-haired lassies quite definitely in second place. Close behind the blondes came brownettes, with red-haired women trailing sadly in the rear. Male choice of hair color types in members of their own sex followed similar lines. Ten thousand men (not Frenchmen) may be wrong, but they say dark males like Ernest Hemingway, with hair on their chests, are more attractive than blonds by a 3 to 2 ratio. Of course, Max Eastman might raise the point, laughingly, that this preference only amounts to a badly repressed Narcissus complex, as a large percentage of the voters belong to the type elected. But the answer to that one is that blond and brownet men express an equal preference for brunet males. Only the small, red-headed group enters a dissenting opinion in favor of brown-haired members of their own sex. And redheads differ, not on the merits of any question, but as a matter of principle.

Men's preferences appear in the chart at left.

Men go for blue eyes in women. The blue-eyed brunette rates a preference score twenty-one per cent higher than her nearest rival. Hazel and green eyes are liked least by men, brown and gray winning second and third places respectively. And here is a fact that may disturb Mrs. Grundy: less than one-third of the married men questioned had wives with the hair or eye color which their husbands preferred. Ninety-eight per cent of the Ball and Chain Club, however, included one or more female of preferred pigmentation on the list of their most intimate women friends. What does that mean? Page Dr. Freud. It is no question for a married psychologist to answer.

All these results must be considered in light of the average distribution of hair and eye colors in a typical American community. I have taken fair samplings in different parts of the country with the results shown in the chart, lower right, the predominant eye color being given with each hair color type.

The bare figures, taken by themselves, carry a suggestion that hair color preferences were determined by the pigmentation types of those who did the preferring. But as I have already indicated this is not true. Votes for each hair color came in equal proportion from persons of all hair color types (except women's choice for other women). The selective influence, if any, seems to work the other way around. Brunet people of both sexes are chosen more often than other types as mates and consequently the proportion of dark-haired children in the community increases.

There is some tendency toward a greater percentage of dark-haired people in cities and a larger proportion of blond individuals in country communities, especially in agricultural regions where the stock was originally German or Scandinavian. But it is surprising to learn that even in the so-called Nordic countries of northern Europe where blondness reaches its relative peak, only about one-third of the population is yellow-haired. We live, it would seem, in a predominantly brunet world. Blonds are much rarer everywhere than dark-haired people, and redheads are rarest of all, their three per cent ratio remaining strangely constant in all races and localities.

If women permitted their hair to retain its natural color you would meet, in ordinary business and social life, three or four brunettes to one blonde, and twenty-one brunettes and six blondes to every redhead. But that is not the way it works out. In cities you actually see two blondes to three brunettes, and one red-haired woman to every pair of blondes. There are, to be sure, certain technical reasons in the hair-tinting business which account for a goodly number of our artificial redheads; but brunettes are easier to produce in a beauty shop than blondes. It would seem that many women, despite a private preference for their own natural type, desire for themselves the rarer hair colors, yellow and red. Certainly casting directors and some employment managers give preference to blondes and redheads. A girl has a better chance of attracting notice in business or society if her hair is red or yellow and she wants to attract attention. But men, apparently, do not attract more attention from women if they possess blond or red hair; a man's best bet is to resemble three-quarters of his sex by greasing or oiling his hair dark.

I expected, when I began this survey of color preferences, that the choices of most people could be explained quite easily by their association of the preferred hair and eye color with a father, mother or lover of the chosen type. But this did not work out. I found no significant correlations. The true explanation seems to be that a great majority—eighty-six per cent of the individuals I questioned—have very definite ideas of the personalities which go with different hair and eye colors. When you ask them to place blond, brown, brunet and red-haired people in the order of their preference, they actually choose between *sets of personality traits* which they associate, rightly or wrongly, with each pigmentation type. When men prefer blue-eyed women it does not mean that they have a sentimental memory of *one* woman with blue eyes, nor yet that they entertain an esthetic preference for the color blue. It means rather that the personal experiences which they have had with *many* blue-eyed women sum up to a more pleasurable total than their experiences with brown-eyed girls. And when women prefer brunets it doesn't mean that they like to look at nature's etchings in black and white, but rather that brunet men have given them certain feelings which they would like to repeat. The fact seems to be that most of us quite naïvely, put together a huge number of unanalyzed impressions about men and women we meet, and label the hodge-

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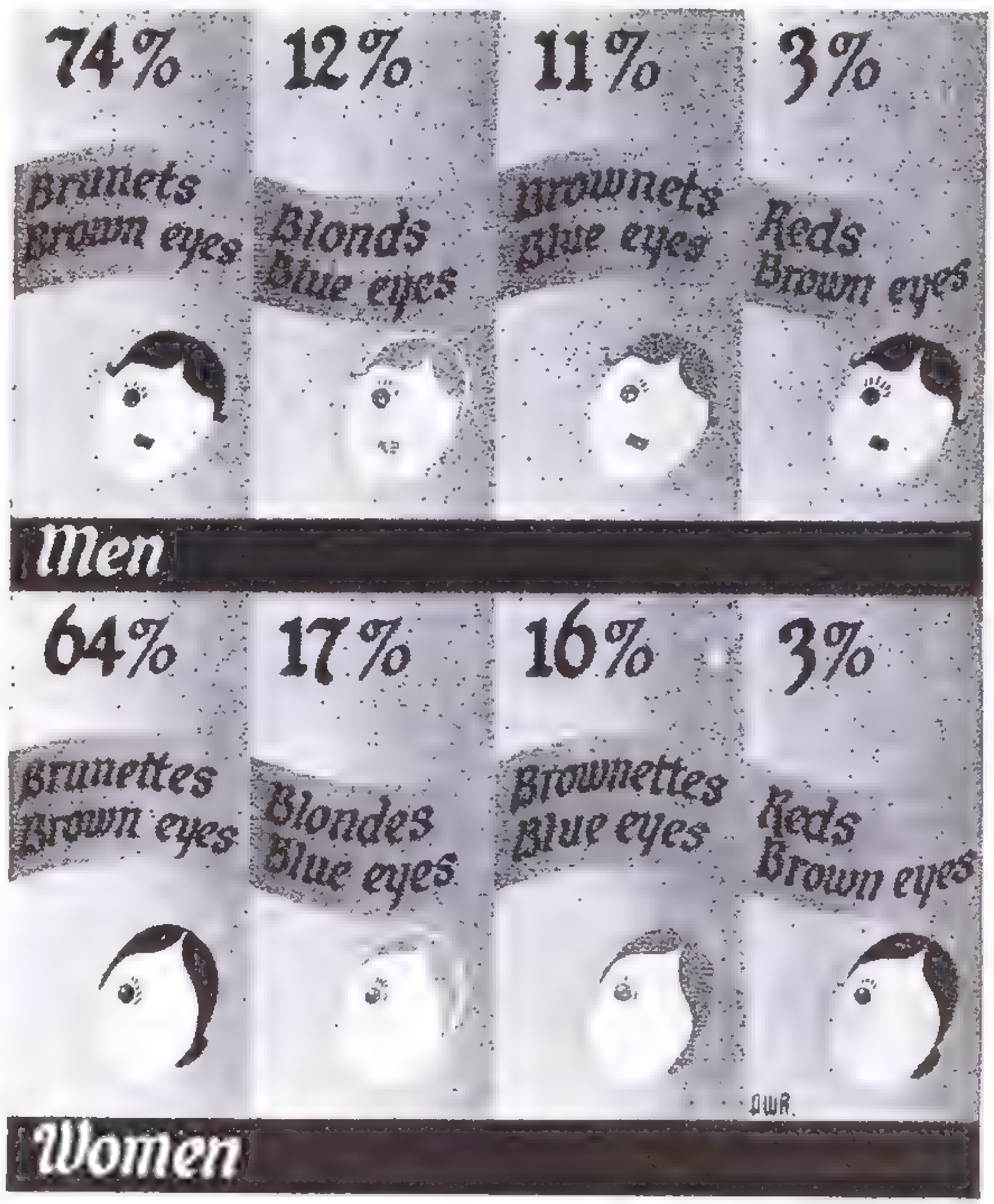
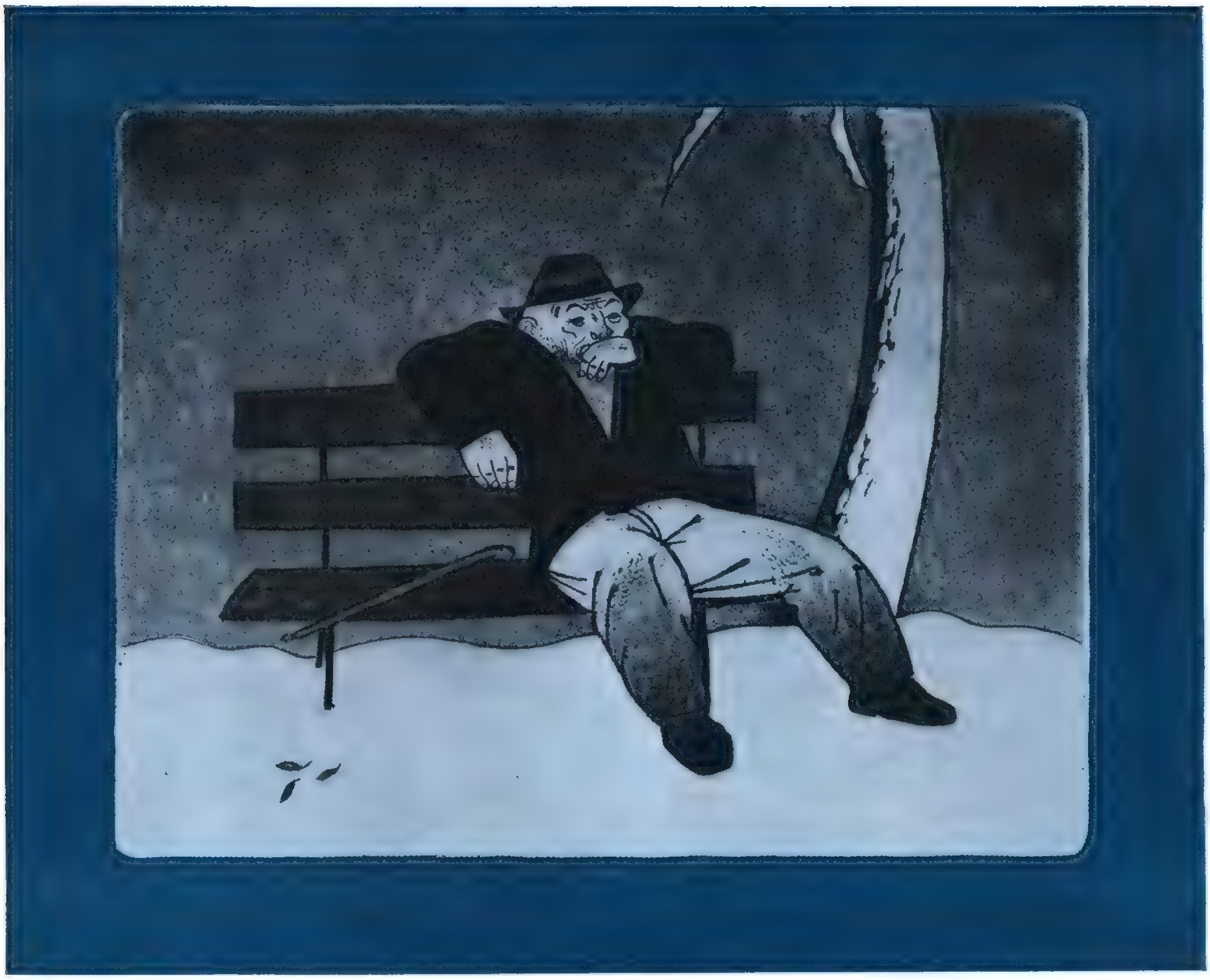


Percentile Type Occurrences



Estrangement *by* KINGSLEY TUFTS

AQUATINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN

A shut door—but a shut door doesn't end it;
It goes on, and the mad days send it
To watch at the window and to listen
Where the traffic rattles and the streets glisten.
The nights send it away muttering
Words that burn, like a candle guttering,
Something about not coming back. Violently
Things go out and creep back silently.

A shut door—one on either side of it.
That doesn't end it; a door doesn't hide it.
It's the cups unwashed, the things not mended,
The burned table's edge where the cigarette ended;
It's the unpaid bills and too much drinking:
The over-drawn effort to keep from thinking
Something that's got to be thought completely—
Washed and ironed, and folded neatly.

A shut door—and the house divided aches
With the endless time a footstep takes
In the distant room. Again the key turning
Clicks through the mind, and the night's yearning
Melts into shame: all the shabby arrangement
Cheapens the reason, the hate, the estrangement.
A tense hand gropes for the night-light, snatches
The fresh cigarette, the tattered matches.

You Can't Teach That Here!

Science teachers in Arkansas and Tennessee have learned slick ways of eluding the hot word, evolution

by O. K. ARMSTRONG

▪ ARTICLE ▪

And now students we take up the study of—er—of *development* of life," says the professor. "We learn from the study of fossils and rocks that life began in simple organisms and has progressed, or developed, to more complex."

"You couldn't call that evolution, would you?" a student pipes up.

"No. Not here in this state. But if I were teaching this biology text in Illinois, for example, I'd call it that. We're not allowed to call it evolution here, but you are intelligent students—" (casting his eye over them and frowning at the snickers) "and I hope you will read between the lines and draw your own conclusions."

It's a class in biology in a Tennessee high school and Professor Brown is struggling along through Chapter 24 of the text *New Biology*. We sit through the class and listen to his explanations of how life became what it is today. Brown has been in the public school system of the state for fifteen years, and has grown accustomed to covering that chapter on "How Life Began" and giving a neat run-around to the whole illegal matter of evolution. But this particular lesson, he admits, always leaves him weak and perspiring.

"Of course the students are on to the subterfuge," he tells us. "They ask a lot of questions, and you never know which rascal among them may be laying to trick you. On several occasions I've had irate parents come rushing in and threaten to have me arrested. I have to explain that I did not mean to violate the law, apologize and promise not to do it again."

"But wouldn't your principal and the superintendent of schools protect you?"

"Protect me? Why, the yellow-bellied rabbits, they're more scared of the law than I am, and they don't have to teach biology. They—"

A look of sudden alarm spreads over his perspiring face.

"Say—you aren't going to quote me on any of this, are you?" he queries concernedly.

In order to leave the room alive we have to promise not to quote him, and that's why we've called him Professor Brown.

How often, in a two-weeks' trip through Tennessee, from end to end, then back over Arkansas, did this reporter hear those expressions of alarm—"Don't quote me!" "I'd lose my job if you'd print that." "The anti-evolution folks would skin me alive!"

Yes, the anti-evolution laws of Tennessee and Arkansas are still on the books. It was the Tennessee law, passed in the memorable session of 1925, that precipitated that *cause célèbre*, rated in the law journals as one of the ten most famous trials of all history, the Scopes case at Dayton, in the hill country of eastern Tennessee. Not to be outdone in good deeds, the great state of Arkansas put a similar law on the books soon afterward.

The Tennessee law was sponsored in the Legislature by the Honorable J. W. Butler of Lafayette, who campaigned on a platform pledged to drive evolution from the state, and it is a source of great pride to Mr. Butler that he was elected on that issue and made good. When the 1927 session of the Arkansas Legislature had the matter up for hot discussion, Dean Virgil Jones of the College of Arts and Sciences in the University of Arkansas, and Dr. Harrison Hale, head of the chemistry department, constituted a committee of the university faculty and went down to Little Rock and fought the bill to a standstill. But the Reverend Ben Bogard, self-appointed leader of the anti-evolution forces of Arkansas, put the matter up for vote by initiative petition, and the people whooped the law on the books by a thumping vote.

Interesting indeed is the reading of the Tennessee law:

"It shall be unlawful for any teacher in any of the universities, teachers' colleges, normal schools, or other public schools of the state which are supported, in whole or in part, by the public funds of the state, to teach any theory that denies the story of the divine creation of man as taught in the Bible, and to teach instead that man descended from a lower order of animals."

And don't forget the fine of from one hundred to five hundred dollars for violations of the law. Scopes drew the minimum, but got publicity that sent him to the University of Chicago on a scholarship, then into business at a profitable figure. But not many teachers of Tennessee care to risk it.

The wording of the Arkansas law is similar, but defines evolution as either descent or ascent from other forms of animal life.

How is science taught in Tennessee and Arkansas under these restrictive statutes? Is evolution bootlegged? How about the higher institutions of more or less learning—the universities? The teachers' colleges and the medical schools?

My study was made to answer these questions. And always the ready responses, the conversation that began:

"This fool law! Of course we get around it somehow. I always say to my students—" Then that look of alarm. "Great heavens! You're not going to print this?"

When the Scopes trial broke in a sweet deluge of good pickings for news and feature writers, it brought the great Clarence Darrow and the great William Jennings Bryan to pit against each other in a cosmic struggle of wit and wisdom. Professor Scopes, the fall guy in the test case, was convicted, and the law was carried to the Supreme Court of Tennessee. By as clever a line of reasoning as ever sparkled from the minds of learned judges the law was upheld. At that point the schoolbook publishers made a grand rush to revise their texts. The book that brought on the trial was Moon's *Biology for Beginners* (Henry Holt), and it had a chapter on out-and-out evolution, in which this appeared: "As soon as man became intelligent enough to make comparisons between himself and other animals, the resemblance became ap-

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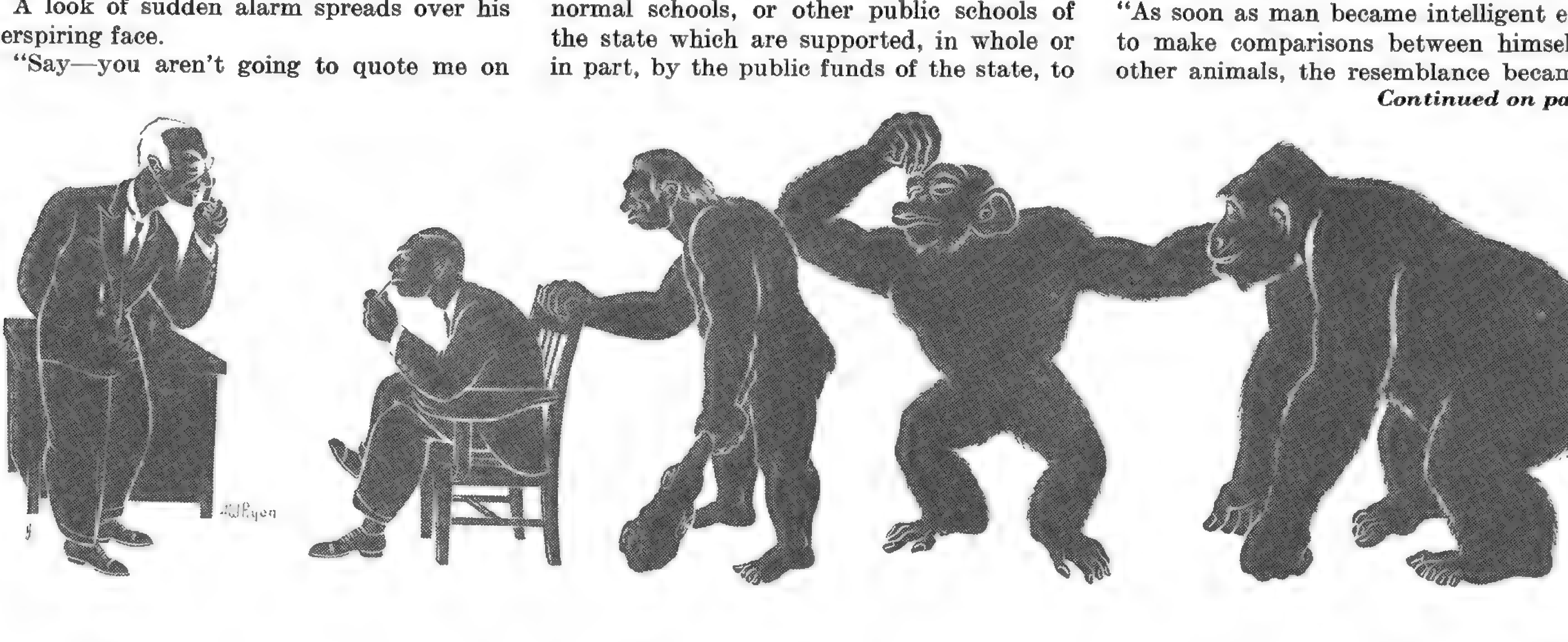

Anatomy of the Screwbug

One guy ate rocks and one swallered a sword—another slug-nut kept yelling "Woo!" and then there was Willie Brazil

by LOUIS PAUL

• SATIRE •

As long as we're sittin' here talkin' about screwbugs, says Hunk Haley, I'll tell you about the biggest screwbug I ever meet, a guy by the name of Willie Brazil. And I meet a whole lot o' screwbugs one time and another. I never forget this here screwbug I meet up Reno one summer, this Charlie Something, he makes a livin' bettin' guys he can hang himself. He puts a rope around his neck and stands up on a box and they throw the rope over a limb and tie it tight and then this Charlie kicks away the box and leaves himself hangin' there. Then he h'ists himself up with one hand and loosens the knot with the other and slips out of it and then he collects his bet. There is another screwbug I meet somewhere he is got a telescope which always he is lookin' through over the bay or ocean when it is sunny. This screwbug who I forget his name is figgerin', he explains, that he will find out how to magnetize that telescope so that he will be able to suck up them pools of gold in the water. "When I can do that, Hunk," he says, serious, "I am made."

At one time and another I guess I meet plenty of screwbugs. This guy we had in the can that summer up in Montana, I'm doin' three months on the rock crusher for vag. This guy we had in the can he eats rocks. He's crazy for rocks. He takes a hammer and he breaks up a rock in little pieces and then he eats 'em. He claims rocks is good for what ails you, especially in regard to the teeth. This guy that eats rocks seems like he is goin' pretty good eatin' rocks because they seem to do him more good than harm. Ony one day this screwbug suddenly turns black all over and is croaked before the sawbones can cut him open and take them rocks out of his stomach.

When you think of all the screwbugs you meet you get kinda scared. It makes you think maybe everybody is a screwbug. I remember a screwbug we had up where we're buildin' this dam. This screwbug is slug-nutty. I am slug-nutty to a certain extent myself as I have gone with manys the nice fighter in a good many prelims in my day, but when I say this screwbug is slug-nutty I mean he don't know a hole in the ground from the back end of a ferry boat. He ain't crazy enough to be locked up but he is too crazy to run around loose. We are buildin' this here dam and this slug-nutty screwbug woos all night. About twelve o'clock he gets up and goes out and sits on a rock somewhere and goes, "Woo-oo-oooo!" Like that. All night long. Nobody gets any good sleep. Nobody can ketch this screwbug goin' woo. Everybody knows who it is that is goin' woo but there is no way to stop him. The foreman lives way down the slope and he don't hear this screwbug goin' woo and he thinks we are wacky when we raise hell about it. Fin'ly somebody, a genius, he gets it figgered out this slug-nut has got the idear he is a owl lookin' for a mate, so we chip in and two guys goes way the hell and gone into Portland to this here store and they buy a stuffed owl. This guy in the store thinks these two guys is daffy because they will have nothin' but a female owl. They take this guy's word for it that this is a female owl, and sure enough. This slug-nutty screwbug brings this owl to bed with him and we never have no more trouble with him goin' woo from then on.

I have ran into manys the screwbug which figgered he is God or the Angel Gabriel, and one guy thinks he is old Saint Nick himself, he is forever startin' little fires. We use to call this screwbug Gotamatch. "Got a match?" Gotamatch would say first thing you would run into him. Nobody would never give Gotamatch a match ony if they could help it. Another guy we had where I'm workin' down in Salinas Valley on this ranch, we call him Ginbottle. Ginbottle would take his pay every time payday come around and buy all the bottles of gin he could buy with his pay. At night Ginbottle would go out in the meadows somewhere and dig little holes like a squirrel and bury all them bottles of gin in different places. Then all month long Ginbottle would go out even'n's after work and hunt around for them gin bottles. He never found ony a few of what he went and buried. When he found one of 'em he'd sit down and drink that there whole bottle o' gin and then he would act happy and kinda natural. Everybody use to kid Ginbottle along about him buryin' them bottles o' gin, but that never fazed Ginbottle. He used jist to smile kinda foolish like a big kid. He was a nice guy even if he was a screwbug.

You talk about screwbugs. We're workin' on the road outside Tacoma and one payday we goes in and sees one of these here vaudeville shows and in this show is a actor which eats balls of fire and takes these long swords and swallers 'em. This little Murphy he gets the idear it ain't hardly no trick at all swallerin' them swords. "Somebody all they have to do is get me one of them swords," this little Murphy says, "and I'll show you it ain't hardly no trick at all." There is a big argument comes up. Somebody says them magicians uses collapsible swords that when you press 'em agin their mouth they collapse and make it look like somebody is swallerin' them swords. And somebody else claims there is guys which swallers real swords, ony these guys is trained all the way from babies, startin' with pen knifes and little daggers and workin' up to kitchen knifes and fin'ly as big as calvary swords. There is ony one way to settle the argument and that is to find a sword that this little guy Murphy is crazy to show ain't hardly no trick at all to swaller. So somebody rents a sword from one of these places where you rent swords and this little Murphy greases it all up with lard which he figgers will make that sword slip down nice and easy. Everybody's eyes like to pop out because this little screwbug Murphy gets this sword down all right but it gets stuck and he can't get it up. He can't talk or move his head but he points to a piece of paper so we give him a pencil and he scribbles on the piece of paper, he scribbles the words, "Turn me upside down and shake this damn thing outa me." So we turn him upside down and shake him and the sword comes out of him and he is red in the face and he talks kind o' hoarse. This here screwbug Murphy swallers and says, "Boys, I guess somebody is right, you hafta start all the way from babies with pen knifes and little daggers. If that sword did not have a big handle onto it I would of been a sword-swallerer for sure." Everybody laughs and then this screwbug Murphy says, "But I bet it ain't hardly no trick at all swallerin' them balls of fire."

Yes, sir. I come across guys that swallers swords and chews rocks and one screwbug I meet will eat flies and spiders for nothin'

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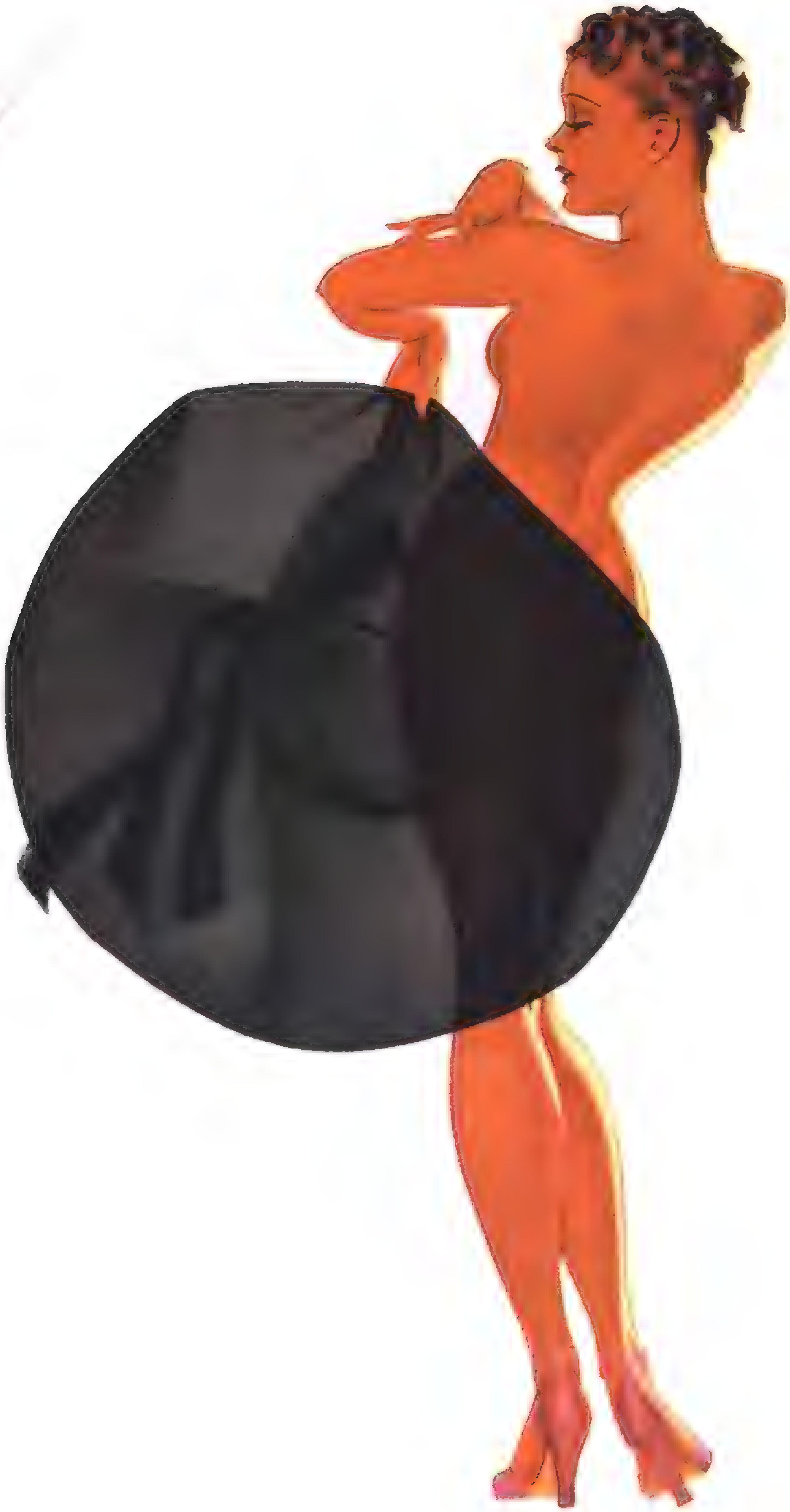
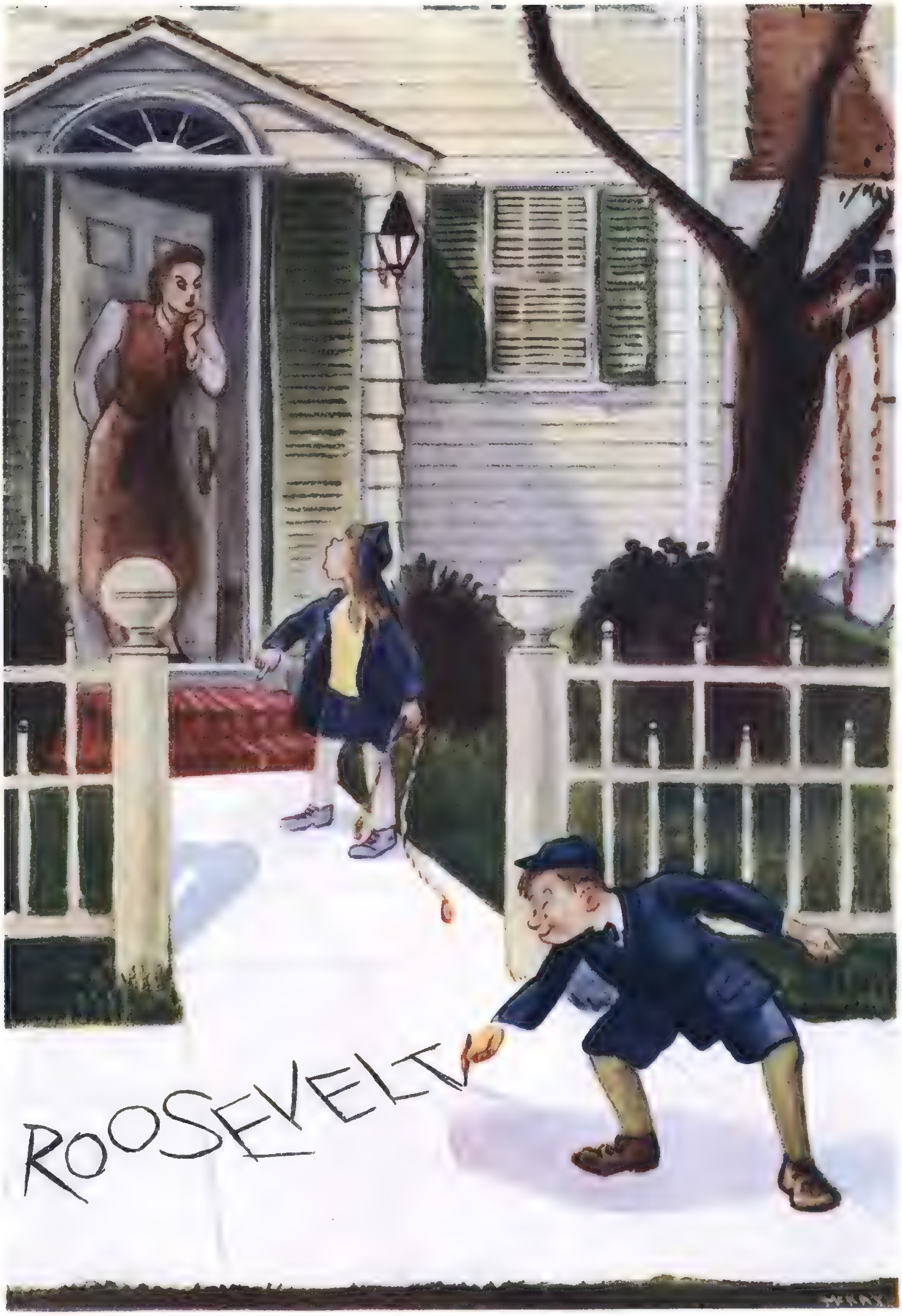
WOOO
WOOO
RODNEY DeSARRO



"Why Mr. Hutton! You're painting with the wrong end of the brush!"



"Mama, Wilfred wrote a bad word!"

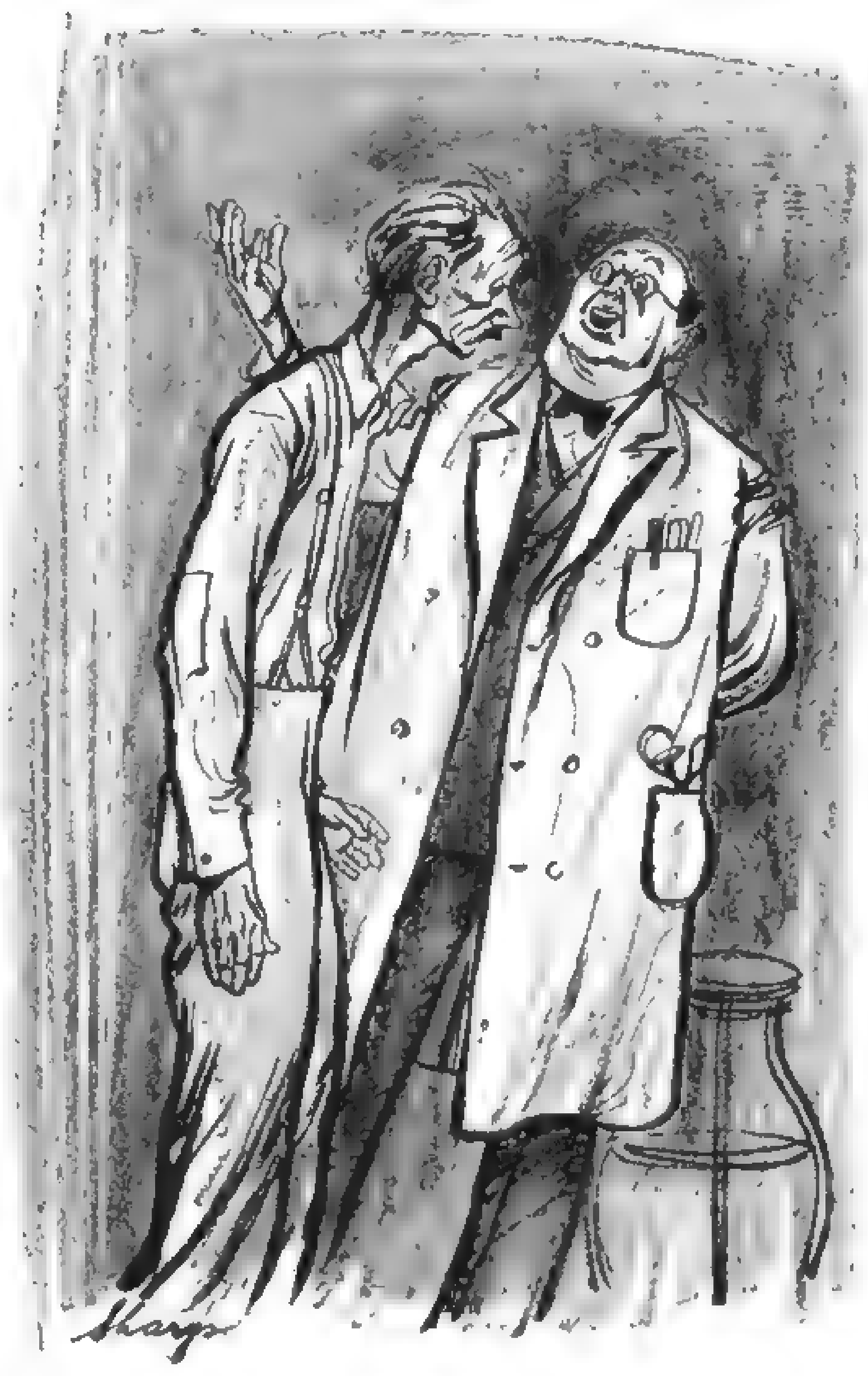
It's Cheaper to Be . . .

He wept and wanted to be alone to rest, for the earth was spinning so fast he could not keep his balance

by PIETRO DI DONATO

FICTION

Peter Basler won't do a damn thing. He is one of my wards in this State insane asylum. I am responsible for thirty patients from the moment they awaken—and until their bedtime. One of my duties is to see that they do O.C.—which means occupational therapy—which means just making themselves useful; but I can't get Basler to do a thing—that is—since two weeks ago when I was lucky enough to get this job as attendant here after being on the list for a year and a half. He is about medium height and build, with grey tousled hair, mustache, and smallish features. He isn't ill; in fact, he's rather rosy. Of course many of the patients give one the horrors: syphilitics, t. b.'s oozing rot and scum all over, college grads playing with themselves, paralyzed idiots, punch drunks, children and old white-haired men and women hopping around in cages naked and screaming like all the hyenas and banshees in the world let loose, sex perverts slithering about like gorgeous night club queens and carrying on their romances with each other as soon as your back is turned, and then the starking raving murderously mad violent ones who have to be strapped in hot and ice-water baths; but there are a surprising number here who are more or less like Peter Basler. They won't clean up when imbeciles dirty themselves, they won't shovel snow, they won't help lift the epileptics—well, they're organized against work.



This morning I got the boys out of bed. Peter opened the window by his bed and did his deep breathing exercises, put on his bathrobe and was the first in line for showers. The showers are the last word in style and convenience—for that matter—so is every facility and feature in these splendidly modern buildings—and when Basler got under his favorite spray he went through the business with the secret satisfaction of a priest drinking rare wine during Mass.

He soaped himself an inch thick, sprayed it off, massaged his flabby stringy limbs and patted affectionately his little potted paunch. After he had rubbed himself pink I had to fetch him the comb, brush, and shaving material. He toileted himself lordily and was the first to reach the dining hall. He had fruit, milk, cereal, and two cups of coffee. I noticed that after eating a benign expression would come into his face and he'd go about paying particular attention to his surroundings—feeling the glazed tile walls, rubbing the stainless metal doors, and admiring everything. Later, I took them out for recreation. We give them soft balls, basket balls, soccer balls, and let them play together or by themselves. I could tell that Basler never played around much, but he certainly punted the ball about with zest. While enjoying himself he saw the house physician. He stopped playing and called him. He had the doc check his heart beat and look at his teeth. The doc nodded, patted him on the shoulder, and Peter went back to his game. At lunch he ate just about twice as much as the others.

During lunch hour my supervisor ordered me to take the boys out to the cabbage field and have them hoe weeds. When they had their fill I marched them out into the road. Peter sauntered leisurely behind. A private auto, probably a visitor, approached us. It came along slowly, for there are severe regulations on asylum grounds. Peter stepped out into the center of the road. I called to him to get back in line. He wouldn't budge. The car slowed up and came to a dead stop, as according to rules, and then only did Peter come along.

The cabbage field is next to the recreation park on the long rolling hill overlooking the Sound. We crossed the park and stopped at the tool shed where I gave out the hoes.

Peter leaned against a crab apple tree, looking up at the sky. I called him over and held out a hoe to him. Very kindly, he asked me for a cigarette. I gave him one. He thanked me in his soft voice and said he liked my brand. He lit it slowly, blew the smoke up in the air, and walked away. I yelled. But he headed for the sunniest corner of the park. I gave the boys their instructions, and went after him. He was reclining comfortably on a bench puffing my cigarette. He sat up. I was all set to give him the deuce. He smiled and with a gesture invited me to sit and enjoy the scenery. Lying back and stretching his legs he went on in his pleasant tone to praise the grassy slope before us, the wide-open Sound, the hedges, bushes, and green-leaved apple orchards. I listened to him, then I told him to go and get his hoe. With a saintly expression that made me feel criminal he asked:

"Do you really mean it?"

"Don't you want to work at all!" I cried.

He studied his smoke, paused, and answered smoothly:

"Not with the way the earth is spinning."

I was about to ask him if he thought I was crazy, or what, but I didn't because I knew well enough that one had to be insane in order to be admitted to the place. I sat down by him.

He told me he had been in the institution two years. I asked him if he had a family. He tightened a bit, and informed me he had a wife and four grown children.

"I *was* poor all my life. I worked as long as I can remember. I supported my family while I went through school. One day I held a subway door for a girl—that's my wife Helen—she was a teacher—slender, dark, and a little bit hairy—she used to be so conscious of her mustache . . . I think that was the reason I married her—or was it?—Well I don't remember.

"The week I got a raise—I was keeping books for the Brace and Bit construction company—I married her. I wasn't earning much, but Helen and I planned—" He broke off and looked at me. "Do you know; Helen has become very stout—a regular polyp: boot ankles, three compressed chins, and with a real mustache like—" He carefully put out the cigarette stub, and said to himself: "What's the use of going through all that."

He disregarded me and contemplated the panorama. Far out in the Sound a white triangular sail bent against the sky. He watched it with luxurious interest . . .

I let him alone for a while, and finally said:

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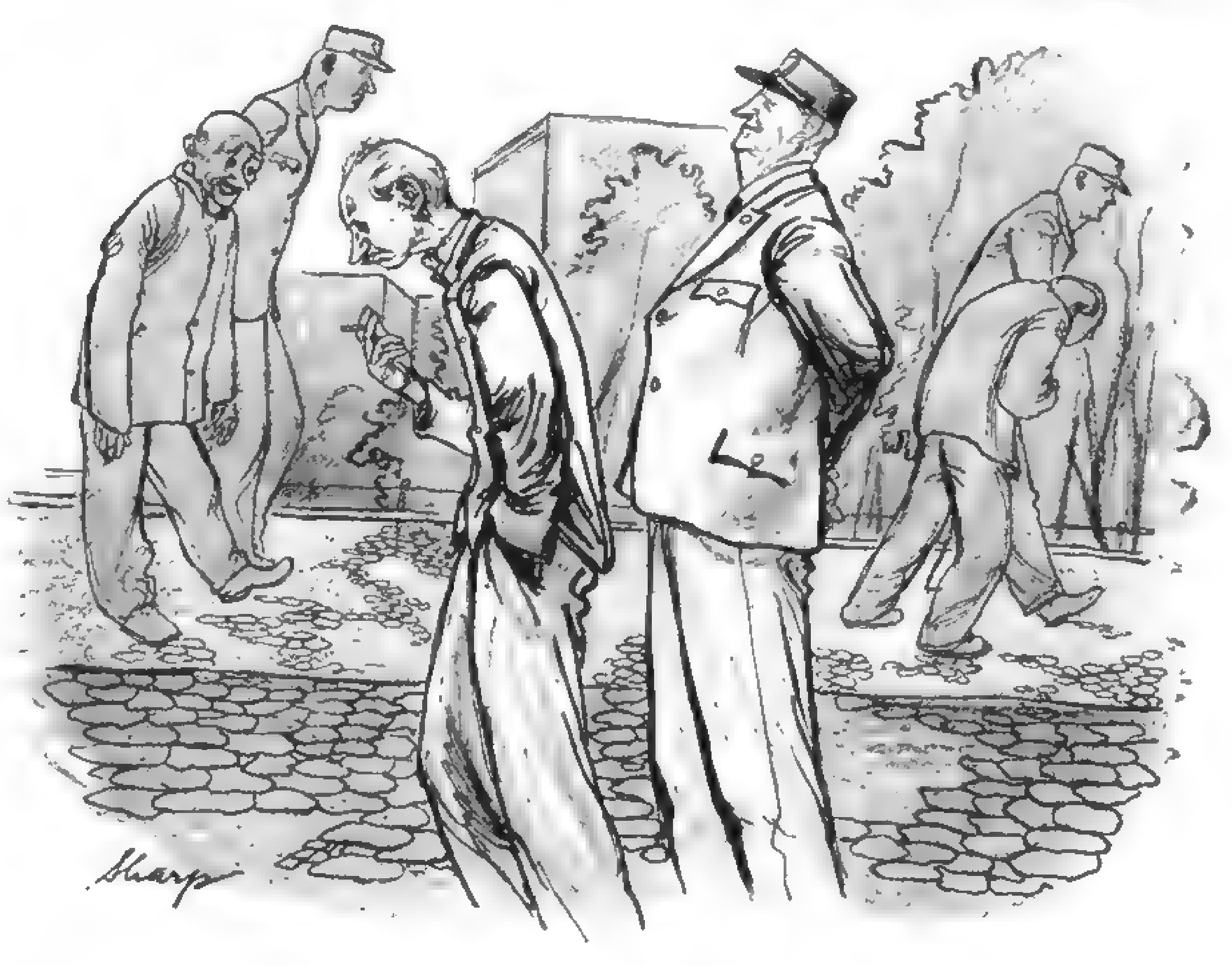
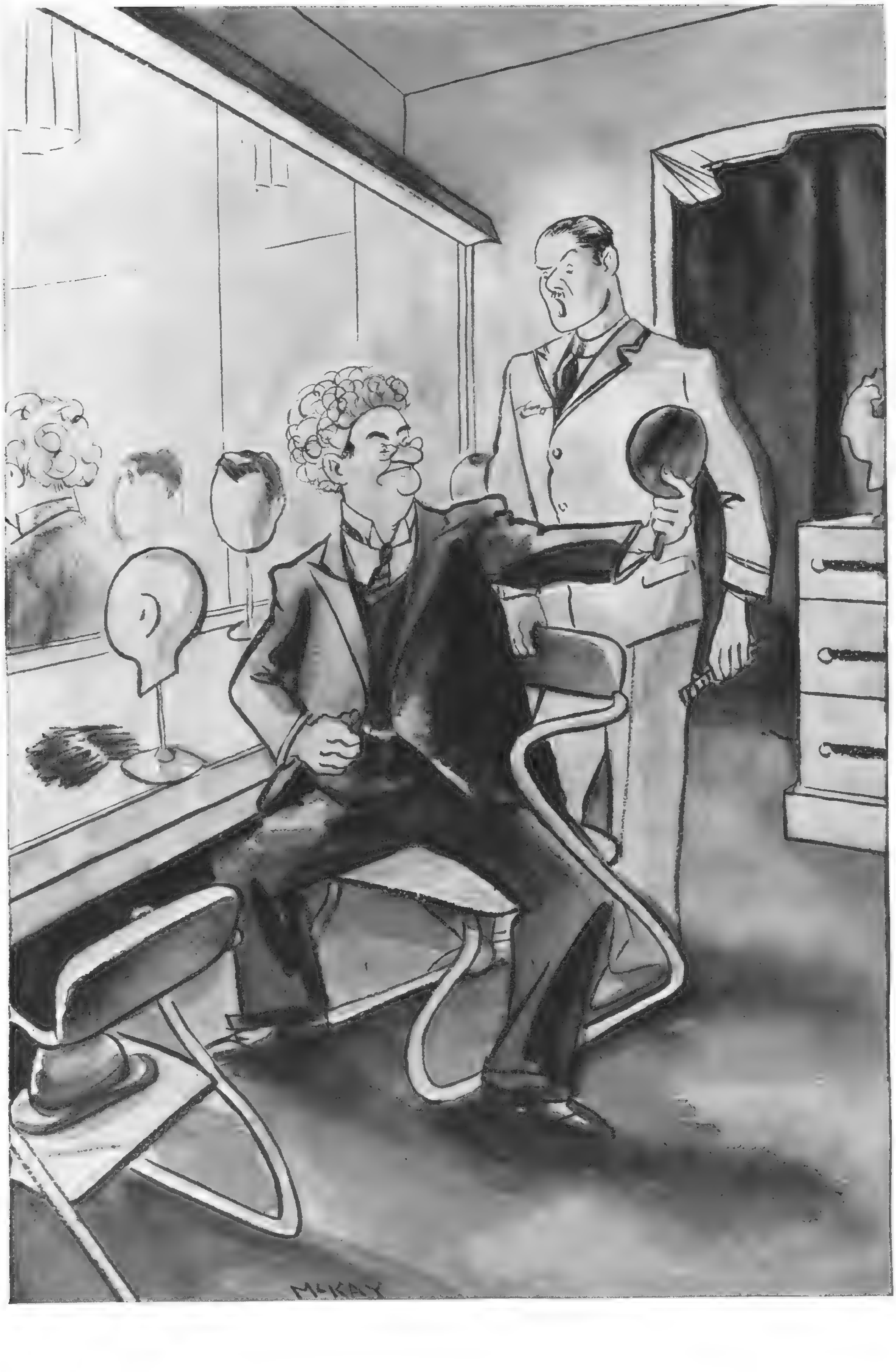




"I wouldn't go whole hog on my first toupee, Mr. Hastings!"

The Sixth Keeper of the Temple

It was not like those bronze lamps so common in Egyptian bazaars, for the mouth of the snake was closed

by COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Certainly I am not the one to ask anybody to believe in this story. That today, in the middle of the practical, materialistic, skeptical twentieth century, a bronze lamp, as old as it well could be, should manifest supernatural powers is, I admit, not very easy to digest. Charlatanry, trickery, the cheap magic of a prestidigitator were, naturally, the first explanations that occurred to me. But, try as I would to be rational about it, I could not exclude absolutely the possibility that what my eyes beheld was not, on the contrary, an exhibition of those mysterious powers, that deep wisdom, whose origin and practice have been lost in the night of time. Nor, in such uncertainty, am I the one to make a glib judgment in a matter of which, altogether, no one knows anything. Therefore I shall simply relate in chronological order, as objectively as possible, the facts as they were, leaving everyone free to draw the conclusions that his own character will dictate.

The lamp in question came into my possession in apparently the most normal and unremarkable way at Juba on the White Nile the day before I embarked for Khartoum on my way to Cairo and, ultimately, Italy. We had just ended a long trip of researches in equatorial Africa and in Juba the expedition had broken up, two of its members accompanying me, two remaining in Africa. Of the two left behind, John had found work with a local transportation company, and Bill, the second mechanic, was about to undertake the trip back to his native Durban.

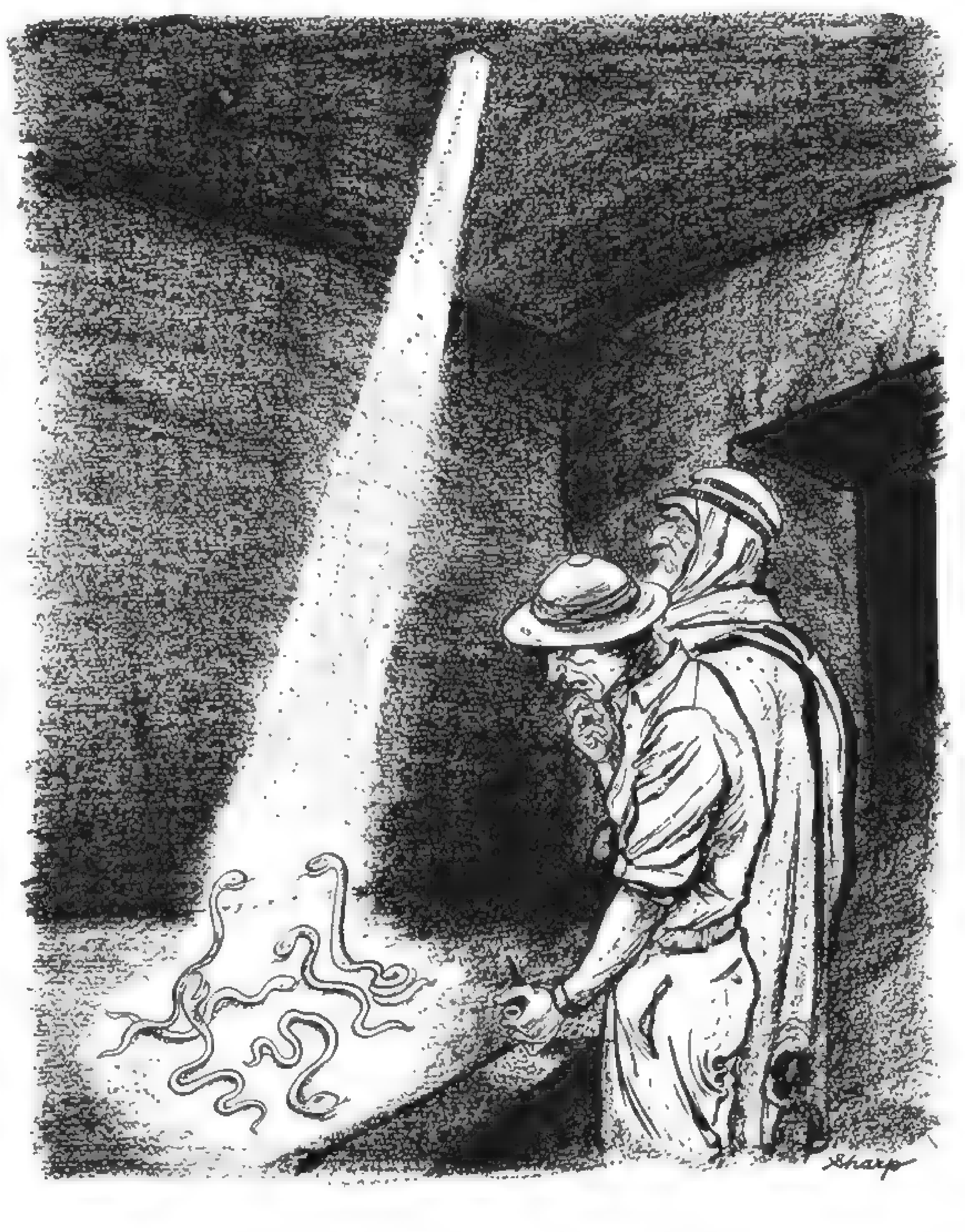
When I had settled my account with Bill, he asked me if I did not want to buy something from him, as a few more pounds could always be useful to him on his long trip. And with a certain difficulty, I remember, for his right hand was heavily bandaged, he unwrapped an object from a lot of old paper and laid it on my table. It was one of those bronze lamps which everyone who has been in Egypt has seen by the hundreds in every bazaar. A cobra standing on the curve of his tail, the hoods at the side of the head extended, the mouth open as if in the act of biting; an authentic copy, of course, as any Arabic seller would say, of the original found in the tomb of a Pharoah.

The only difference I noticed was that the metal was of a darker shade, and that the little vessel for oil which is usually suspended by three tiny chains to the mouth of the snake was missing. But I paid no attention to it for, as I told Bill, it did not interest me in the least.

I took it, however, to please him, and having paid him the few pounds he wanted, I threw the lamp into a box and hurried to the boat to supervise the loading of our equipment.

Only later, when I tried to recall all the details of that interview, I seemed to remember that Bill had mentioned casually that he had bought the lamp from a stray Arab when we had passed through Rejaf; and that when I had asked him about the injury to his hand he had said it was nothing, and spoken of something else, which at that moment made no impression on me, knowing him as I did for a man of very few words.

Then he had gone away, and I want to say that since that time I have never had any news of him, all my letters having come back to me marked with the word "unknown."



* * *

On board, the *Nuer*, the small cargo on which we traveled, as the service of the fast and luxurious express had not begun, the days seemed composed of twenty-three hours, the nights of but a few minutes. Each evening at sundown we stopped to refuel at a point on the bank of the river where mounds of chopped wood were piled up in front of a collection of huts. As soon as we arrived, scores and scores of Arabs and Sudanese would come running to the assault of the boat, each carrying a small load of wood for the engine and all combining to make a noise of the devil. When, finally, late in the night the pandemonium ended, one scarcely had the time to fall asleep before dawn came with all the confusion of starting and another endless day of oppressive heat and monotonous navigation began.

Our only distraction was work, when the tormenting flies permitted it, or exchanging a word with the one white on board when his diverse roles of captain, engineer, purser, etc., left him a free moment.

In despair one afternoon I had begun to put in order the contents of my numerous baggages, and so by chance the bronze lamp came into my hands again. Having picked it up mechanically I sat down on my bunk and turned it over in my hands, examining it for the first time with some attention. Certainly it was very, very old, judging from the patina, so dark, and from the really exquisite finesse of the workmanship. Suddenly interested, I began to observe it inch by inch: the delicacy of the curves, the meticulous care with which each single line of the body was chiseled, the exceptional art which had given such a living expression to the eyes, showed it to be clearly of a completely different character from the shining bronze lamps of the same pattern I had seen so many times at the Mouski, the native quarters of Cairo.

Nothing was more probable, I thought, than that it was an original from some ancient tomb which Bill had found by chance in the possession of an Arab and bought out of curiosity for a few shillings, neither he nor the Arab aware of its value.

It was a pity, however, that it was incomplete. And having at this reflection looked at the mouth, I saw for the first time that it was closed and that there was no hole through which the little vessel could have been attached. And yet I was perfectly sure that all the other lamps of the kind were fashioned with an open mouth. Of this one which I held in my hand, of course, I could not be so sure, as when I bought it I had given it but a cursory glance. Still, I had a strong impression that it, too, had had its small

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Big Brother to Booters

Leroy N. Mills, country lawyer, worked out the System of Controlled Kicking now widely used in offensive football

by JOHN McCARTHY

▪ SPORTS ▪

The man who knows more about kicking a football than anyone else in the world is a wide-girthed, white-thatched, fifty-four-year-old country lawyer in Westchester County, New York. A stranger to headlines and high salaried coaching jobs, this bucolic Blackstone has been largely responsible for that smart spot-kicking strategy which recently has revolutionized football and which has provided you spectators with not a few new thrills. Thank Leroy N. Mills—that's the name of this unusual country lawyer—for those coffin-corner kicks, those end-over-end sizzlers and those oscillating spirals which you have been enjoying these past few seasons.

Like many another grandstand expert, you probably have regarded such sensational punting performances as mere breaks or flukes of the game. Leading coaches and players give full credit for the present-day extraordinary punting to the System of Controlled Kicking as orginated and promulgated by Leroy N. Mills.

In his System of Controlled Kicking, Mills has simply taken the proverbial diamond technique of Wee Willie Keeler—"hit 'em where they ain't"—and applied it to the gridiron. "Kick 'em where they ain't" is the Mills motto. Instead of a punt being strictly a defensive measure, as it has been these many annums, the Mills System converts it into a powerful offensive weapon. The Mills-trained kicker never gives the spheroid a long ride in the air so that it will zoom over the end zone and thereby present the opposition with twenty unearned yards. Twenty yards comprise considerable distance and have settled the fate of many a contest. Mills instructs his pupils to shoot for that territory known as the "coffin corner," which is the boundary line inside the ten-yard line, and always to roll the oval away from the safety man. Such strategy prevents those galloping runbacks which so often nullify gains made by the customary, high arching, long ranged boots. Controlled, angled, shortish punts of the Mills System will bring better results. Tougher for the receivers to handle, they give your ends more time to get down for the tackle.

"Anybody able to kick a ball thirty-five yards on the carry is a good enough kicker," Mills tells his students. "Add a thirty-yard roll to that thirty-five-yard kick and you've got a sixty-five-yard kick—all of it clear gain, since a ball out of bounds cannot be returned. The roll is what counts. It can be gauged to a nicety by aiming the balance foot like a pistol and by resisting the temptation to steer the ball with the kicking foot."

According to George Trevor, the authoritative football editor of the *New York Sun*, Roy Mills is the "greatest kicking coach of all time, the late Dr. Billy Bull not excepted." The reason for Mills' greatness as an instructor is that he is no mere classroom theorist. He accompanies his instructions with practical demonstrations. Though fifty-four and plump as a dumpling, Roy Mills can kick as well, if not better, than his most advanced pupils.

When Mills takes over a squad, the first thing he does is to ask for the team's best punter. Usually, the star is one of those wham-bang booters who loves to uncoil those high orthodox kicks which sail far through the air for some sixty yards or more. After the youngster finishes his boot, Instructor Roy takes off his shoes. The squad looks on with amusement. Not for long! If the star garners sixty yards with his kick, Mills, in his stocking feet, will boot sixty-five yards. Should the lad make sixty-five, Mills' punt will go seventy. If he gets seventy, Roy kicks seventy-five or, as he explains, "just enough to make the point good."

Tony Palazzo

Following this simple demonstration of power, Instructor Mills tells the squad that isn't the idea at all. He then states that the purpose of his System is to control the kick, put it where you want it, whether the spot is thirty, forty or ninety yards away. Mills does not claim that anybody can boot ninety yards even with his System. "But don't forget the roll," elucidates Mills, "You can control the roll, too. You can control its course and its length. If a lad knows how to kick, he can tell his end, 'go down to the three-yard line and park eight inches inside the sideline, for that's exactly where my next punt is going.' "

Just to prove that such statements are not so much tosh, Mills will take his hat, drop it on the three-yard line, eight inches inside the sideline, and go back about sixty yards. From that distance, Roy will let go a kick. The ball will travel about thirty-five or forty yards in the air and then start rolling and will wind up kerplunk into his bonnet reposing on the three-yard line. If the squad still is not satisfied, he will tell them to call other spots on the field and his controlled kicks will smack them every time.

In his small living room in his home in Scarsdale, I have seen him nest a punt in a flower vase on the mantlepiece without the slightest damage. Several years ago at an American Coaches' Association meeting in Penn Athletic Club, Philadelphia, Mills confounded the leading collegiate coaches of the country by punting a pigskin exactly to any part of the room which the coaches designated. After spot-kicking to every corner, Mills was asked in jest to hit a ventilator near the ceiling. Mills wafted the oval right into the ventilator. Several attendants worked half an hour before being able to dislodge it.

In Mills' opinion, there are four fundamentals of accurate kicking. These are balance, holding and aiming the ball, eye on the ball and follow-through, and timing. Of these, balance is most important. If a player does not have his body under perfect control, he cannot kick well. To Mills' way of thinking, a kicker has the right balance when his kicking leg comes down in the exact spot from where it started. The direction and accuracy of a kick is thwarted by the kicker veering from one side or the other. When he gets a new recruit, Roy makes him walk fifty steps blindfolded "to see how much he deviates from true balance." He notes to which side the lad veers too much and then strives to correct him and make the proper allowance for his deviation.

"It's the follow-through, and not the brute force or leg drive," declares Mills, "that

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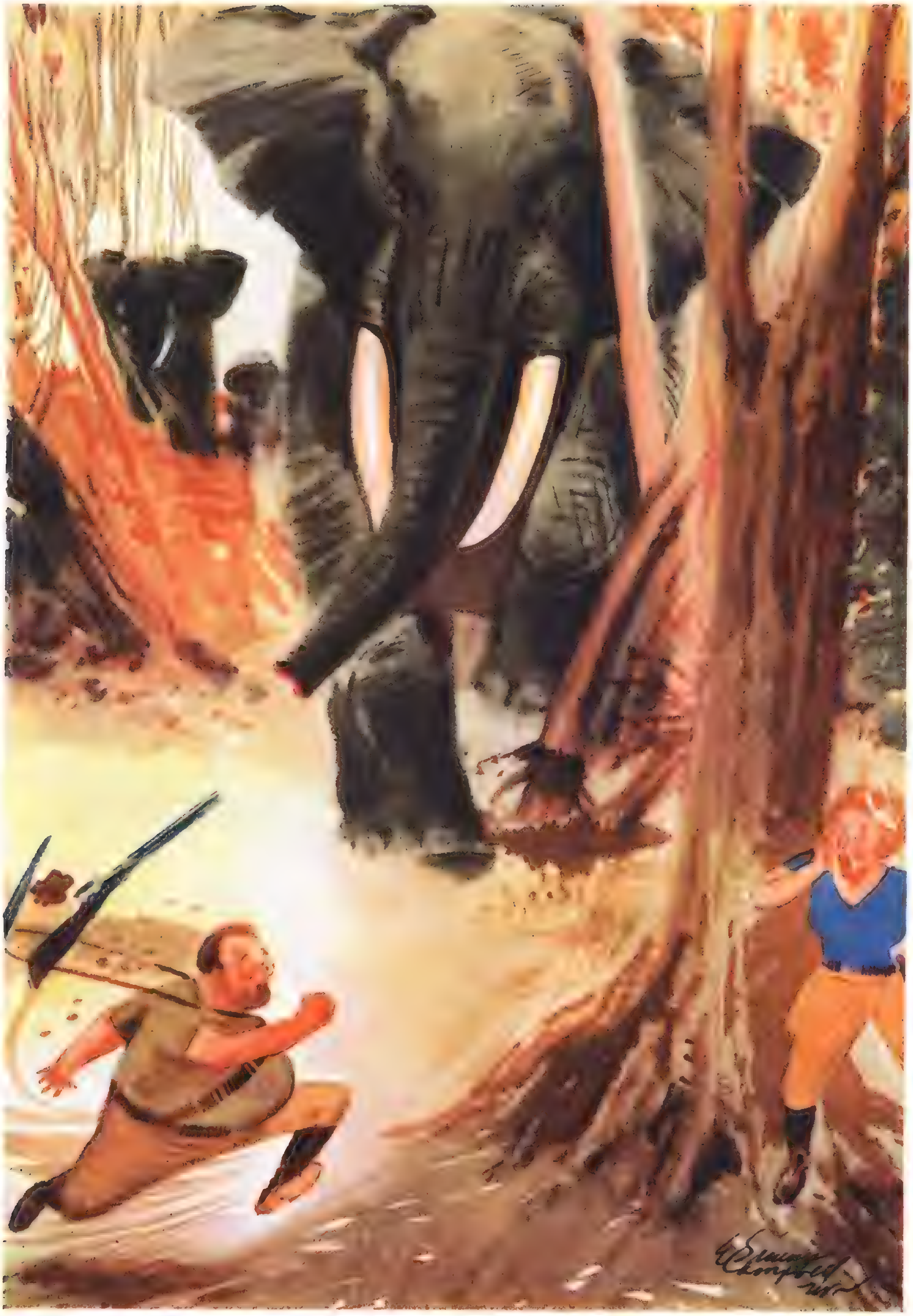
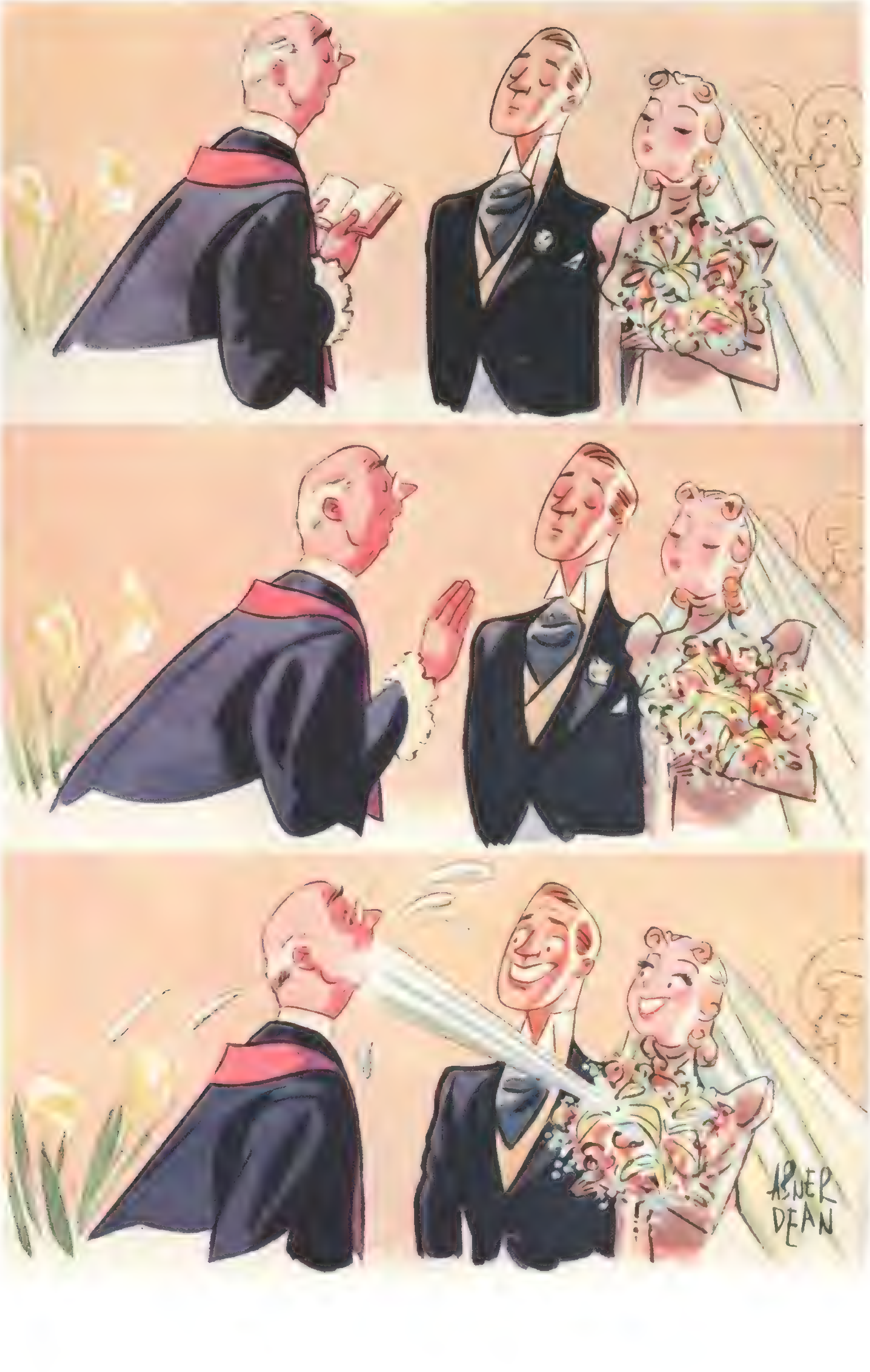


"Henry! Henry! Your heart!"


ABNER DEAN

Down Among the Sheltering Palms

It brought back all the sadness of that evening back in Edgemont when Pauline, his high school love, gave him the gate

by RAYMOND KNIGHT

▪ SATIRE ▪

IT WAS a charming little family group sitting around the radio. At the left Louise Wallace, carefully manicured and coiffured, smartly sheathed in a new chartreuse evening gown, reading the review of last night's opening which she and Clyde were attending in an hour. Next to her, Anne, thirteen years old, quiet and quaintly appealing in her blue school uniform, a history book open on her lap. Sprawled on the floor, Clyde, Junior, ten, already in his pajamas and staying up late by special dispensation. And at the right, Clyde Wallace, Sr. his dinner jacket barely concealing the nine extra pounds around his middle, his eyes fixed on the radio cabinet with an absorbing air.

Clyde, Jr. rolled over as the soft strains of a waltz came to an end and impatiently said, "Let's get something hot."

"Quiet, Junior," said his mother, "father is listening to his program."

The pajamas slid down Junior's legs as he stuck them up in the air and contemplated his stubby toes. "How *can* it be his? He doesn't own the Mello-glo Company, does he?"

"Silly," said Anne, loftily superior, "he doesn't *have* to own it, he *advertises* it."

Their father waved a commanding hand, "Keep still, children." He leaned forward to catch the announcer's words.

"And now we come to another old favorite on the Mello-glo Memory Hour. Do you remember *I'm Dancing With Tears in My Eyes?* It came out in 1931 and it should have many memories for our listeners. Just light up a Mello-glo, the cigarette of memories, and let yourself wander back through the years as the fragrant smoke drifts up and Harold Arlen's orchestra plays *I'm Dancing With Tears in My Eyes.*"

The musicians began and Clyde relaxed.

"What do you think of it, Louise?" he asked.

"What? Oh, the program? Splendid," she answered, her eyes barely leaving the newspaper.

"It's catching on," he said, "we've only been on the air twelve weeks and our survey shows we're in second place. There's too much new music being broadcast. It was my idea that people want to hear the old tunes and I've certainly been vindicated. The Mello-glo people are tickled to pieces."

Junior pulled down his left foot and casually picked at his big toe. "Why don't they play something hot?" he asked.

"Have you got any old favorites you'd like to have done, Louise?" his father continued, ignoring him.

"What did you say, Clyde?"

"I asked you if you had any old favorites you'd like to have played on the program. All I have to do is to tell Arlen and he'll be glad to do it."

"Heavens, no," was the reply, "I want to forget that I belong to a previous generation. I have enough things to remind me as it is."

"How old are you, mother?" said Junior, carefully peeling off a nice layer of dead skin from his toe.

"It's not polite to ask people's ages," corrected Anne.

"She ain't people," said Junior, "she's my mother."

"That's where I think you're wrong," said Clyde, continuing. "To me, one of the nice things about getting older is having memories, and music brings back the old times in a way that nothing else does."

"How old are *you*, Pop," said Junior contemplating the value of the piece of skin he held between his fingers.

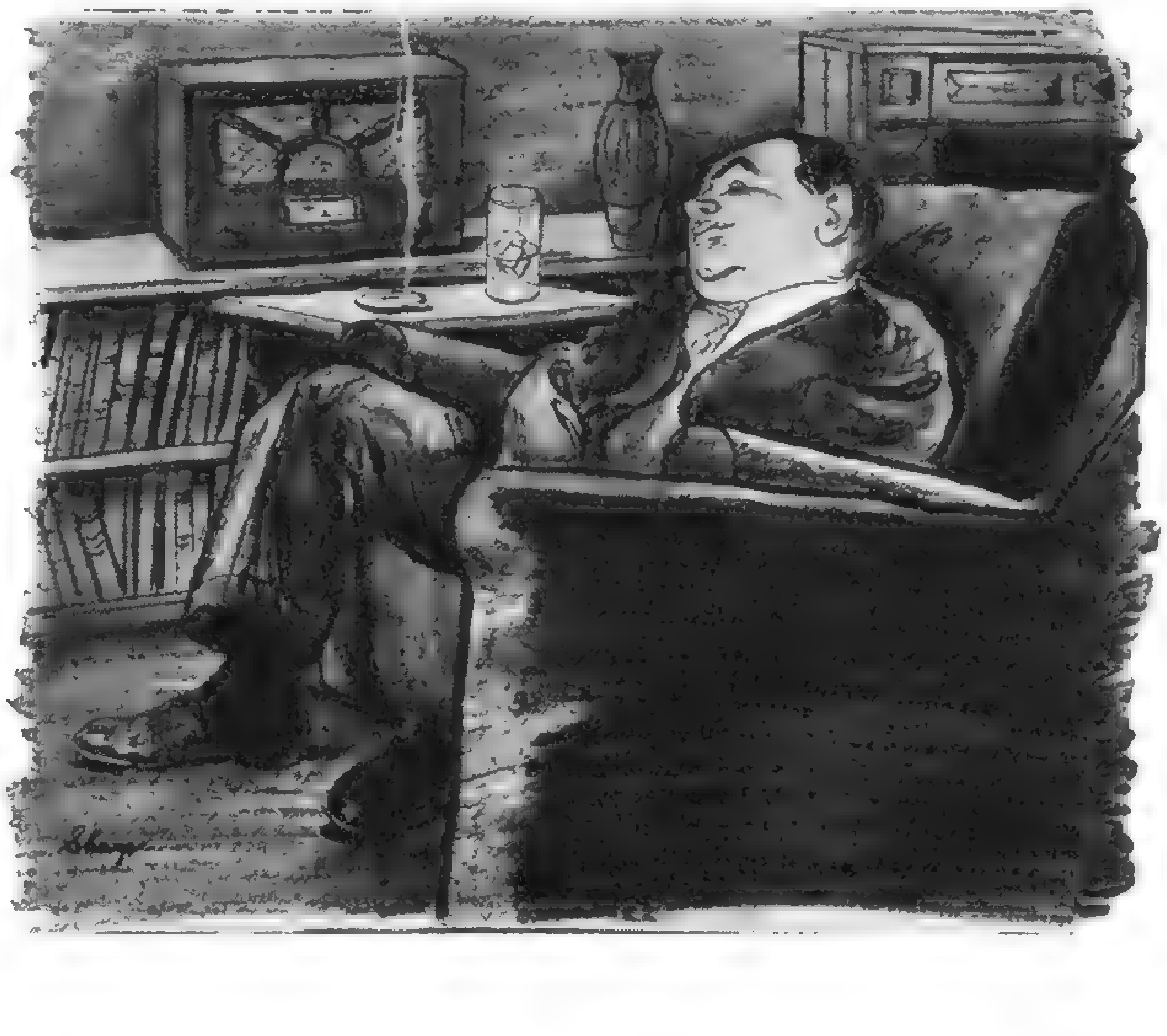
"Now heavens knows I'm not a musician," pursued Clyde, "but just play one of those numbers that we used to have back in Edgemont at the high school dances and I relive those days—I actually relive them. Why I—"

The announcer's voice broke in.

"And so we bring to a close the Mello-glo Memory Hour brought to you by Mello-glo, the cigarette of memories. Haven't you some old favorite tune that you'd like to have Harold Arlen play for you? Some melody out of the past that you remember with a little tugging at the heartstrings? Just drop a line to Mello-glo and we'll do our best to play it for you. And now, Mello-glo bids you good night—and—pleasant smoking!"

With a warm sense of satisfaction, Clyde lighted a Mello-glo and let the smoke drift upward as the theme song died away. Melodies out of the past that tugged at the heartstrings—what a great line! Funny how such a sentimental idea could have come from a hard-headed business man like himself—or was he? It had occurred to him that at heart he was really a romanticist. He was always putting little things into his advertising creations which proved this to himself—like the Memory Hour—musical memories—songs out of the past. . .

Clyde reached down, unfastened his vest and opened the top button on his trousers. Dinner *had* been a bit heavy. With a sigh of relief, he stretched out and gave himself up to the relaxation that comes from having completed a job well-done. He didn't even seem to be aware that Louise and the children had left the room. He just sat there watching the smoke from his Mello-glo. The cigarette of memories. . . .



Suddenly he realized he was humming something. Where did that tune come from —Ta da da—ta da da de da. What was it? Ta da da—sheltering palms—that was it! Down Among the Sheltering Palms, my honey waits for me—ta da da waits for me—out there beside the old Golden Gate—out where the sun goes down about eight—ta da da—How my heart is yearning, yearning, yearning, how my heart is burning, burning, burning—to be down among the sheltering palms —My honey waits for me—or was it—Honey wait for me—"

Anyway it didn't matter—*Down Among the Sheltering Palms*—Good Lord he hadn't sung that for years. He started humming it again "Down Among the Sheltering—" And then —without any warning he was back there. Back in Edgemont—in—let's see—why it must have been 1914! It was summer—a beautiful night—and he was outside the Assembly Hall at the high school. He was only a kid standing there in his white flannels and the blue coat that went with his graduation suit. Only a kid, but all the sadness, all the tragedy and all the poignancy in the world had enveloped him like a cloud. For Pauline was through with him.

She had told him so half an hour before. Pauline had been his girl all through senior

Continued on page 168

Through the Terror

The executioner's henchman declined to re-count the condemned, declaring they weren't buying buns in a bakery

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

THE prisoners were hurried into the noisy hall in rapid succession. They stood powerless before the Revolutionary Tribunal and listened to the accusations read by the impassioned Public Prosecutor who shouted so loud that his large homely pock-marked face grew purple with rage. For the Republic, for France, for the People he demanded one verdict only:—Guilty!

Some of the Prosecutor's fiery words were lost in shouts that came from the filled galleries that only the insistent ringing of the bell on the judge's desk could silence. Between the shouting of the bloodthirsty mob, the clanging of the judge's bell and the wild oratory of the Prosecutor the prisoners did not know what to say or how to reply in their own defense. From time to time one of the Commissaries of the Revolutionary Tribunal would lean forward and address a prisoner: "Have you conspired against the Republic?"

At the mention of the Republic the mob would raise a shout and the voice of the prisoner calling, "No! No, I have never conspired. I am innocent!"—this voice was lost completely in the echoing din.

Guilty! This is the verdict. And the quill pens scratched the word boldly beside the name of the prisoner. And before the ink was dry on this historic page he was already on his way to the dungeon to await the executioner who soon would come to cut his hair and bring him safely to the guillotine.

"Have you conspired against the Republic?"

Another shout rose from the galleries. The judge rang his bell. The words of the young man could not be heard.

"Guilty!"

He was quickly taken away and another was soon standing in his place. And that is all that has ever been recorded of the trial of Citizen Charles de Maurin, age 24, son of the late Count de Maurin who at one time served as envoy to Louis XV. But the old count had been dead almost as many years as the king he served.

The revolution had found his son Charles guilty. What was his crime? This no one could say. The accusation when read was filled with oratory and punctuated by violent outcries and shouts that issued suddenly from the black oily mouth of the Prosecutor: —Liberty, Justice, Oppression, The People, Glory, Wealth, all these words he threw at the bloodthirsty mob. Guilty!

Not one word had been said about love. And yet it was love that really was the great and noblest characteristic of the Revolution. "It was love," wrote one of the distinguished historians, "in every sense of the word. Love of ideas, love of women, love of country and humanity." It was the passionate love of the Republic that set up the guillotine, the love of reason that set up a pagan altar in Notre Dame and the love of woman that caused many heads to fall and a few to be saved.

Revolution rips the veil of falsehood away and the passionate face of society is suddenly revealed in full. There is no time for little deceptions and shallow falsehoods. There is too much red in the blood that is spilled to give any regard to the soft pink blush of modesty. Men and women face each other frankly. They love. They embrace. They die. Their passionate love letters if collected between two covers would tell the full story of the Revolution. And this story would be closer to the heart and soul of the nation than any history. And being closer to the heart it would be closer to truth.

Such a letter was awaiting Charles on his return to the dungeon with a group of condemned fellow prisoners.

He tore open the seal and read: "Darling: The news has just been brought to me by my faithful Marie who waited all day for your trial. It is hard to believe and I refuse to accept this mockery called justice. I will go at once to the home of the Prosecutor and demand an explanation. The accusation must be made public. I will demand it even if I must appear before the Tribunal. Courage darling. I embrace you with all the love I have. Your own Georgine."

It was less than an hour since Charles left the court. The faithful maid Marie had run home to her mistress to bring the sad news. All day she had sat knitting with the women of the Revolution. Her homely face, the large wart on her nose and her stained teeth did not indicate at all where her loyalty was hidden. As soon as the letter was written and a small gold coin pressed into the sealing wax she ran to the prison and delivered it to the concierge. She arrived even before the cart of prisoners returned. The prison warden looked at the name on the letter and he saw the seal. He picked at it with his fingernail. The gold-piece came off easily.

After reading the letter Charles folded it very carefully and put it safely in his wallet before he walked into the main hall of the prison. The news was already known to the other prisoners. As he came into the hall the prisoners, some already condemned and some still awaiting trial, looked up into his face. He smiled.

How then should a man indicate something that was already known? He shrugged his shoulders and to keep up the spirit that was already a tradition of this prison he said with casual indifference: "Well, it's only on paper. Justice is something scratched with a pen, and the ink is made of dirty water."

Some of the unfortunates condemned that afternoon already began making preparations for the fatal hour. They emptied their pockets of money and valuables which, according to the custom already established in all the prisons, they distributed to the aristocrats and other victims of the Revolution who were still untried and might possibly escape the rude red timbers of the guillotine. Some of this prison money was divided first among the women who found themselves penniless and unable to pay for their prison lodging. The Republic provided very little. Prisoners were required to pay a monthly sum to the keeper. A fair cell with a board six feet long was provided for 15 livres. A double cell for two cost twice this amount. There was no jug for water or other convenience provided. These things had to be bought. Paper, ink, quills, needles, thread and small trivial things were all important and valuable acquisitions. Those condemned passed on their cherished belongings to the others who accepted them with tears and gratitude. A prisoner condemned had very little time. The cart usually arrived the very next day. And the burly executioner and his butchers lost no time with polite formalities.

Charles walked toward one of the long benches that stood against the wall and sank down, exhausted by a long and trying day. He placed his hand in his breast pocket and touched the letter from Georgine. He closed his eyes and soon, in less than a minute, he was sound asleep.

While Charles was asleep, Georgine was hurrying through the streets of Paris to the home of the Prosecutor. After much difficulty she found the house and was admitted by one of the women servants who eyed her critically and put her fingers on her dress to feel if the stuff were silk or wool or cotton. But Georgine pushed her hand away quickly.

The Prosecutor had not yet returned from the Tribunal. Georgine waited. Soon the maid came in again and eyed her from head to foot.

"You want something?" Georgine asked uneasily.

"No. But I might just tell you that whatever it may be that you want to see him about . . . whatever it is, it is of no use. Yes, I know. Many come here. They make terrible scenes, I can hear them way out in the kitchen and what good is it?"

"I am not here to make a scene. I am here for justice. To plead for an innocent person."

"Innocent!" cried the servant. "My God, who is innocent! Cabbage soup is innocent. Everything else is colored with guilt." She shrugged her shoulders and repeated the word, "Innocent" with a mocking hiss before leaving the room. This was a bad start. Soon the Prosecutor returned. He was quite weary after a long day of intemperate harangue. From constantly mopping the sweat of his brow an oily grit seemed to fill the pockmarks of his bold face.

She stood up. "I have come to plead for the life of Charles de Maurin. He is innocent. He is only twenty-four and we were to be married this month. He is accused of nothing. His father was once an envoy, a mere messenger, of a former king of France. It was no crime to serve the king if you also served France. But his father is long dead and the king is also dead now almost twenty years. But even if they were both alive, where is the crime that Charles committed against the Republic?"

"I do not know my young woman, I hardly know. In fact as you can see I am weary. It has been a heavy day and I have just come home to have my dinner for I must hurry to a meeting of the committee and then . . . Tell me, when is the trial of your intended?"

"The trial, such as it was, sir, has already been held this afternoon."

"The name?"

"Charles de Maurin."

"Yes. You are very right. The trial has already been held. It is no longer in my hands. This afternoon they were all guilty. Sometimes the court decides otherwise and no matter what I do, it does not help. There are not words enough in the language. I cry out against them; I wear myself down to skin and bones; I work like a fury in Hades and it is all no good. For no reason at all they are sometimes declared innocent. It runs in waves. But this afternoon they were guilty. You come to me too late."

"Too late!" she cried. "Is justice a bell that rings for dinner. Too late! Is innocence something that must arrive on time. Too late! He is still alive and you say it is too late!"

"The accusation?"

"We do not know. We cannot find out. Even the official defender is unable to explain it."

"But it is written down. There is a document somewhere that contains the facts. No man can be convicted without the proper documents. The judges would not tolerate such an infringement. Rest assured that the papers are in good order, I would see to it myself. And the accusation, whatever it is, you may read it for yourself, the clerk of the court would show it to you."

"I came to see you; not the clerk."

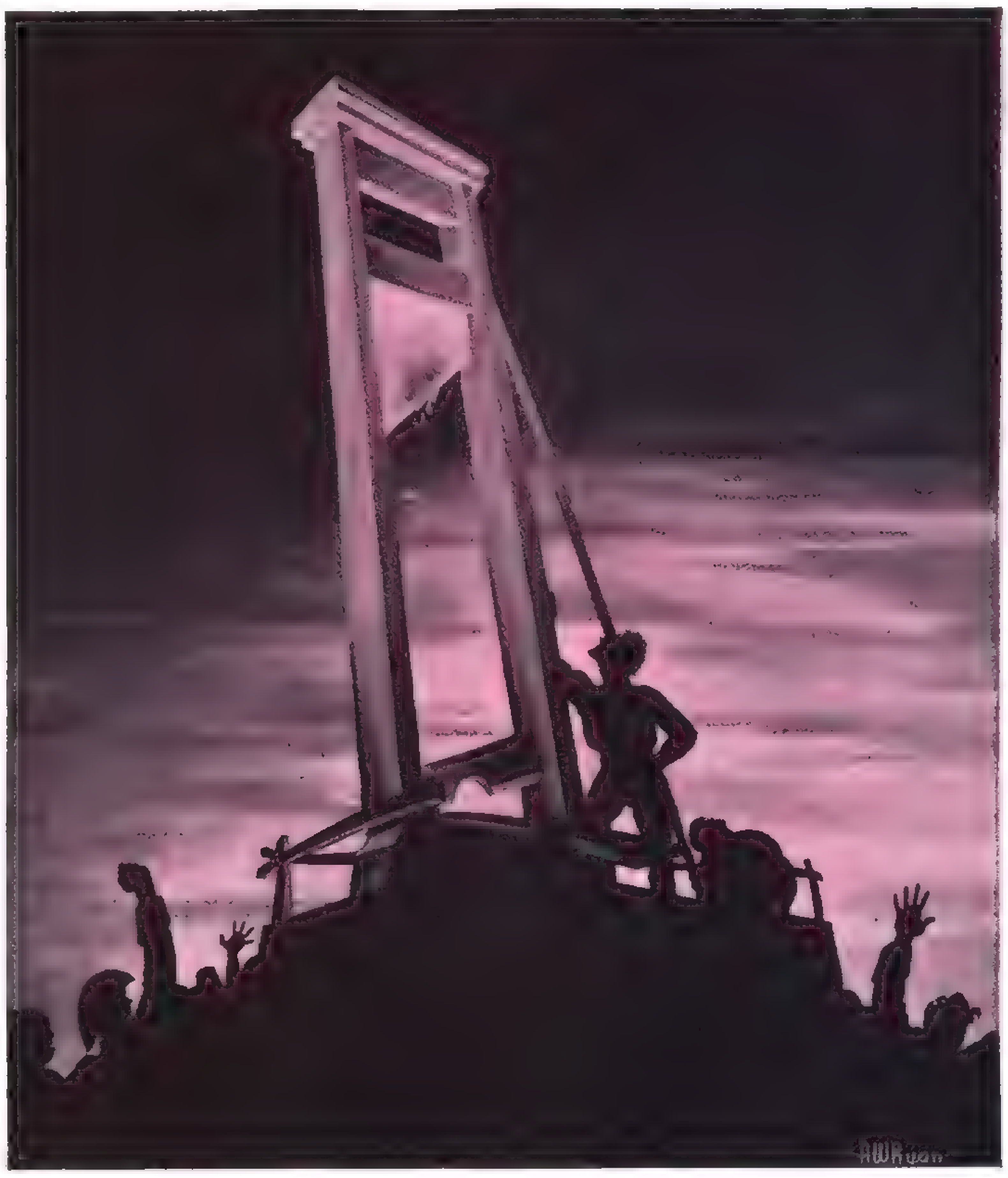
"Look at me, Mademoiselle, and you see a weary man. I work day and night for the Republic. It is very hard to please everyone."

"The Republic does not ask for the blood of the innocent."

The Prosecutor thought he had up till this moment displayed great patience and now he was unwilling to allow a mere girl to reason away his stock phrases. He looked at her with a sharp eye that traveled up and down her slight figure. He stepped back so that he could take in her full length from shoes to the top of her head. "A pretty little figure," he said finally. "But I believe I can tell an aristocrat when I see one. Ready to be married? Well, my dear girl, you must know that marriages are made in Heaven!"

She left the house of the prosecutor crushed by the encounter. She walked and walked and finally she stopped and breathed in deep the evening air. Courage returned to her. She hired a carriage and drove to the home of the attorney who had been given this case to defend. Here she was greeted with no better success but she managed to get a note from him to one of the great leaders of the Revolution.

In the foyer of the home of this People's Leader she was carefully searched by two women servants. Only a few weeks before a young woman named Charlotte Corday had stabbed to death one of the great leaders of the Revolution and such an act was not to happen again. No stranger could come into this home without being carefully searched and questioned. The searching was long but her interview was brief. Justice was a matter for the judges and the courts. No friend of the People could interfere with any verdict. "My hands are tied," he said.



Georgine went to three other places where she thought there might be some way of entering a protest but these also proved useless. She returned home after midnight exhausted and fell asleep without removing her clothes.

Early in the morning Charles awoke from his slumber. Sleep had blotted out everything. Sleep was kind. But now he looked about and found that he was still in prison, surrounded by other unfortunates. And why? Well, who could say. He certainly did not know that it would all come to this. When first arrested he was certain it was all a mistake and that he would soon be released. And then he was certain his trial surely would prove his complete innocence. And now . . . what was to be done? He hardly knew.

He rubbed his eyes and looked about. Most of his companions were asleep on the floor or on the oak benches. Some even seemed to smile in their sleep.

He took down a small box from a recess in the wall and finding paper and pen began to write his last letter to Georgine. He paused for a brief moment before he began. Then he wrote freely and rapidly. The words that came from his heart flowed easily.

"Forgive me, my dear beloved, for not writing to you last night. But the trial had wearied me so and I could find no words to describe the verdict that you already know. I was weary and I slept. It was all so hard to believe and I still cannot accustom myself to the fact that I have but a few hours to live. Somehow or other I do not feel my captivity. It seems all part of a long dream and I am certain that I will awake and find myself in your sweet arms. I kissed you last night before slumber carried me off to a land of quiet and peace.

"To wake in the morning and find myself still in prison was indeed a rude shock. But now I will soon be free of all my misfortunes and no sorrow will disturb me. What we have done to deserve this I cannot say. My only crime seems to be my birth. Do children select their parents? And you my darling, if you had only loved a simple bootblack you would not have cause in these stirring days to shed a single tear. I cannot ask you to forget me quickly for our lives have been too closely interwoven. And I also cannot ask that you remember me too much or too long. You must live and my memory must not hover about this world too long after I am gone.

"I have only one request to make which I hope you will carry out at once. As soon as you receive this, put what things you can together and leave Paris without delay. The mob is drunk and one never knows how much innocent blood is necessary to quench so greedy a thirst. Cross the Channel and join your cousins in London where I feel you will be safe. This thought will give me great comfort in my last moments. It is then that I will embrace you and hold you tight in my arms. I will look deep into your eyes and kiss your soft lips, not once as we do when we meet and when we part, but again and again—a hundred times. This is the great joy and comfort that cannot be taken away from me and I will never know when the blade has fallen. Famine, torture, revolution or slaughter, nothing is strong enough to take you out of my mind. I constantly hope that perhaps, and to the very end I will hope—perhaps something may happen that might enable us to join once more. I will abandon everything but hope.

"Do not weep for me, my love. Remember that my death is supposed to benefit the people and this should cause you to smile and

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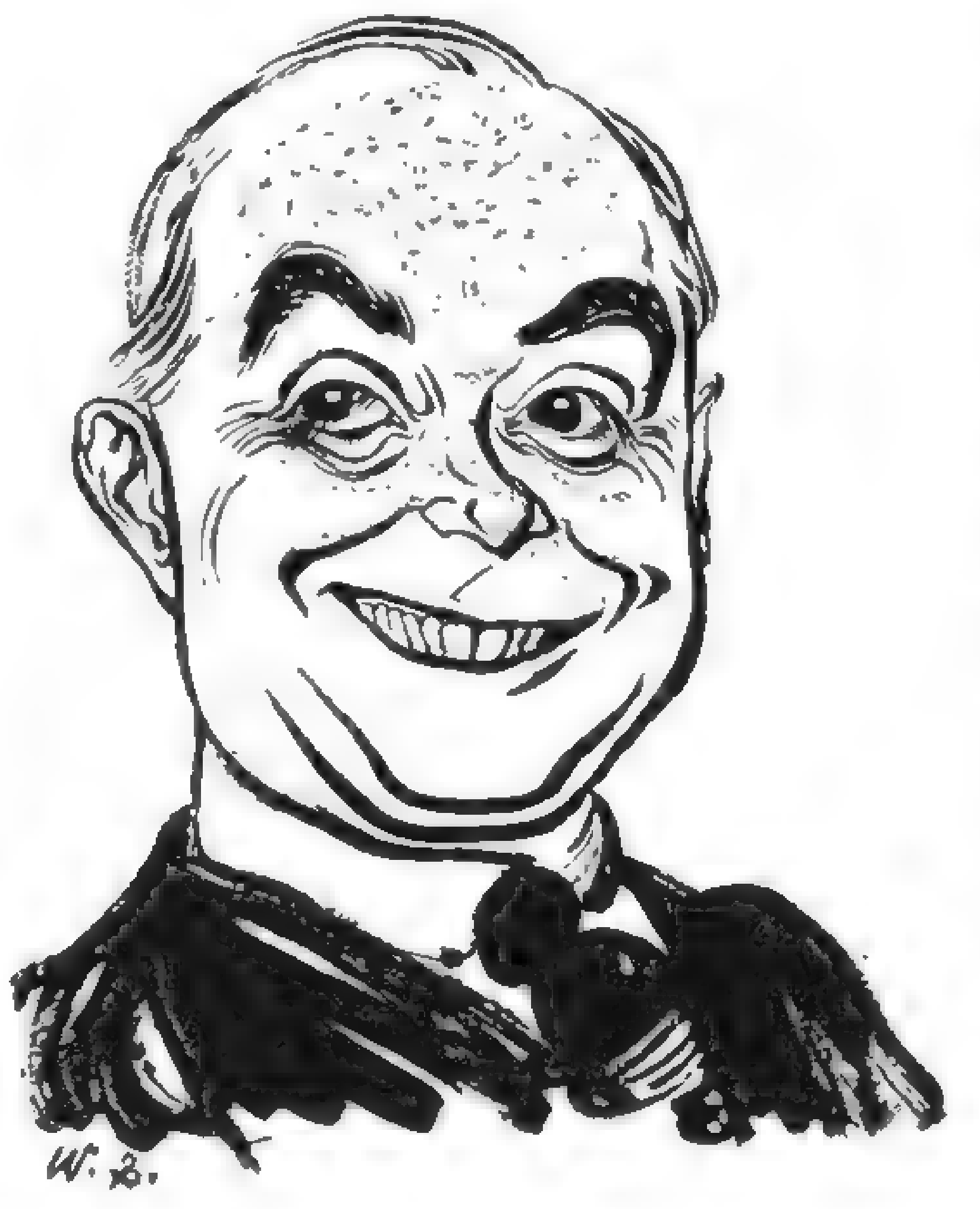
The Case of Captain Callaghan

As Secret Service Agent for the U. S. Treasury, he's guarded four Presidents and hauled in huge sums of queer green

by LOUIS ZARA

▪ ARTICLE ▪

The boy who has not at some time or other played "cops and robbers" has had a neglected childhood and should immediately file suit against his parents for contributing to juvenile delicacy. For beyond softball and eightball and contract bridge "cops and robbers" is the national sport. In youth it develops the imagination and stretches the leg muscles and in maturity, served up in the perennial whodunit, it offers easychair excitement without strain on anything save the credulity. Nor is the game out for adults who do not read mystery stories. The leading witch hunters of this country and the world in general still play it, although on a much deadlier basis. Lawyers, doctors and scientists chase robbers in the form of legal technicalities, internal ailments, and disease germs. Teachers and preachers cry after their private hobgoblins. And writers (sic) play the game in order to fix preconceived notions on the scapegoat "robbers" in the novel, the short story and the article. The national sport, no doubt of it.



A few persons, moreover, discharging from the lists the municipal policemen, who must be—correct me if I'm wrong—cases of childhood frustration, profit directly from early mastery of this intricate game and pick it up as a profession later on. Too little, alas, is known of the boyhood of Sherlock Holmes, Mr. Trent, Old King Brady, Nicholas Carter and Philo Vance or those cases would be available to buttress the argument. A living example, however, is an agent who has for thirty years been at the game in its most dangerous form, the suppression of counterfeiting.

Captain Thomas J. Callaghan, head of the Chicago district of the United States Secret Service, director of operations in Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana, is the man. Short and muscular with large black eyes crinkling with good humor, a habit of rapid forceful speech, and the hand grip of a steel girder, the captain has worn disguises when necessary, has shadowed cunning and desperate criminals, has been in revolver fights at close quarters, has been a personal guard to four Presidents, and still he looks no more like the Secret Service man of fiction than Holmes of Baker Street looked like the man who created him. Besides, underneath the hard, efficient exterior one strongly suspects that the romantic streak of the Irish is still lurking within.

Born in New York City, fortuitous circumstance provided young Callaghan with a job in an office building that incidentally housed the local district office of the Secret Service. That was like having a three-ring circus camp in your backyard after you have been feasting for years on the three-color posters. Callaghan saw the agents going out on duty. He observed them coming back to report. He listened to the rumors that circulated about the cases they were supposed to be working on. He read the newspapers hungrily for the stories that broke from time to time. It was not long before he had made friends with some of the men. Perhaps the agents, having themselves gone through the stages of worship and enchantment, were doubly appreciative of the dark-eyed lad's interest. And before long not only had he won their confidence but a friend offered to speak for him to President Theodore Roosevelt, then at Oyster Bay.

His qualifications were checked. Courage alone is not enough. Nerve and keen wit are even more essential. For an agent has constantly to checkmate the criminally clever and dangerous and occasionally it is even necessary to deal intimately with the makers of spurious money despite the attending personal dangers. Finally, his probationary period having proved him worthy, Thomas J. Callaghan became a Secret Service Agent in the United States Treasury Department. He was then twenty-one years old.

The Service, oldest detective body in the government, was organized in 1864 and assigned various civil and military duties. With the assassination of President Lincoln, the agents were instructed to take precautionary measures for the safety of the chief executive. After the death of President McKinley the broadest powers were extended to the Secret Service, making it alone responsible for the protection of the President of the United States and his family and also for the person elected to be President the moment the fact of his election is ascertained.

In his long career Captain Callaghan has been a guard to William Howard Taft, Woodrow Wilson, Herbert Hoover and Franklin Delano Roosevelt. His reactions to each of these men would be extremely interesting. During the Wilson administration he spent three years on the White House detail. Perhaps no other persons have so rich an opportunity to observe the habits and idiosyncrasies of the chief executive. Certainly few of the President's intimates are within calling distance twenty-four hours a day. If they could be persuaded to talk what interesting details might not be extracted with benefit of tabloid: Does the President take one lump or two, does he sing in the shower, is he grouchy at breakfast, does he take a nap after Sunday dinner, does he enjoy swapping stories, does he wear woolen underwear? Imaginations would run amuck satisfying morbid curiosity and rob the man in the White House of his last shred of privacy. As far as the Secret Service is concerned the habit of silence is so deeply ingrained that not even from a certain agent's closest associates was it possible to extract any choice bits: even they had been told nothing.

Fortunately however, Captain Callaghan's thirty years war on the queerers of the green has long been a matter of record.

Counterfeiting is a hopeless art. But it is the gambler's outside chance that deludes individuals into thinking they will succeed where so many have failed, and rogues and simpletons alike engage in this dangerous enterprise. In Pittsburgh a small counterfeiter made pennies by electroplating over lead, first with brass and then with copper—more trouble than the coins were worth. But the law is no more lenient with the penny-pusher than it is with the cartwheel-wright who makes dollars. In Chicago one man engaged in painting to size on suitable paper one-dollar bills, transferring the minutest details though the work took him weeks and in the end he had only a few notes to his credit. When he tried to pass his masterpieces he was, of course, promptly apprehended. As recently as August, 1935, Harry Kritzke, a sixty-year-old eccentric, was arrested by Captain Callaghan in his homemade factory for the creation of half-dollars and quarters out of steel. Kritzke was an expert machinist and had built every piece of his equipment himself. He made his coins out of steel and dipped them in a silver bath. Kritzke was proud of his scheme but it didn't work.

Nevertheless each year some twenty-five new counterfeit issues are detected and quantities of notes, plates, molds, dies, crucibles, ladles, furnaces, cameras and inks are confiscated. Centuries ago debasers of the coinage were regarded as violators of the person of the monarch and were not infrequently tortured on the rack, boiled in oil, drawn and quartered and otherwise unappetizingly prepared to meet their Maker. Today the malefactors are sentenced to terms that range from one to five years for minor offenders and from ten to thirty years for major offenders.

Cunning and artifice the counterfeiters

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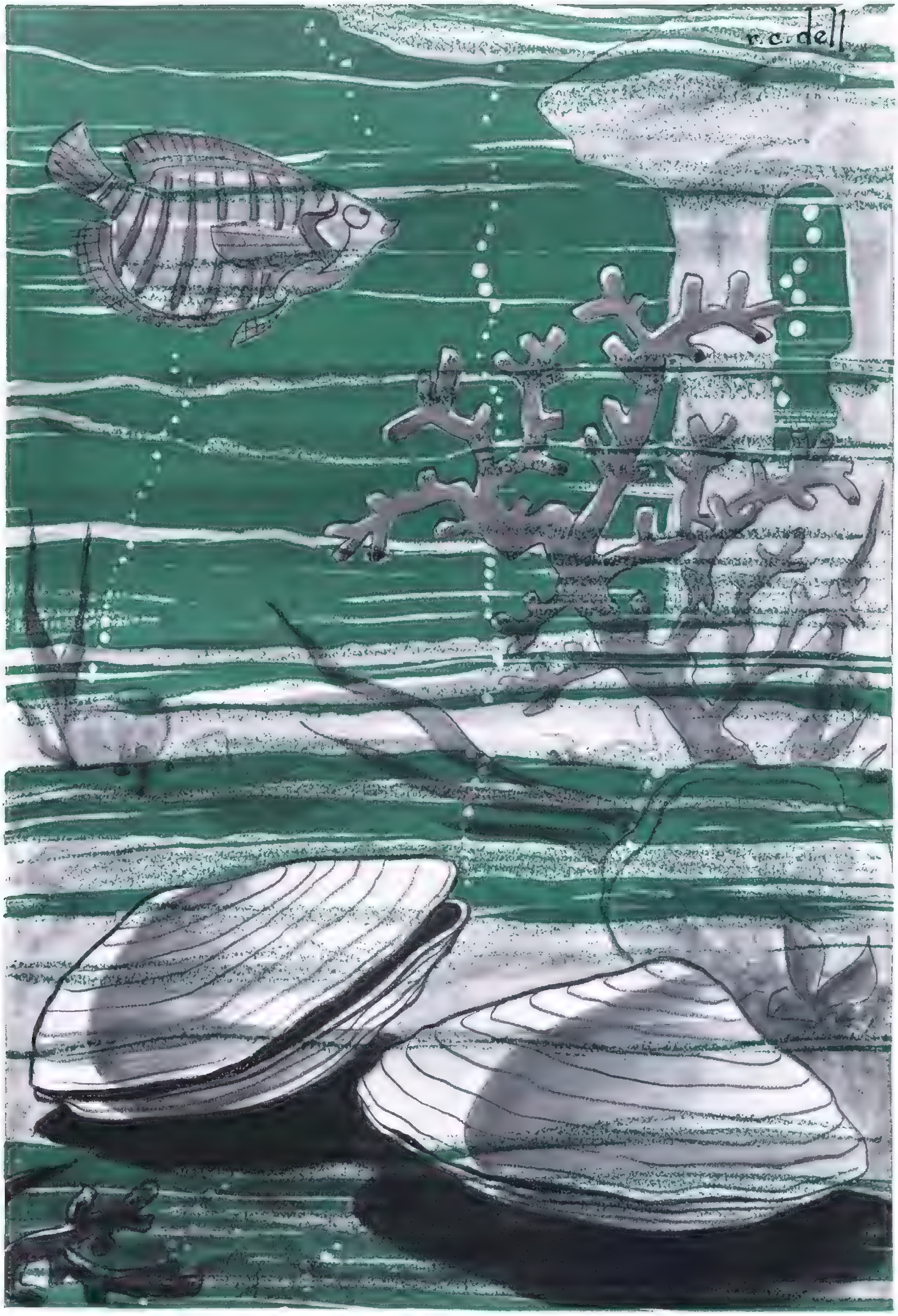
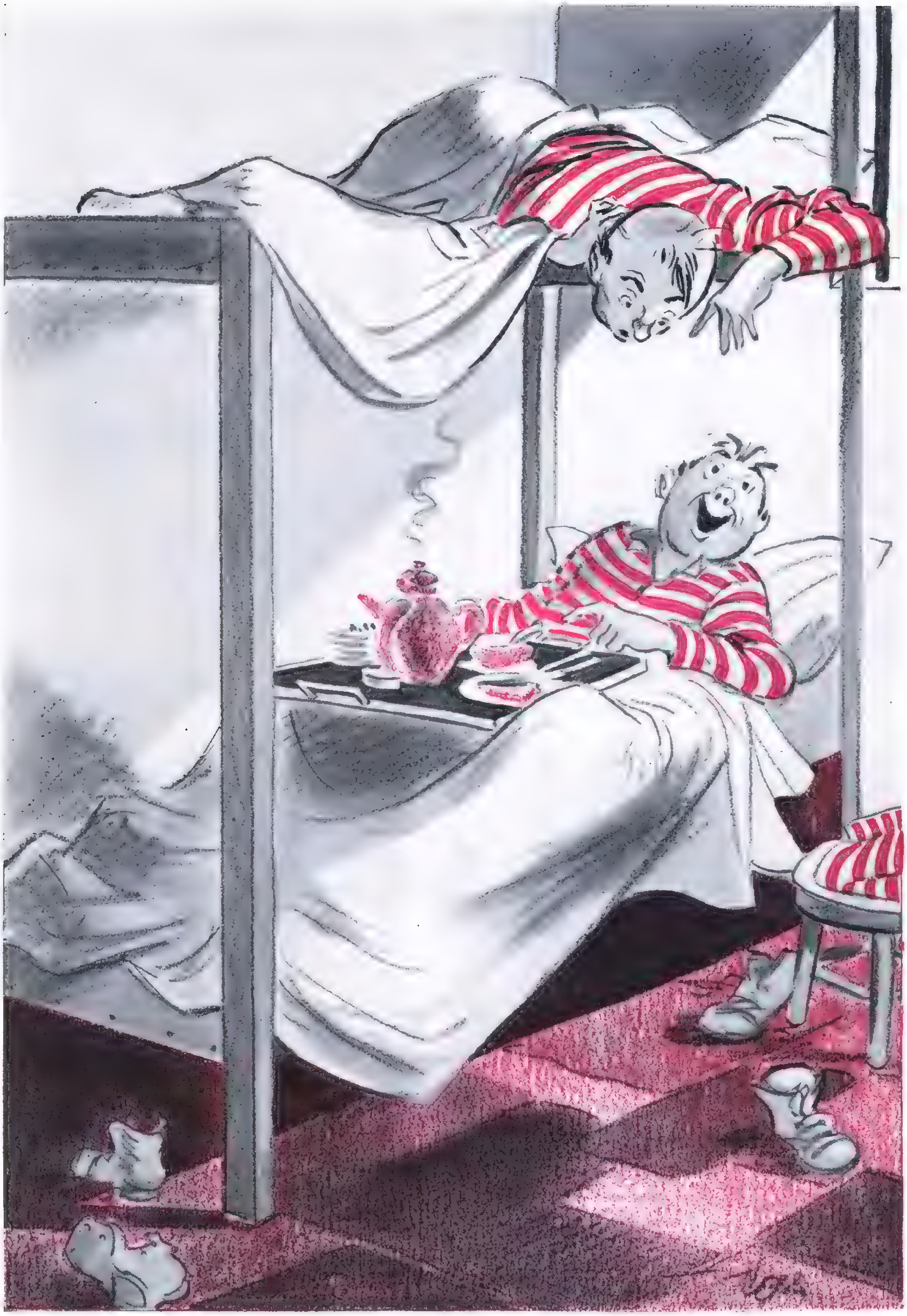


"Dearest, I think I am going to have a pearl!"



"Well, I got it! After ten years of good behavior—breakfast in bed!"

The Old Battler

After the funeral the fellows at the Gilt-Edge Club just sat around and remembered what a swell guy he was

by HARRY BOLTON

▪ FICTION ▪

THE Western Union kid comes to the door. He has twelve telegrams. The Postal Telegraph is on his heels. He has twelve telegrams. They are from fighters in and around Chicago, nine hundred miles away. They all read about the same. "Hold off the old battler's funeral one day so I can attend."

So two days after the old battler, fighter of fighters who fought them all, died in a bughouse from an operation to mend his beaten old skull-piece, guys in the Gilt-Edge Club, a ninety-five per cent fighter's club, the old battler's club, were waiting.

Pinky Ferris, a skinny bantamweight who has a six-inch reach, longer than he has any business having, links his middle fingers, holds out his arms, then sticks his right elbow through the crook of his left arm and pulls the circle around his neck. Pinky always does that when he feels bad. He did it when his father and mother died. He did it when his brother was killed. He did it when his sister went haywire. He did it when his wife went haywire. He is doing it now.

The door opens and Father Dennis of St. Michael's Church and the long bearded Hebrew man from the synagogue come in. They chew the fat with the guys for a few minutes and as they go out, leave $20 apiece for the Gilt-Edge to do as it feels like.

Gold-Tooth Marty answers a knock and comes back.

"Hey, hey," says the Gold-Tooth. "Here's a reet, a reet of lilies I guess and some kind of damn vine. And witness the writing on the little card, witness the writing. Do I know dat writing? Dat's may sister's writing, and I tot I saw her coming out of Cullen's flower shop two blocks off—and I could have used dat dough, I could have used dat dough. Say, I know her writing but I can't read it, what's she say? Oh, 'Rest, old battler, you win.' Well, I'll let her get away wit it dis time."

In comes Butch Parker, a Class-A heavyweight wrestler. The Gilt-Edge Club is a ninety-five per cent fighter's club and wrestlers and weight-lifters who belong, take a terrible razzing all the time, or most all the time that is. Butch swings through and fingers something to Doc Hines, the secretary Butch is grumpy. "Gilt-Edge to Maud," he says. And Doc puts one hundred dollars away for Maud.

And now the Gilt-Edge guys are about ready to go to the old battler's funeral.

A guy comes in who is old, but he is slick and trim and agile. A toad could tell he has been a champion. He wears dark sun glasses and his nostrils are red. A guy or two says, "Hello, Jimmy. How are you, old fellow?"

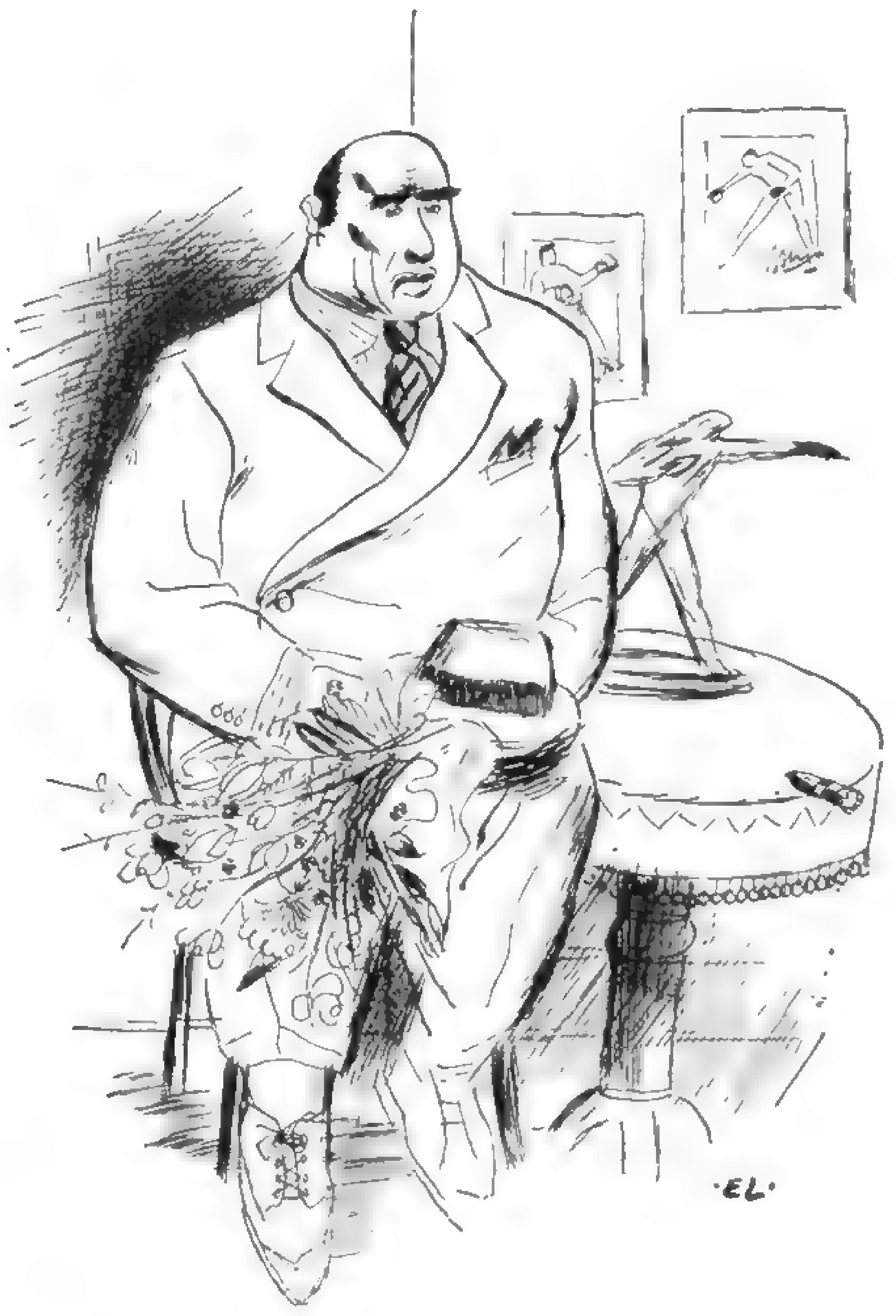
A woman comes in. She has been and still is what the guys call a dinger. She is wearing dark sun glasses and her nostrils are red. A couple guys or so say, "Hello, Maud."

The doors of the Gilt-Edge Club are now closed and locked and there is nobody inside. They are at the old battler's funeral.

* * *

And now that the Gilt-Edge is open again a few guys are shuffling around, refusing to play stuss, coon-can, bottle-pool or anything else.

Gympy-Well-Man-Well Berger says, "He hit. In Brooklyn he broke my nose and jaw."



Hard Willie Carome remembered, "I fought him his last fight. We fought nine times all told. He was a good guy."

Sixty-five-year-old Tom Allin with the clean, clear skin and the face that would light up a technicolor movie, remembered, "I've rubbed him down a thousand times and always he reached in his jeans and says, 'Here Tom is a few stray dimes for your steam yacht.' "

Manager Manny Fern, who managed the old battler for a year, remembered, "I should have had eighty per cent, but I never had the heart to take over fifty off him, and now he's dead, I'm glad I was such an old sucker, such an old softy."

Mike (Twin) O'Hearn remembered, "Twin Jack and I both fought him, twice. They've never come any gamer. Not since guts was invented. He was a gay, happy guy too. Gay, and he liked to sing and he liked to play that old jew's-harp he always had with him. He was a comical guy, too. Twin Jack had him strung on the ropes in Frisco and was pouring them into his belly, elbow deep, when some ringsider yells, 'That's the place, Jack, that's the place, he don't like them down there.'

"The old battler was sick, dog sick, but he grins and yells, 'You know somebody that does?' "

Porky Willis remembered, "Yeah, he was all you say, Mike, all you say."

Red Shay remembered, "He was smart as hell, too, after all. He seconds me once in Baltimore. I'm fighting Young Malin. I am substituting and am all out of shape. In four rounds my fanny is brushing the rozzin off the canvas. Young Malin is all gone too, but I don't know it then. End of the fifth round, they had to lug me to my corner. I tell the old battler, 'I'm done, I'm done. I can't get up on my feet.'

"He says, 'Worry about that some other time, wait till the bell rings—that's what it's for.'

"At the bell, I try to get up and the old battler lifts at me under the arms, but bigod no monkey business I can't get on my feet. The old battler sees it, then he sticks the small end of the water bottle between the stool and my fanny, gives a quick pry on it, and jumps from the ring. Whoosh, Whoosh Baby, nobody could take a goosin' like that, so up I comes, but my feet are spread three miles apart and still spreading and I am falling backwards when something cold in the small of my back stops me. It is the old battler reachin' from behind me. His own reach is too short, so he steals a little by holding the water bottle straight out at arm's length. The bottom just reaches me as I am leaning back at an angle of forty-five degrees, and he is calling, 'Stay on your feet, Red, stay on your feet. Malin can't get up either. Stay on your feet, Red, stay on your feet.' And so, with a little help like the old battler's brain work and a long-necked water bottle, Red Shay wins himself another fight."

Punch drunk Kid Hayes stumbled up, mumbling, then remembered, partly, "Kid Hayes always licked the old battler, Kid Hayes always licked him but Kid Hayes always liked the old battler, because he showed Kid Hayes which hand was the best hand to use to give left hooks."

Puddler Ryan, once a runner-up for the championship but now no sturdier than a paper bag, remembered, "He never carried

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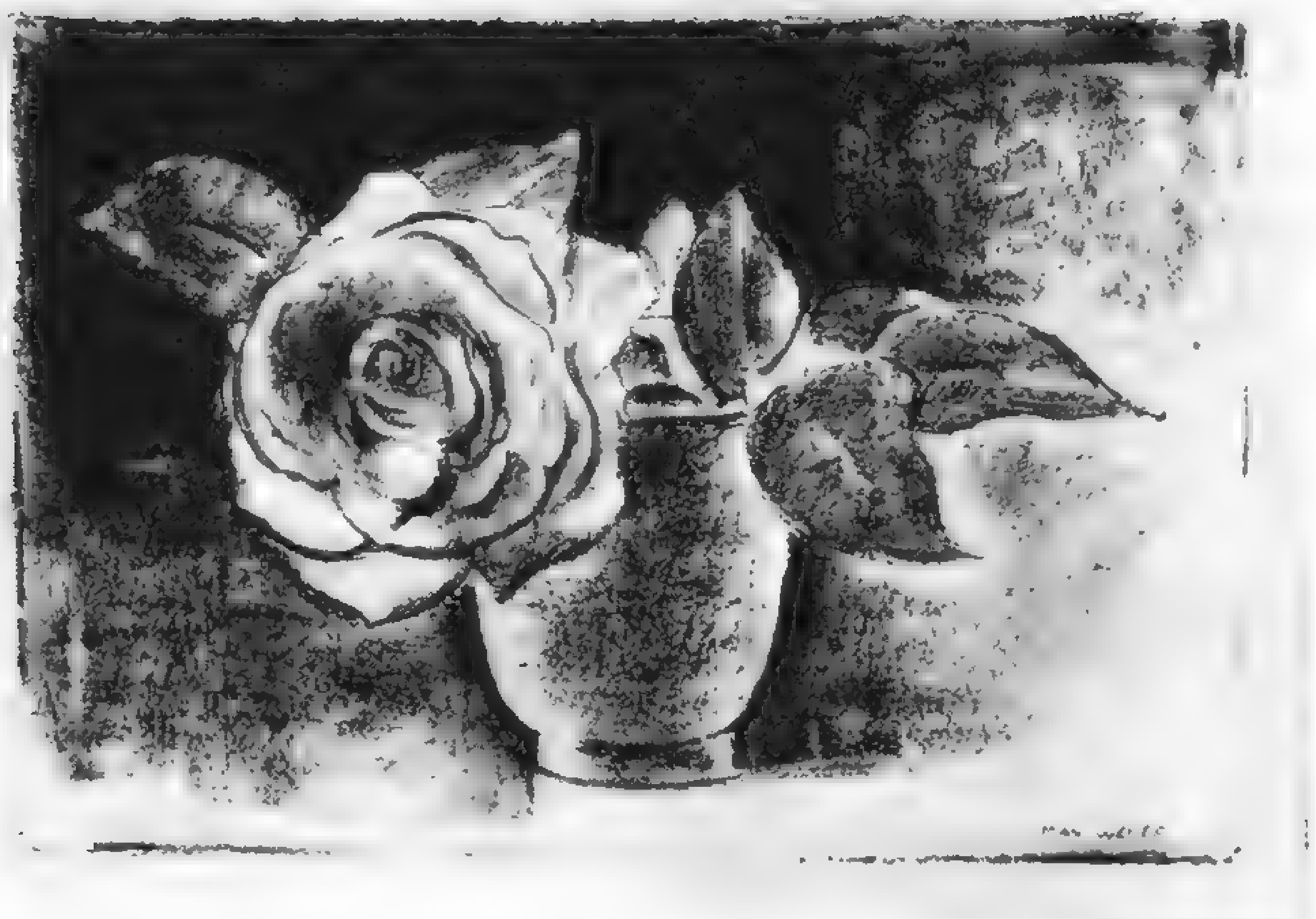
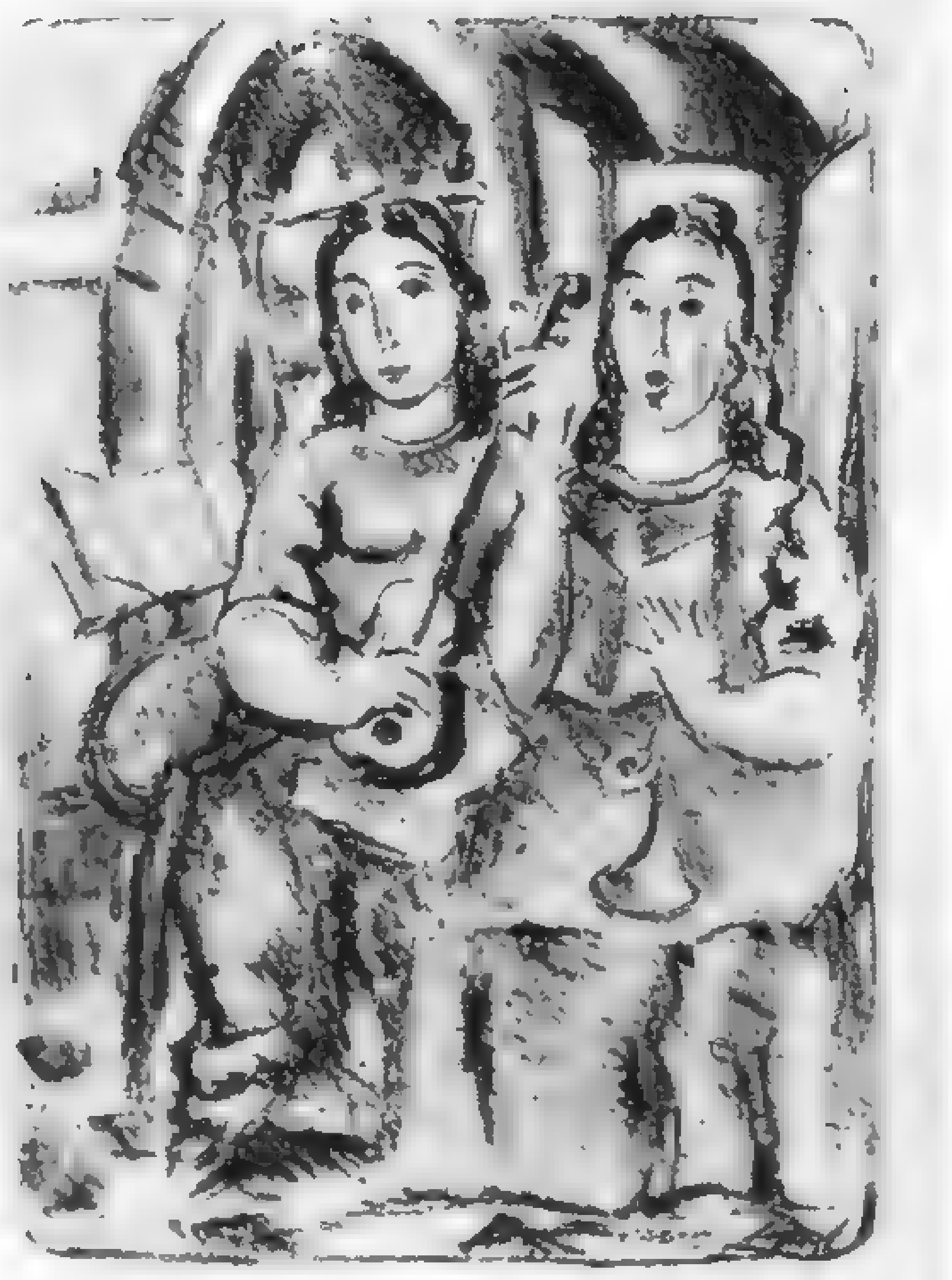
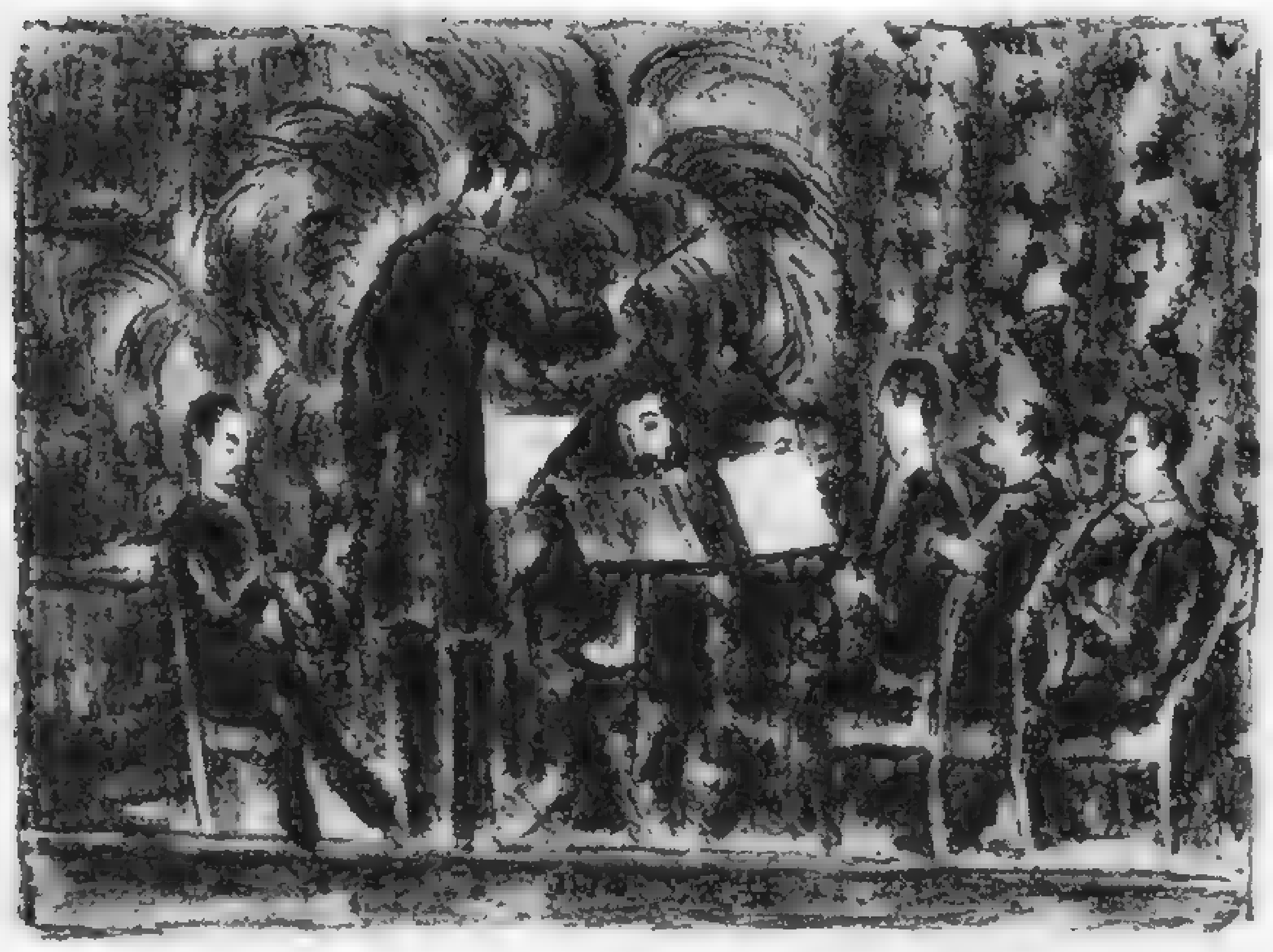


THE ROSE



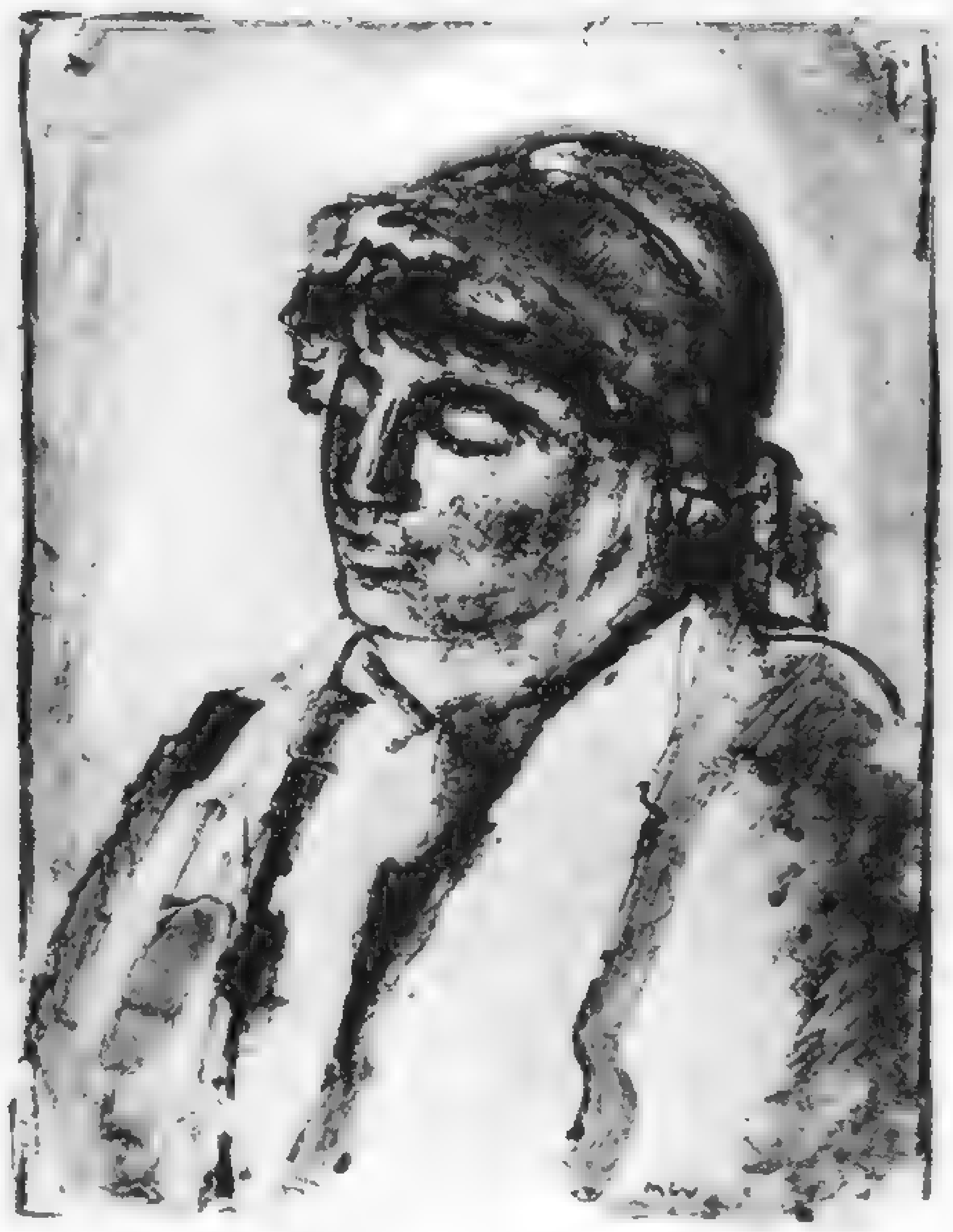
THE SOLO



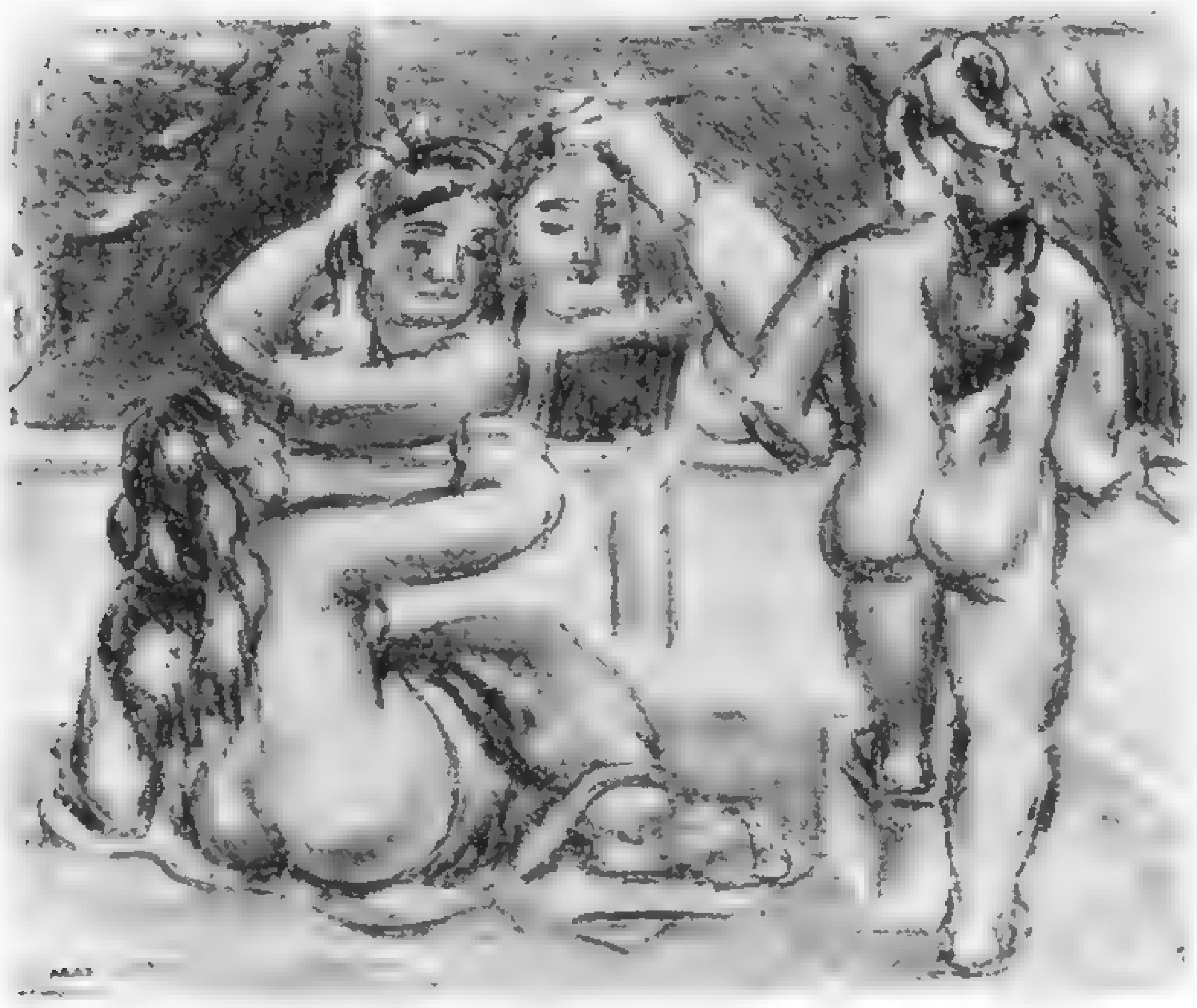
THE BARRÈRE WIND ORCHESTRA

Seven Lithographs

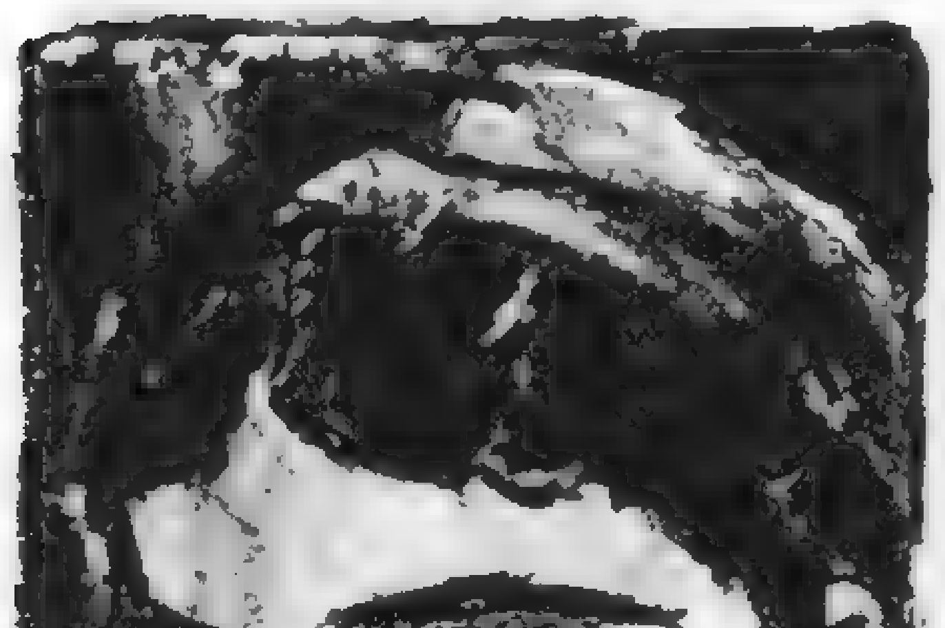
by MAX WEBER



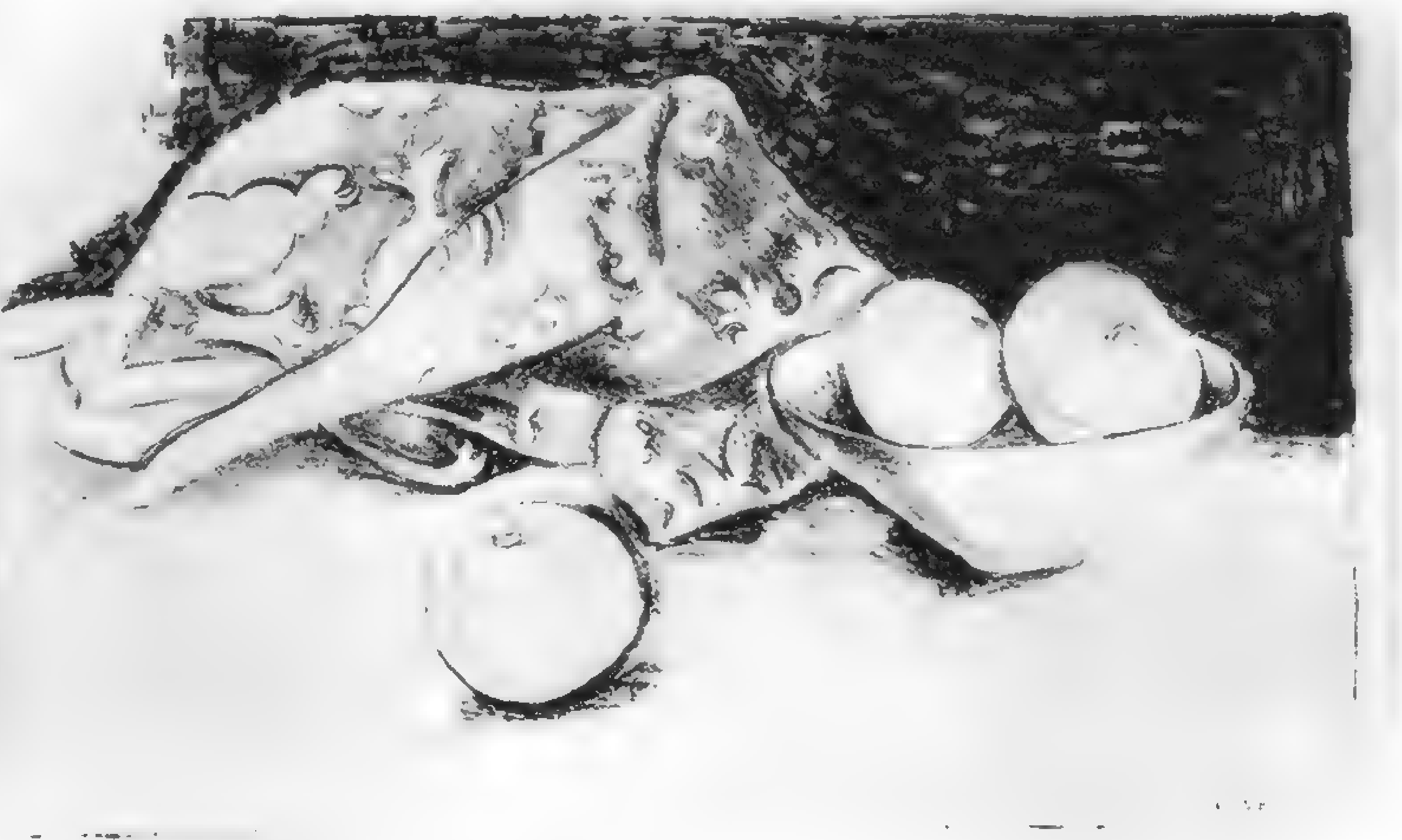
PEASANT GIRL



THE BALCONY



DRAPED HEAD



EGYPTIAN BOWL

Max Weber: Artist-Scholar

The general public scarcely knows his name but among other painters his reputation is almost legendary

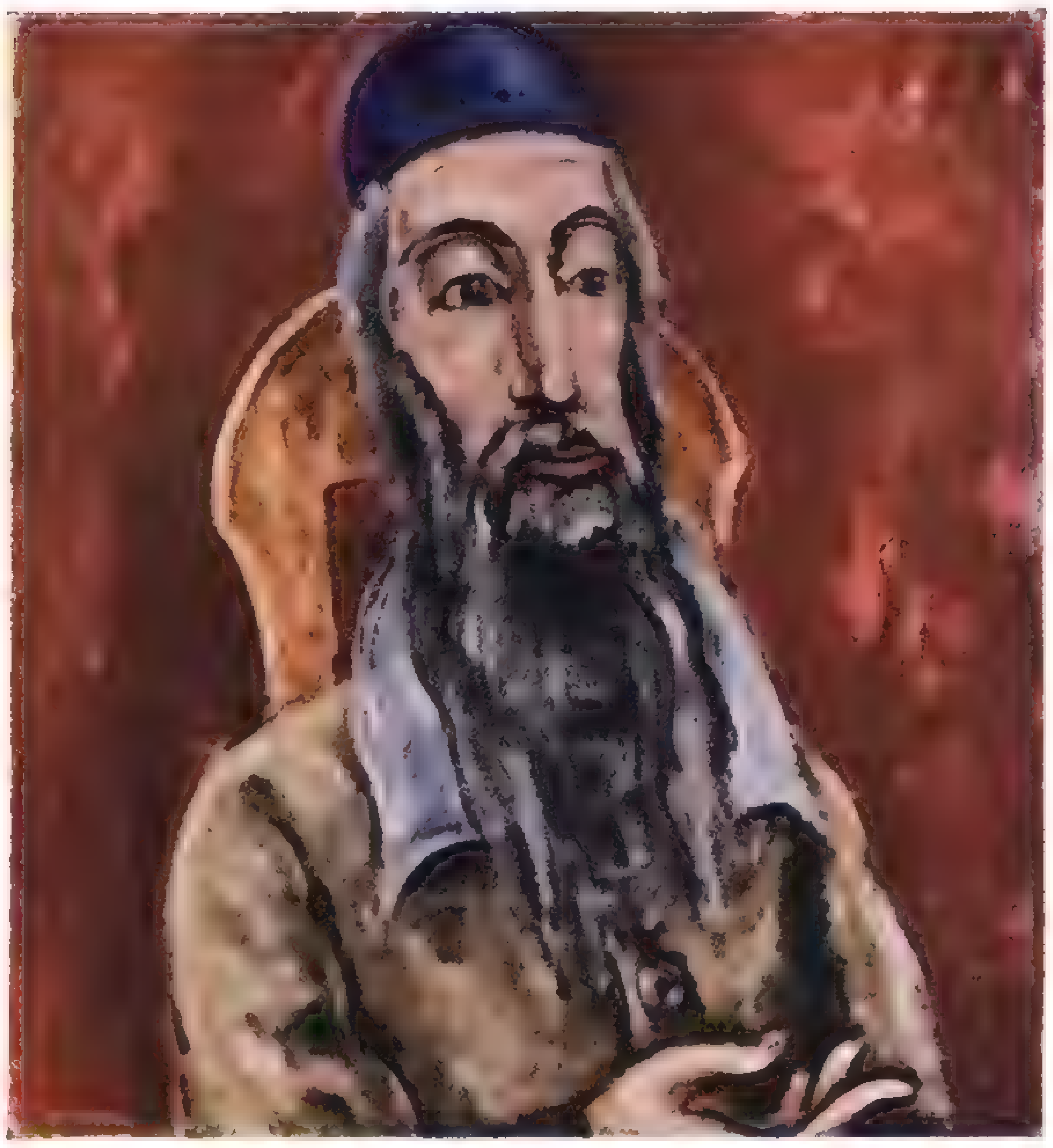
by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

MAX WEBER combines in himself the qualities of poet and builder, of dreamer and workman. Through him have passed and become absorbed both the primitive and the utmost self-consciousness in art. The sculptures of the Africans and the Aztecs and the art and ideas of Cézanne were leavening influences in his own work and in his own thinking at a time—the beginning of this century—when non-academic art was a homeless pariah. He understood Cézanne before America had even heard the name and was the first to bring to these shores reproductions of that master's paintings. Max Weber is poet and scholar not only figuratively, in his art, but literally as well. There are in him the qualities of both the wise old man and the child. He was the most loyal and most devoted friend of the greatest innocent in French art, Henri Rousseau. Max Weber is simple and complex, subtle and profound, a conserver of the abiding values of art.

He is one of America's greatest landscape painters and colorists, but a colorist whose effects, being profound, just don't hit you between the eyes first thing off the bat. The appreciation of his work requires a little cooperation from a beholder who has passed through the vulgar and the tawdry stages of art appreciation and can tell an abiding effect from a vaudeville trick. His color is deep in the canvas, not on the surface. Arthur B. Davies called him the greatest painter of trees in the world. He is master of many mediums. He is great in oil paints, but he has made gouaches that shimmer with an inner light, it would seem, and sometimes I wonder if even Degas has excelled him in the perfection of his pastels. He is also a water colorist and his lithographs and woodblocks are nothing short of superb. He might have been a sculptor, had he chosen.

He has lived long enough to know what it means to go hungry, to be despised and derided; but he has tasted also the intensest satisfactions which can be vouchsafed to an artist, that satisfaction chiefly of creating on canvas a world which approximates the artist's inner vision. Understanding better than by hearsay the battle that the artist must wage with the outside world at the same time that he has to wrestle with the mediums of art, he has generously contributed of his time and energies in the effort to bring to pass a world in which other artists will find a little less hostility, a little more warmth, a little more understanding.


THE RABBI

He is a small, slight, grey and undistinguished looking person, except perhaps for the alabaster-like purity and transparency of his skin and the silken silver of his hair. He seems to be rather aloof until he begins to take part in the conversation on a matter that particularly engages his interest. Then, after awhile, he becomes like liquid fire. He can talk art to the artist and life to the artist and to the bootblack, too. I am acquainted with one man whom Weber fascinated during a two-hour outburst so that neither was aware how time had flown. Max Weber knows what it is to live in an ivory tower and he knows what it is to come down into the street and the market place in the struggle for subsistence and realization. He has the white hairs of maturity and the serene face of the man who has come to peace in his private universe and has nothing with which to reproach himself.

The general public barely knows his name, but the fame of no artist resides in the public knowledge. Among painters, however, that name is something with which to conjure. Among them his reputation is almost legendary. He has been called the painters' painter, a phrase which applies to none other in this country so snugly as to him. He is one of the few American artists to have had a one-man exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art and even among these he is without dispute the most gifted and the most artistically distinguished. Twenty-five years ago he had won a place in American art important enough to justify a museum, the Newark, in giving him a one-man show, and in that year, 1913, he represented living American art for England, eleven of his canvases being displayed at the Alpine Club in London, in the Grafton Group exhibition of modern art organized by Roger Fry. Had he stopped painting during the war decade, his fame would have been fixed and every eulogy would have been an obituary, but he has persisted in living and in growing, in enriching and deepening his palette, so that the Weber of today is not a dead repetition, but a renewal. Even today he will take down from the rack in his studio a painting finished a decade ago and make the day glorious with the rejuvenation of an old canvas, one perhaps that the public may never see. Max Weber today is younger, more vital and more eager for art, for Nature and for life than the young boys and girls at the Art Students' League.

He was born fifty-seven years ago in Russia, in the town of Bialystok. His great-grandfather was a distinguished Cabalist whose reputation had gone far beyond the province. His grandfather was a chemist-colorist for the textile industry. Memories of Russian folk art, such as the Byzantine ikons, the wood carvings and ceremonial dress, were deeply engraved in the mind of young Weber when, at the age of ten, he was brought to this country. Inside him there was no doubt of his destiny. "They say I scribbled and made little pictures when I was three or four." The habit was not discouraged but it did not interfere with his scholarship, in Hebrew, in German and in Russian. In the New World, the Weber family made its home in Brooklyn, where the future artist went through grammar and high school. At sixteen, upon leaving Boys' High, he was ready to choose his career. It was to be art, all right, but because no one in his world had ever heard of a living painter who maintained himself by selling pictures, he enrolled at the Pratt Institute, taking the normal art course, with the plan of becoming an instructor in the art and manual training classes of the public school system. He studied drawing and composition, wood carving, clay modeling and even joinery. It was all to good purpose; nothing was wasted.

The potent seed of Max Weber the mature artist must even then have been germinating in Max Weber the young student, but he pays tribute to that teacher who, so to speak, watered the seed, the first great influence in his art life, the late Arthur Wesley Dow, master of Pratt Institute, who subsequently became professor of fine arts at Teachers' College. For a group of selected students, of whom Weber was one, Dow opened the great

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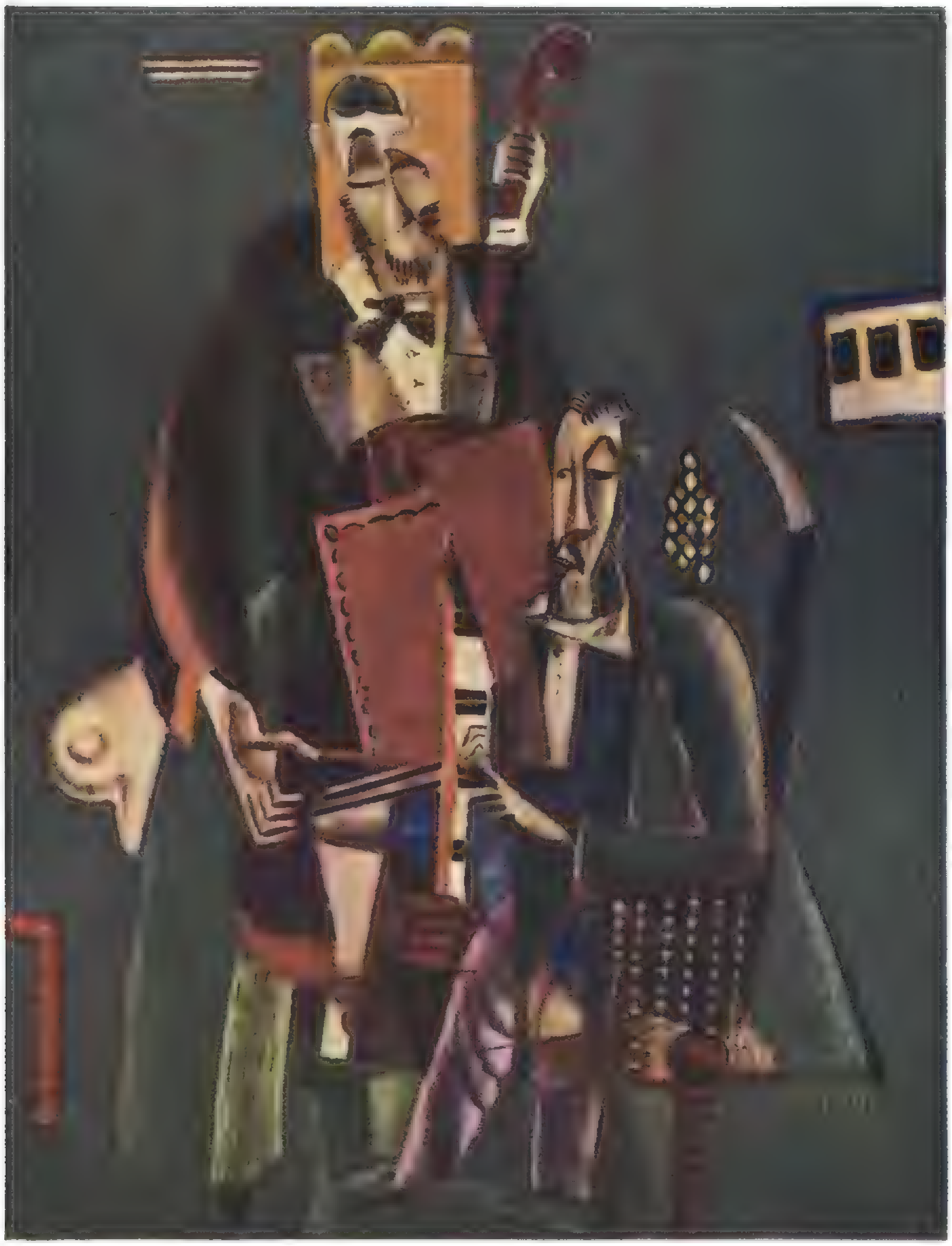
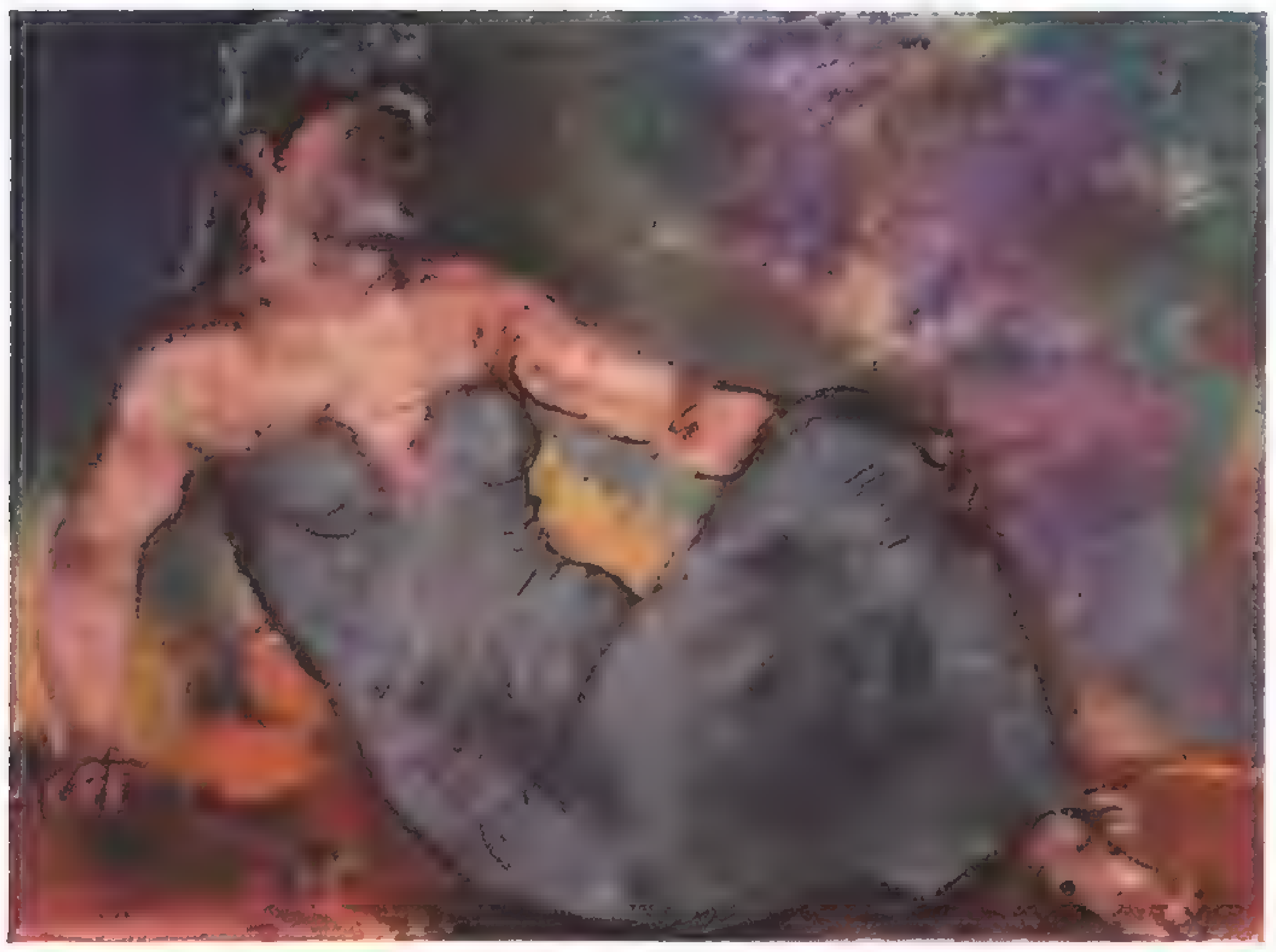


TWO MUSICIANS

These paintings and lithographs are reproduced through the courtesy of Max Weber, 10 Hartley Road, Great Neck, Long Island, N.Y.

A Collection of Seven Paintings

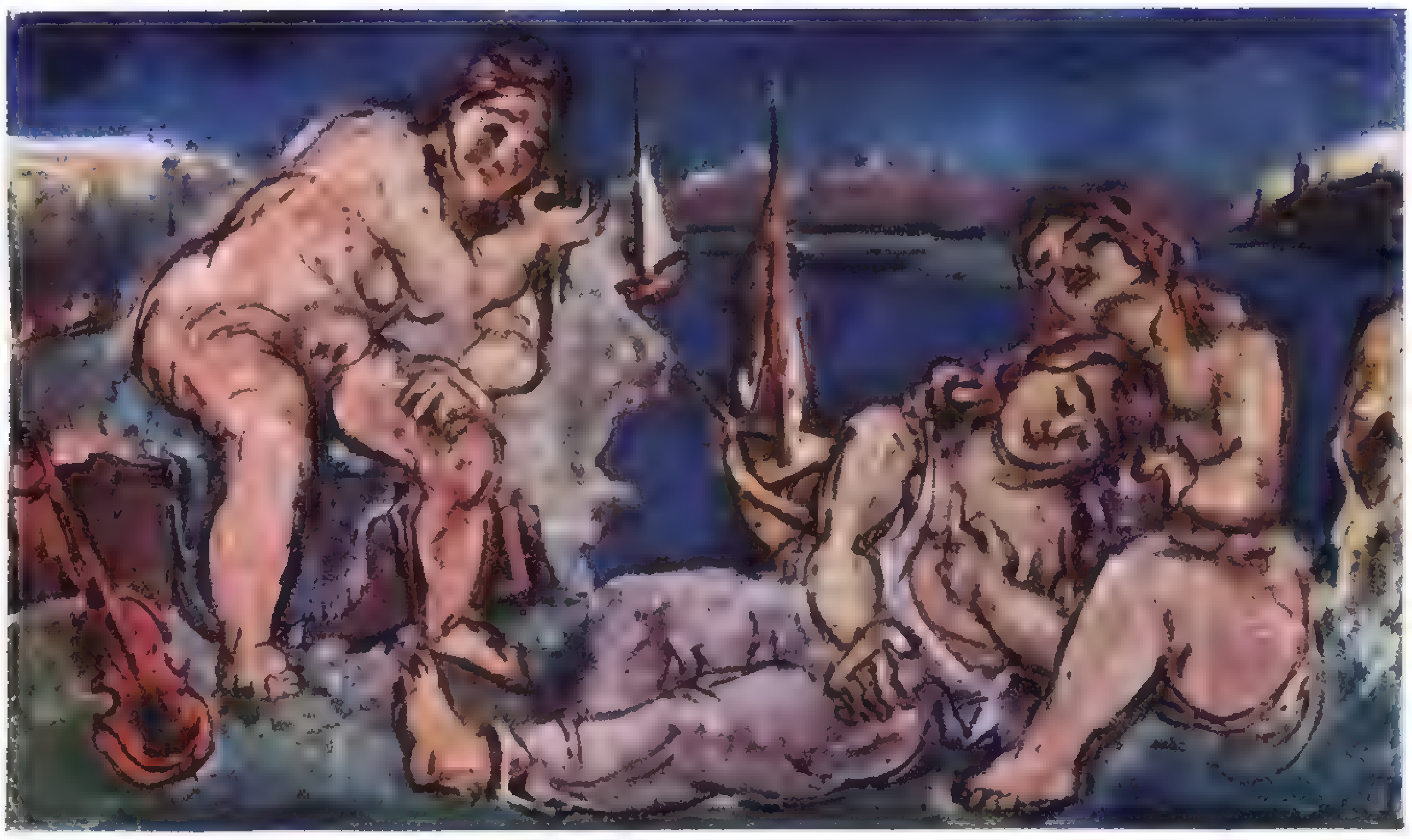
by MAX WEBER



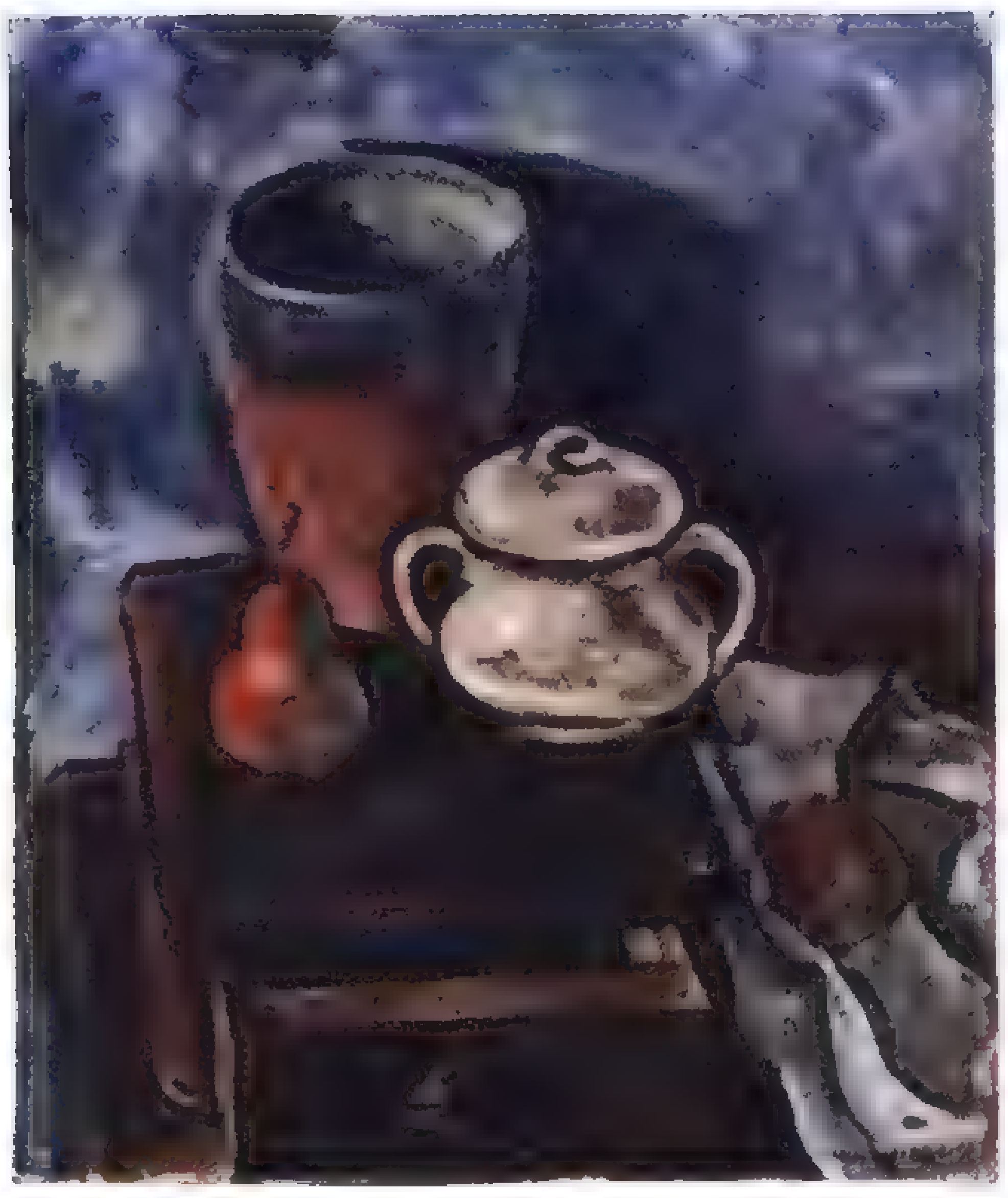
RESTING DANCER

As Weber developed his sense of color and design, the feeling for the sculpturesque, a distinct quality of his best work, began to enter into his canvases. He strove to achieve in painting the plastic quality of sculpture and in the figure paintings reproduced it can be seen how well he succeeded. He dreamed of the possibility of having two figures occupy the same space. He searched in his palette for intermediary tints that seemed more precious than the bold primary colors. The glow of his pastels is only a partial reward of these trials and researches. He was seeking for the third dimension through color gradations. His paintings are the record of his gropings and of his triumphs.

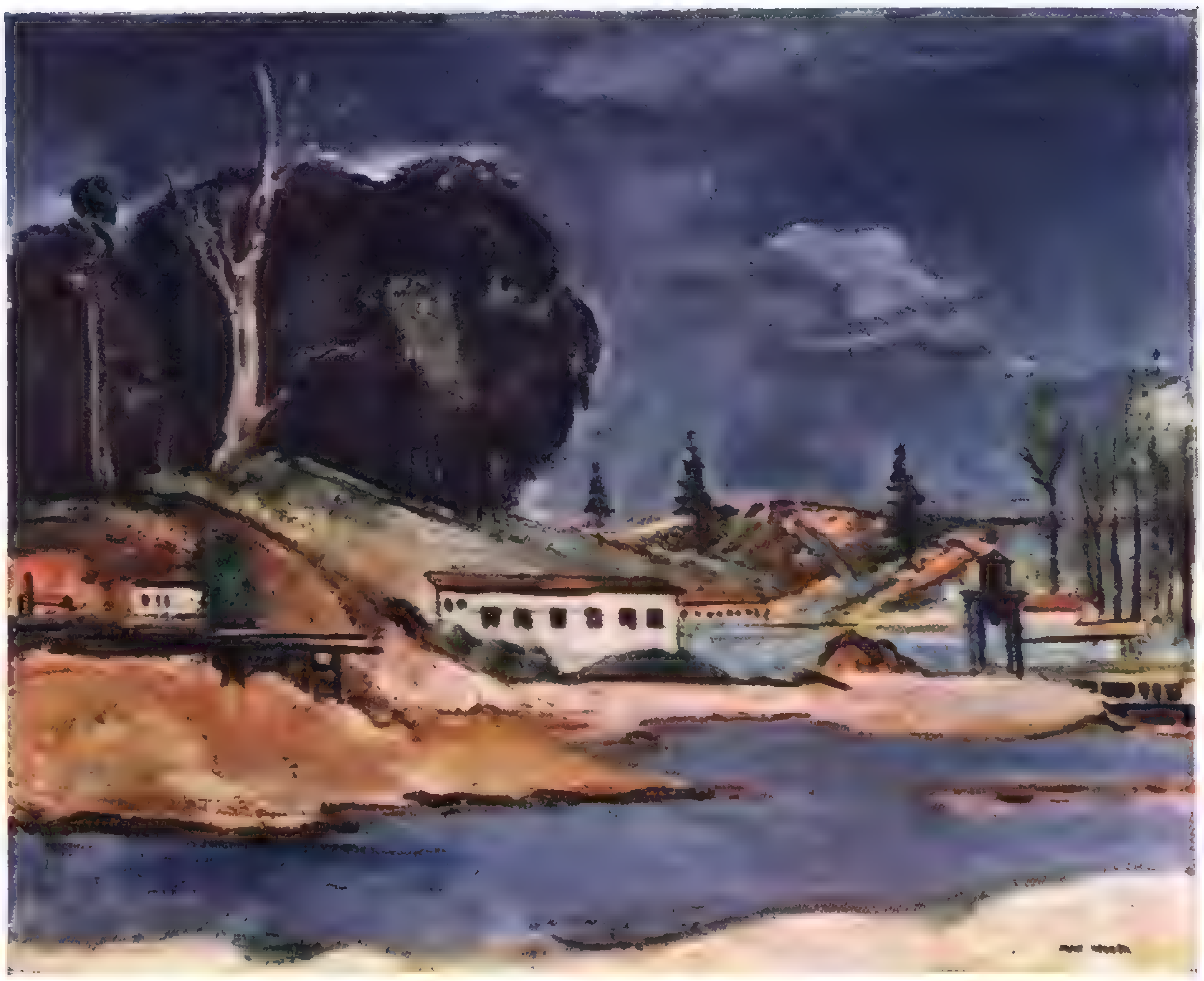
—Harry Salpeter



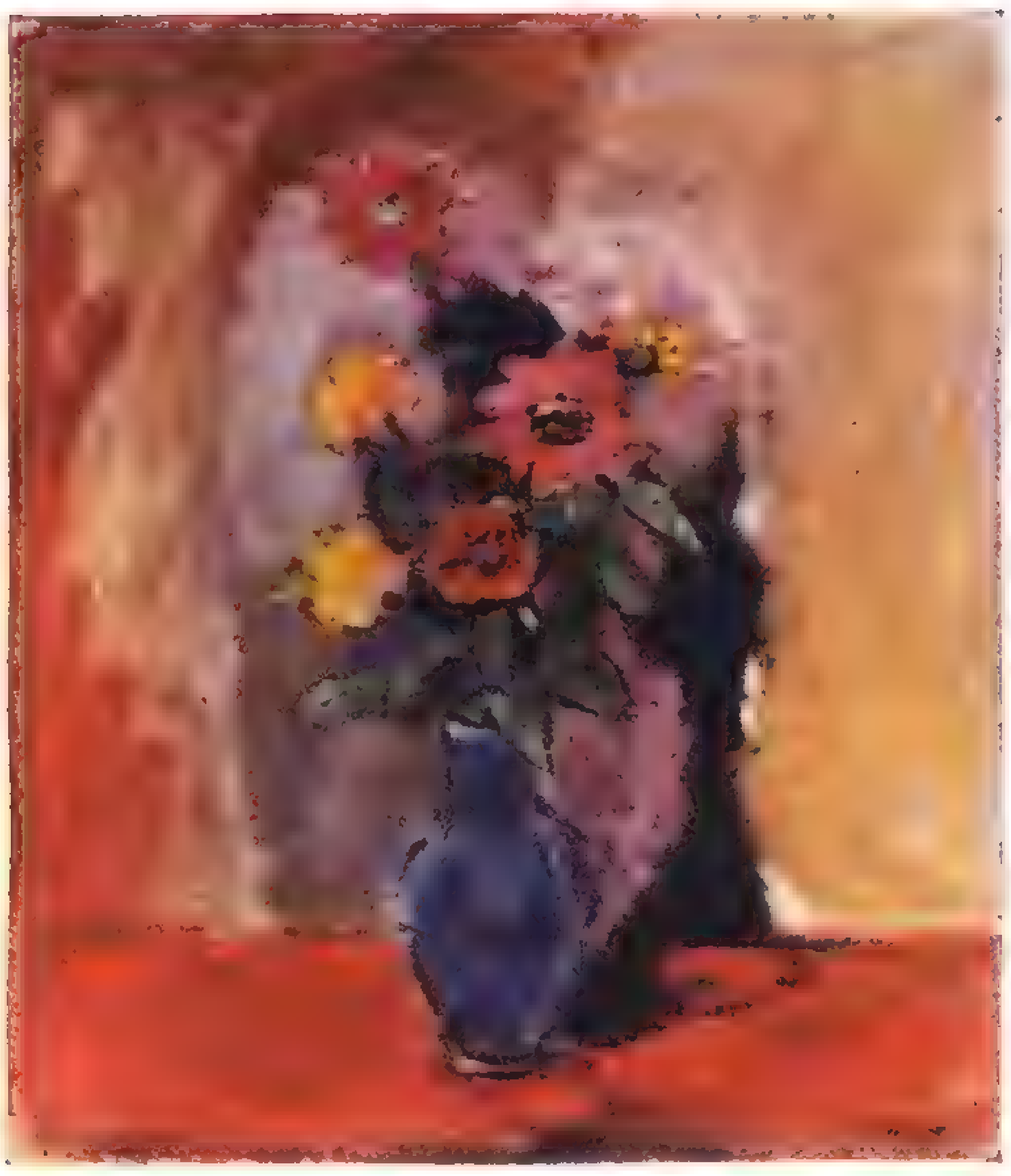
ON SHORE



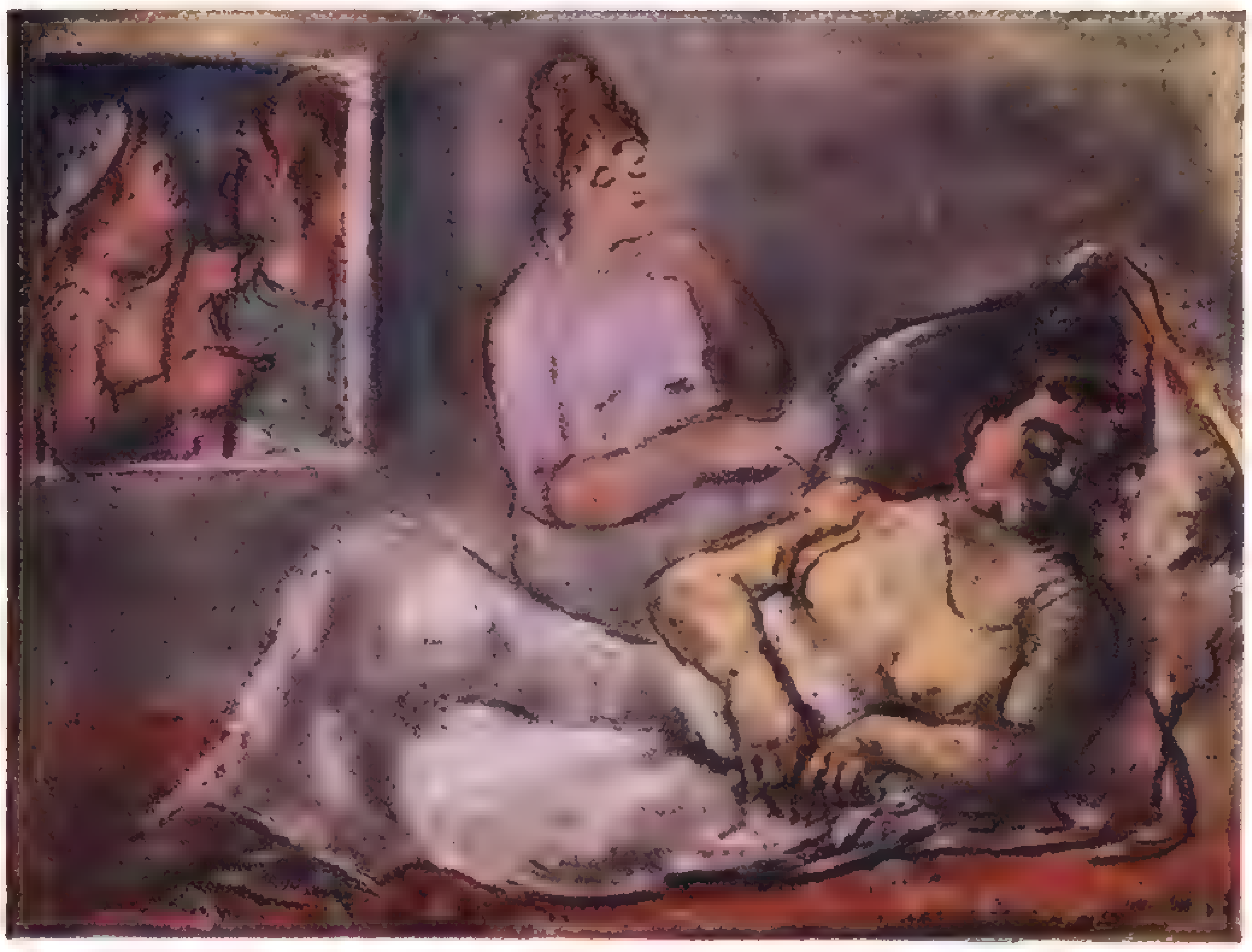
SUGAR BOWL



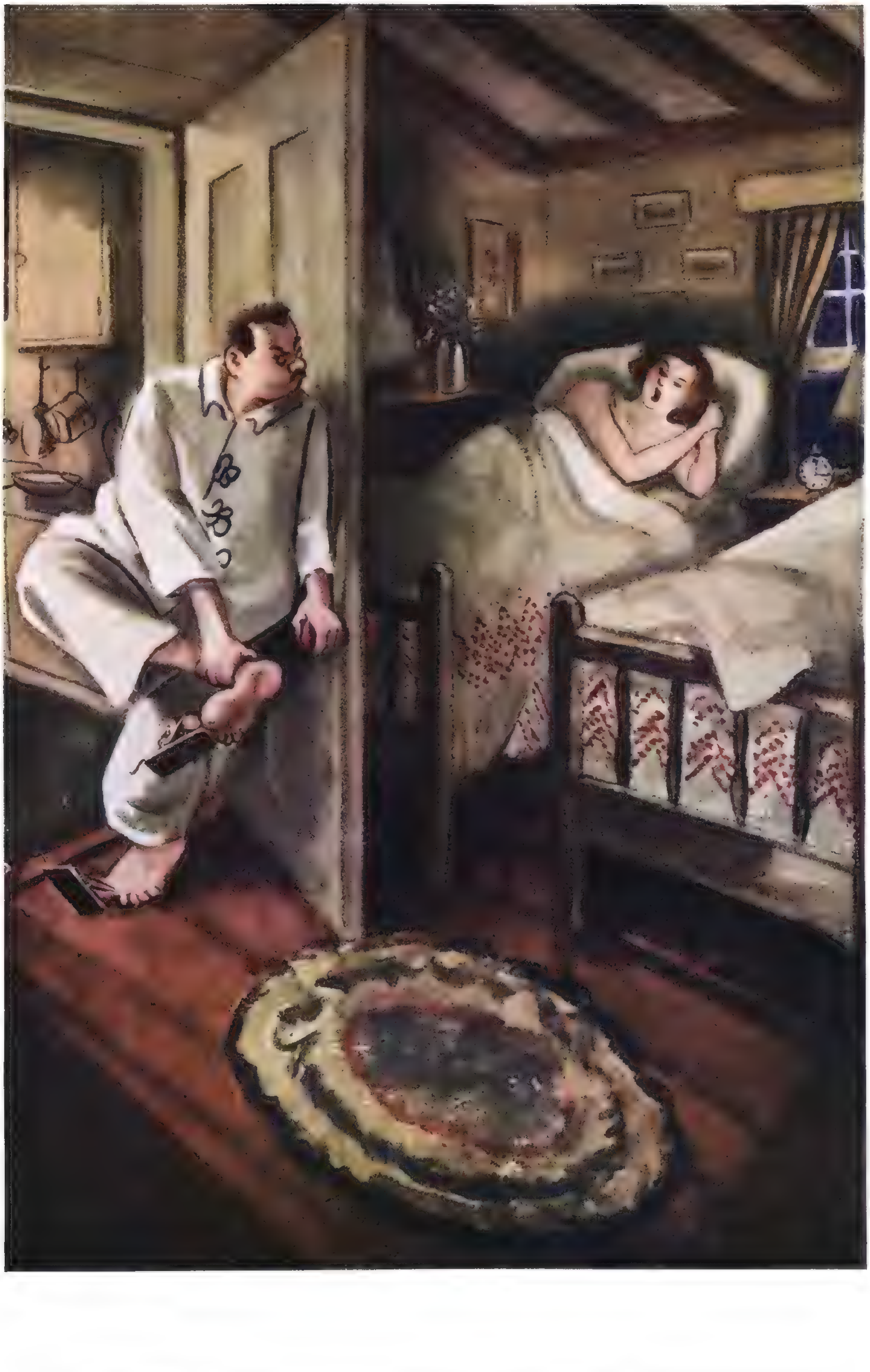
COAL YARD



BOUQUET



SLEEP



"I don't suppose it'll do any good, but I set mouse traps in the kitchen"

Man Who Walked Through Glass

Guimple admitted he got a certain kick out of plunging himself into mirrors, windows, and door panes

by NELSON S. BOND

• FICTION •

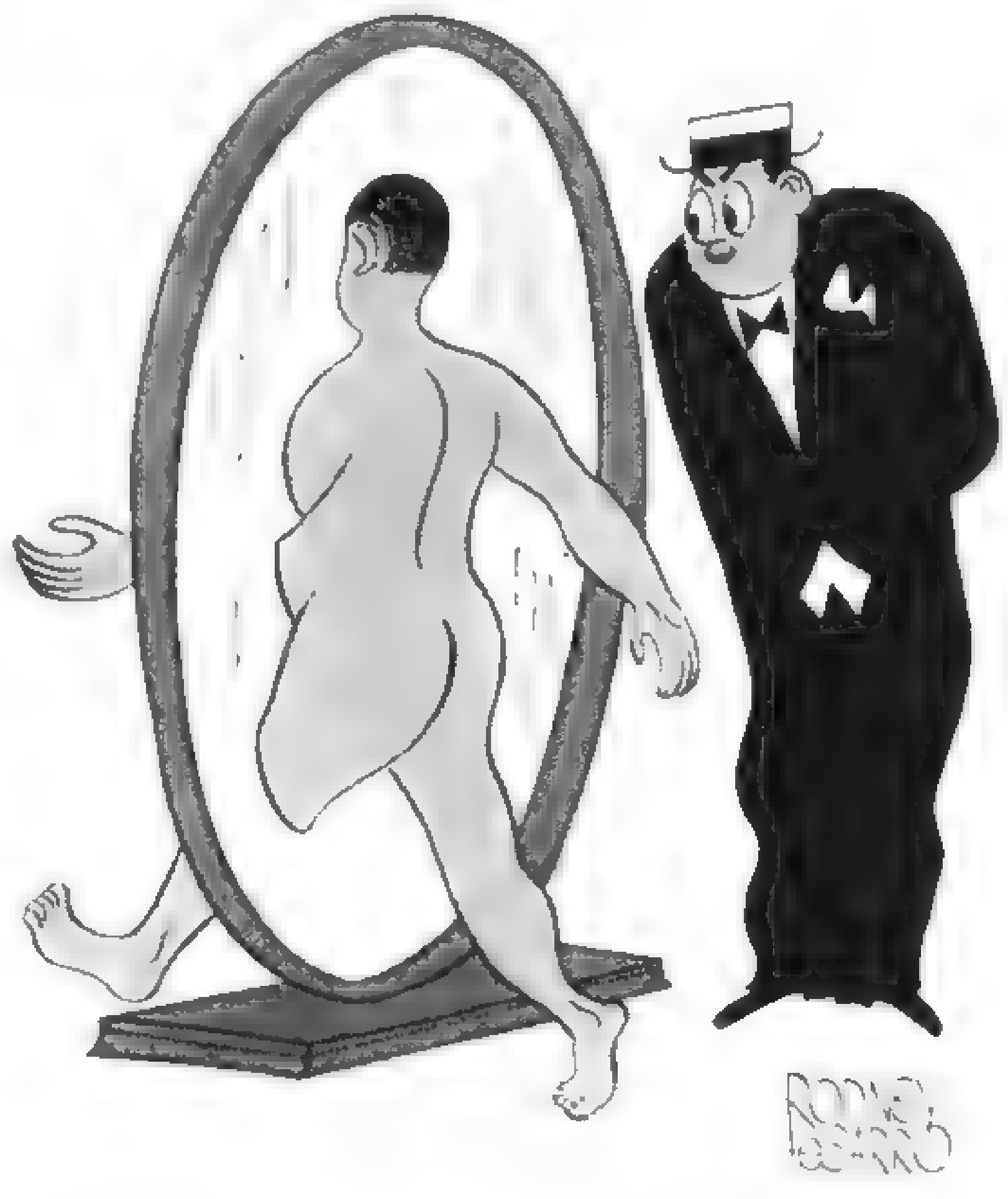
It was the damnedest thing. We had been chatting more or less casually about the weather and the Yankees' chances and the Chinese situation, when suddenly this chap, Guimple, leaned forward earnestly and said, "Look! I want to show you something!"

"Something?" I repeated. A little stupidly, I imagine. Guthrie Guimple was not the sort of person from whom you would expect parlor tricks. He looked, now that I think of it, very much like the "average male American" you read about. Medium height and weight. Brownish hair and eyes. Mildish manner. He was the kind of man who sits beside you in the movies, or shares your Pullman compartment. Our meeting here at this private New York club had been purely accidental. As an out-of-town visitor entering on a guest card, I had been bored and restive, and had welcomed a drinking companion.

"Something odd," he said. "Look!"

He drained the few drops of beer remaining in the bottom of his glass, and carefully stripped a gold signet ring from the third finger of his right hand. Then effortlessly—almost casually—he moved his hand directly *through* the empty glass!

I stared at him.



"Now, wait a minute," I said. "Three beers don't ordinarily make me see things, but—"

"You're not seeing things," he assured me solemnly. "I really *can* do it. See?"

Once more he moved his bared hand across and into the beer glass. This time he halted its motion halfway through the thing; let it rest there. You could see the sharp arc where the glass cut twice through his flesh; see the odd twist in his hand inside the glass barrier. Double refraction, I think it's called. I reached out and touched his hand; touched the glass, as well. My fingers followed his cool, somewhat moist flesh as far as the glass—then stopped abruptly as they reached the container. I withdrew my hand quickly.

"I don't understand," I said. "What is it? What do you do?"

Slowly he returned the ring to his finger.

"I don't know," he confessed; a touch of pique in his voice. "It just began happening the other day. I haven't been able to figure it out myself."

"But, Guimple," I declared, "it's impossible! A man can't *do* things like that!"

"*I* can," he said simply. He reached out again to the glass. This time his hand stopped normally as it met the container. He smiled at me a little wistfully. "You see? The minute I put the ring on, it won't work. Any foreign substance seems to act as a barrier."

"What does it feel like?" I asked.

He hesitated momentarily.

"Well—nothing much. There's no sensation except—no sensation to speak of. It's just as if you were putting your hand into water. Ice cold water, perhaps."

"And it doesn't hurt?"

"Not a bit. On the contrary—" He stopped and regarded me strangely. "It—it isn't just my hand, you know. It's all of me!"

"You mean—your whole body?"

"Yes." He blushed faintly. "I—of course I have to take my clothes off.

"Oh, naturally!" I said. My initial astonishment had faded now, and I was beginning to realize that in some fashion or other I had been neatly gulled. I was a trifle angry with this fellow Guimple. I don't care much for practical jokes anyway, and I thought it an imposition for him to play one on a casual acquaintance. I rose from the table a bit huffily.

"If you don't mind," I said, "I'll run along now. One show a night is enough for me."

He jumped up hastily; a frightened look in his eyes.

"You're not angry, are you?"

"Angry? Why should I be angry?"

"But you *are!*" he wailed. "Everyone is. Nobody will believe that it's not just a trick. Even the doctor I went to ordered me out of his office. But I *must* show it to someone! It has me worried. It's unnatural—and I don't know what to do about it. Look! Give me a chance to convince you that it's real? Won't you come to my apartment sometime tomorrow and let me show you? Maybe you can help me figure out why . . . why . . ."

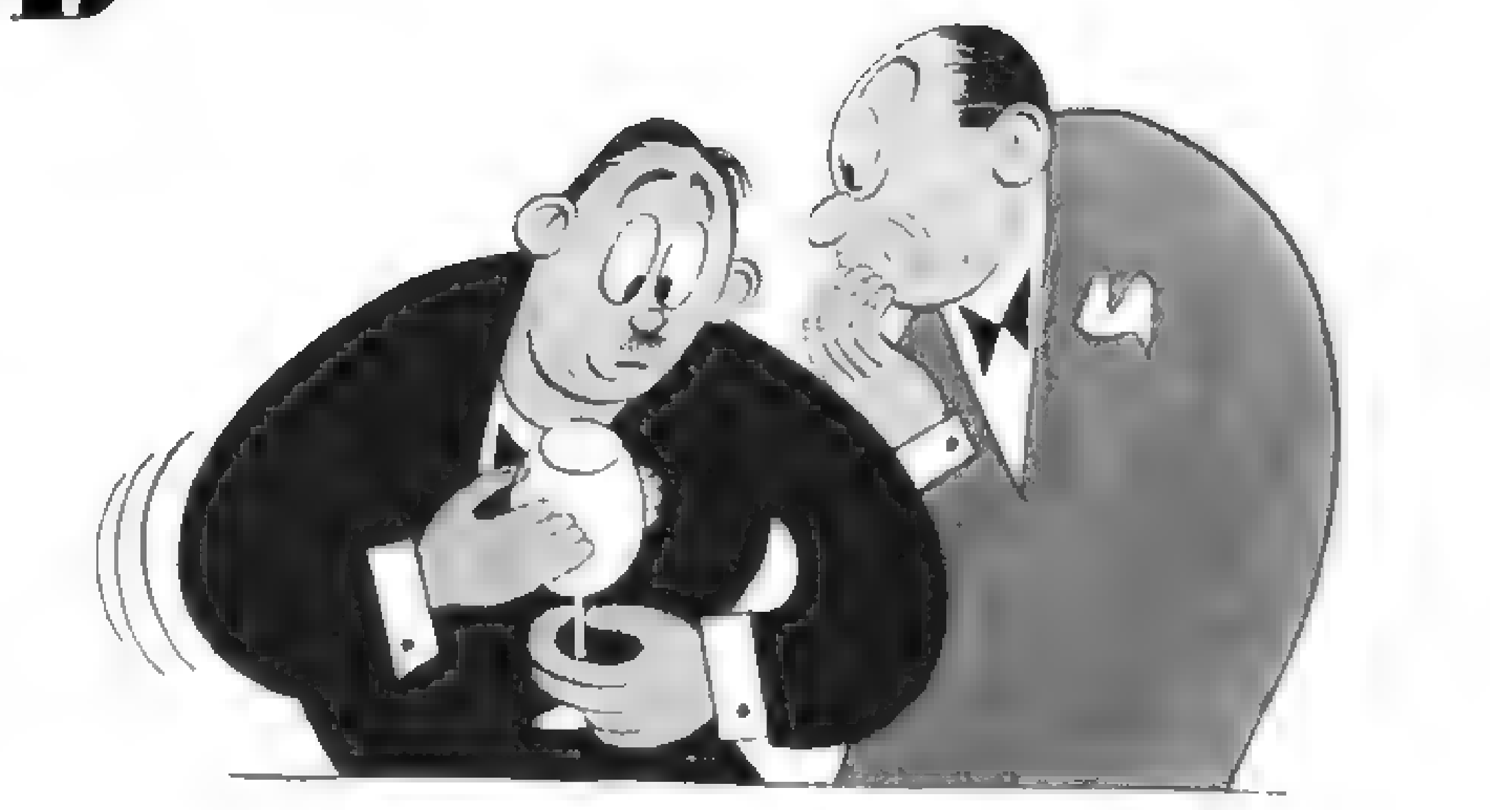
There was unfeigned eagerness in his tone. My curiosity was, after all, deeper than my anger. I nodded.

"Very well, then," I told him. "How about tomorrow afternoon? About three?"

"Oh, I wish you would!" He scribbled an address on his card and pressed it into my hand. "At three, then?"

"At three," I promised. "Good night!"

We shook hands, and I walked away. As I reached the doorway I looked back. Guimple had taken off his ring again, and was impatiently moving his hand in and out of the empty beer glass. There was a strange, haunted look, half vexation, half pleasure, in his eyes . . .



* * *

His apartment hotel was, like himself, unpretentious. I found the bell marked GUTHRIE GUIMPLE and let myself in when the automatic lock buzzed its hoarse welcome. Guimple was waiting for me in the doorway of his rooms. He was wearing a faded old dressing gown and floppy Turkish slippers.

"!Olleh," he said. "!Ni emoc"

"What's that?" I said. "Sorry, old man. I only speak English."

"!Em esucxe, ho," he replied cryptically. He turned and raced into an adjoining room as I entered the apartment. In a few seconds he was back, knotting the belt of his dressing gown. His tone was apologetic.

"I'm really very sorry," he said abjectly. "I must have lost count. Sometimes I forget. Before you came I had been walking through the mirror, and—"

"You were *what?*"

"Oh, don't go!" he cried. "Here—give me your coat and hat. I won't do anything to frighten you. That is, unless you want to *see* me, I mean. Yes, I was walking through the mirror in my bedroom. It's easy when I haven't any clothes on, you know."

I had him that time—or so I thought. I smiled a bit smugly, anyway.

"Very nice double talk, Guimple," I said, "but the Jabberwocky quotes don't go! If you had walked *into* the mirror, you would have to walk *out* again! That's common sense. And even if your speech *did* go haywire, it would return to normal. Now, come clean! What's the big idea, anyway? What's the gag?"

"You still think it's all a gag," he said plaintively, "but it isn't! Look—here's my mirror!"

He caught my hand and led me into his bedroom. His mirror was one of those old-fashioned double full-lengths, swung in a huge oval frame. Plenty large enough for a man to walk through—if the man *could* walk through it. A pile of discarded clothing lay on the floor. I stared at the mirror; then at Guimple.

"You mean," I said slowly, "you really *can* walk through that thing?"

"Watch!" he cried. Swiftly he whisked off

Continued on page 130

Don't Bet on Rattles

Betting the rattler against its slim, popeyed opponent really seemed like stealing but the native asked for it

by EDWARD JEROME VOGELER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

If you have a big snake, no matter whether it's black, brown, red or green, no matter whether it's fat or thin, smooth or scaly—if you think it can fight, you can get plenty of action in Florida. All you have to do is to look up Big Al, who is the unofficial snake matchmaker at the semi-public pit northeast of Ocala.

Big Al stands six foot three, weighs something over two hundred and has a very lean belly. You know his belly is lean because he caves in at the middle and his rattlesnake belt is always loose. During the week, Big Al is a guard over one of the state's toughest chain gangs and in his routine he carries a shotgun tucked under his right arm for so many hours that when on Sunday he oils and hangs up the old equalizer, dons his Sunday-go-to-meeting suit and hauls his assorted assets to the snake pit, his elbow is still crooked.

Big Al speaks sparingly and prefaces all his remarks by spitting tobacco juice with the precision of an African cobra aiming at the eye of a rabbit. When he does this, he leans far over and cocks his head to one side, but wherever you may stand or wherever you may move his pale blue eye, contrasting somewhat unpleasantly with a skin burnt almost black by the tropical sun, will follow you. It's a matter of habit with Big Al, formed from years of watching homesick convicts as they make little ones out of big ones to toughen the soft shoulders of Florida's excellent roads.

The snake pit is located several miles out of Ocala in a clearing of palms and tropical vegetation and is approachable by an excuse for a road on which the wheels of your car may sink to their hub caps in sand. The fights are held every Sunday afternoon, provided there are enough snakes on hand to afford a good show and everybody not a member of the Cruelty is welcome—provided he has the fifty cents admission fee. There is no law against snake fights in Florida, but the Cruelty is always trying to take the joy out of life and make things easy for the snakes and the promoters have learned it doesn't pay to advertise. If you happen to be a tourist, especially a tourist who doesn't know too much about snakes, you are doubly welcome because it's just possible you may like to make a small bet—and a little betting adds a lot to the interest of the fights.

The pit is concrete, with glazed sides to prevent the scaly gladiators from scaling the walls and taking a playful bite at the spectators and Big Al is ever on the alert to keep the cash customers from falling into the arena and hurting the snakes. The serpents are kept in boxes, with fine mesh wire tops and sliding doors and are usually matched by size.

"What's fightin' next?" a native will ask another naïvely about the time you arrive.

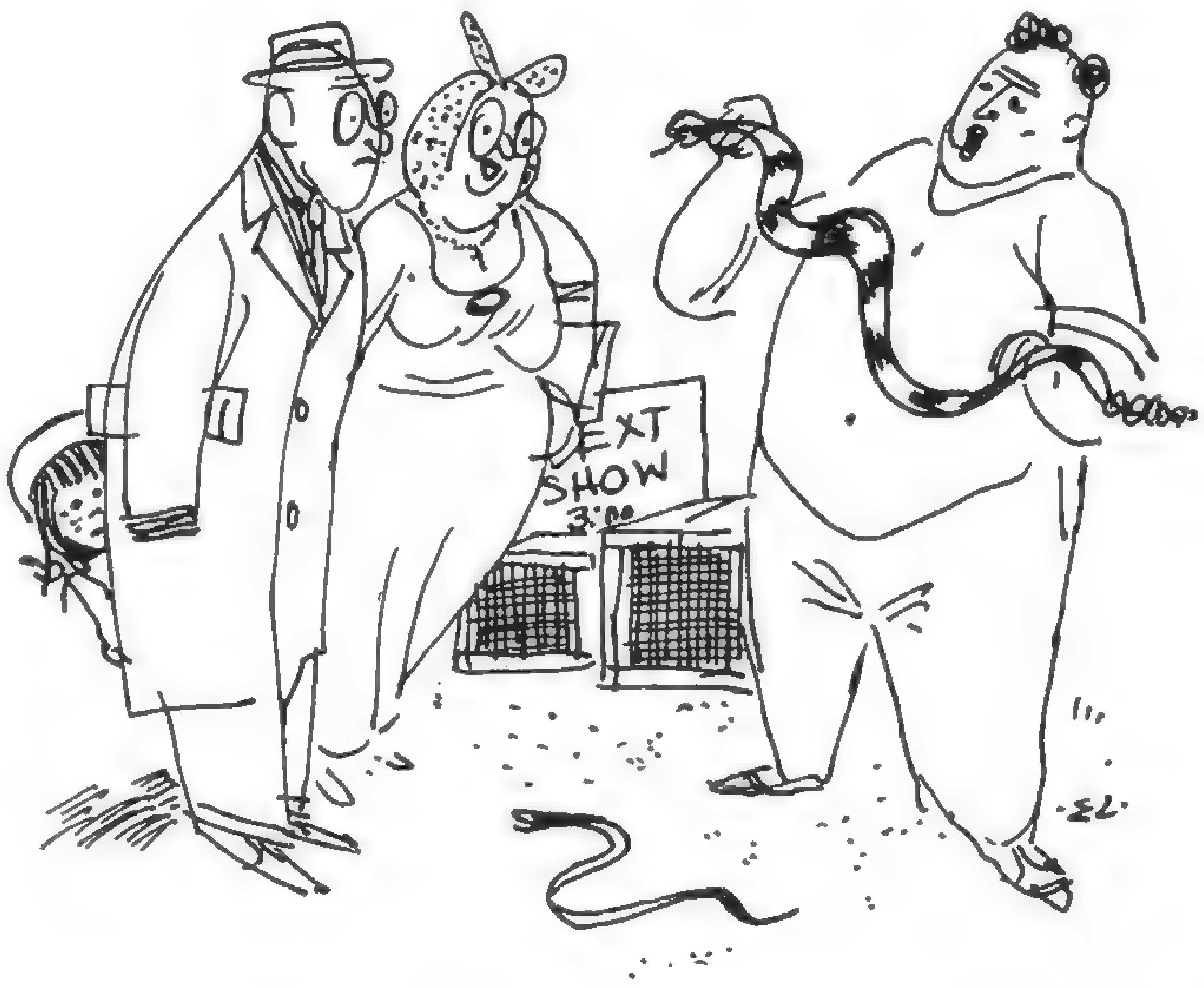
"That big ole rattlesnake is fightin' that skinny old snake yonder," will be the likely reply. Then, one of the speakers will probably turn to you.

"Which one do you like, Mister?"

"Which one do I like?" you will reply. "I don't like either of them."

"I don't mean that," the native will explain. "I mean, how would you like to make a little bet on the fight?"

The chances are, if you have any larceny in you, you would like it a lot. You have bet on prize fights, baseball games—and even wrestling bouts. You remember the time you bet your brother-in-law the price of the meal a fly would light on your lump of sugar before his. Now, if you win or lose a little on the snake fights, you will have something to tell the wife when you return home so she can bawl you out as you properly deserve. But, you become cautious.



"Which one do you want to bet on?" you ask the native.

"I reckon I'll let you do the pickin', Mister," he will tell you. "You choosen the one you like best and I'll bet you fifty cents against a dollah you're wrong."

Immediately, your interest is increased. You inspect the two boxes in which are housed the snakes next scheduled to fight. In one is a huge rattler, nearly six feet long, its thick body coiled to strike, the half dozen or more buttons on its tail sounding a deadly menace. In the other is a slim serpent perhaps a foot shorter and half as thick in body. You compare the flat, triangular head of the rattler with the rather small, round and popeyed face of the other. You know enough about snakes to understand the diamondback is one of the deadliest of America and from infancy you have been told a flat, triangular head denotes a poisonous reptile. This is no contest. It is really like stealing something, but the native asked for it.

"I'll just bet you a dollar to a half the rattlesnake wins this one," you inform the native, while your conscience, if you have one, gives you a certain amount of hell.

Now, the rattler is dumped into the pit. This is something of a tense moment, as it has to be done quickly and carefully and just right—or else. The venomous creature slithers a few feet and then coils defiantly, its head erect, its rattle buzzing furiously. With far less caution, the promoter opens the second box and slides its opponent over the bank.

For a few moments, the "skinny ole snake," seeking escape, darts with lightning fast but unavailing thrusts at the side of the pit. Then, it senses the presence of the rattler and an electric transition takes place. Its head is held higher, its slim, shining body describes a graceful S curve on the floor of the pit, its tongue flickers with the swiftness of a hummingbird's wing, its entire bearing one of intense excitement as it faces its enemy. The rattler coils into a tighter knot, its evil head drawn back to strike, the rattle sounding its warning note unceasingly. The audience is breathless.

Action, swift and deadly, is promised and accorded. Death to one or both can be the only answer. There is no sparring for an opening, no compromise with the instinct to destroy. The "skinny ole snake" is the aggressor, the huge rattler on the defensive. But, so brief is the period before they come to grips this is hardly noted.

Almost immediately, the rattler opens its hideous mouth, disclosing the three-quarter inch fangs behind which poison sacs wait to squirt their oblivion. The jaws close on air while the smaller serpent begins to coil its sinewy length about the thick, scaly bulk of its foe. The rattler thrashes about the pit, heaving and tossing, while the coils tighten, closer and closer to the menacing head which strikes again and again, seemingly without

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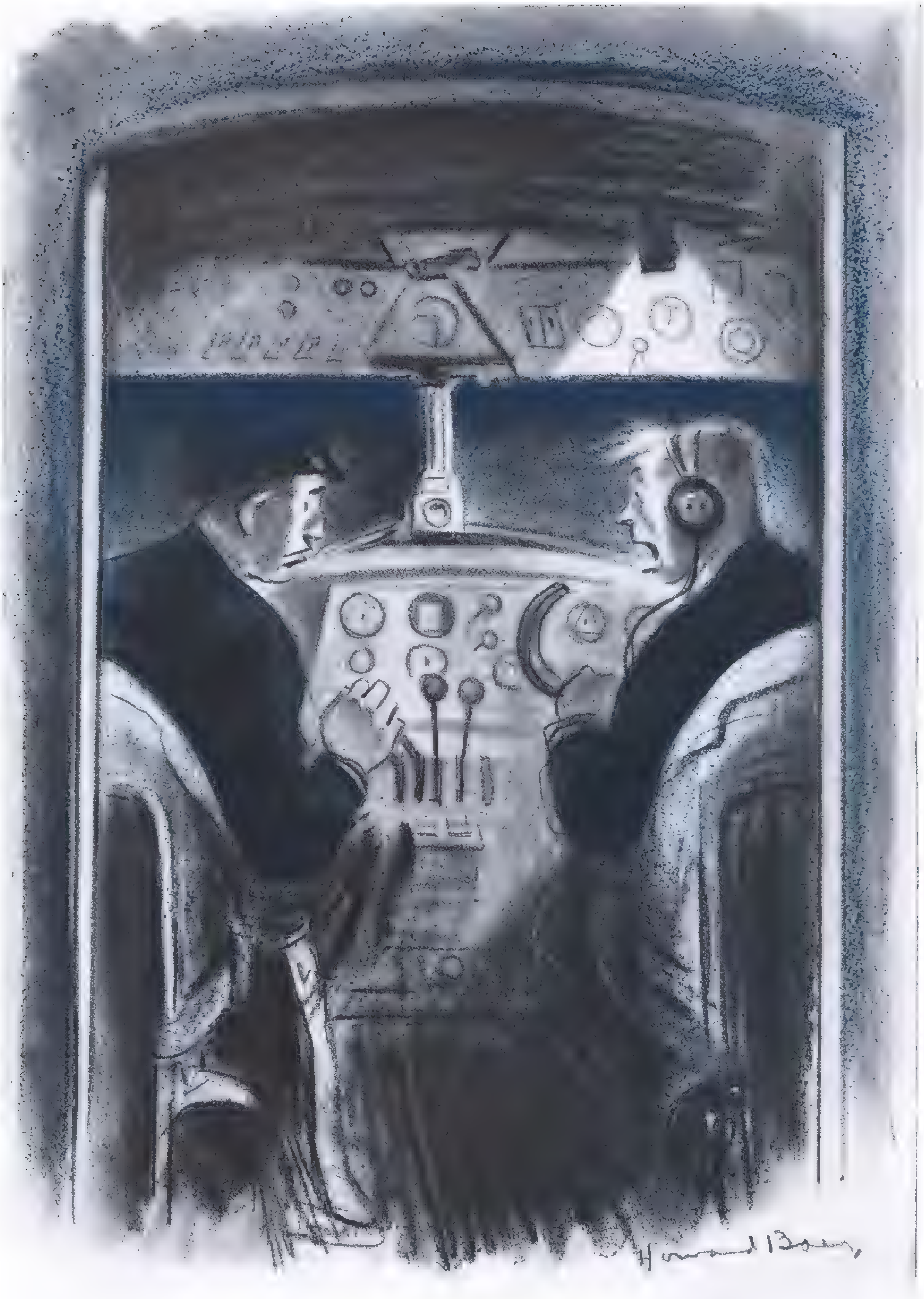

"It must be snowing in Los Angeles. Every time I ask for a weather report they change the subject"

College Praise Man

Football has come a long way from the time when it was a pleasant diversion enjoyed by healthy boys

by JOHN R. TUNIS

SPORTS

Two elevens in search of a championship. Two teams to thrill the teeming thousands. Turbulent, tense tableaus. Tantalizing technique. Treacherous, turbulent thrills. Terrific, tumultuous, tempestuous tingles. Talent, tricks, twirls to titillate tense Texans.

"The Farmers have Terrible Todd, the hurrying halfback, while the Christians will offer in their leading role Overpowering O'Brien, the quelling quarterback. Rank rivalry rages and both elevens will go at it tooth and nail, hammer and tongs, with might and main—or as you might say, they will shoot the works."

Fiction? No, fact. That orgy of alliteration you have just read is no product of my imagination. It's an actual press release appearing in dozens of newspapers throughout the United States during November, 1937. It was composed by one J. Willard Ridings, Praise Man of Texas Christian University, located at Fort Worth, Texas.

Thirty years or more ago the president of Princeton speaking of colleges and football, suggested that if things continued as they were going for a quarter of a century, the side show would run the main tent. Was there any justification for this remark?

Take a look and see how far we've gone since Woodrow Wilson made this statement in the mauve decade of American sport.

Who makes a football team today? The players? The coach? Or the coach and the coaching staff and the squad together? The modern, streamlined eleven of 1938 is really the product of a man usually hidden from the public's gaze. His title varies. Sometimes he is called the Director of Athletic Research. Occasionally he is the Chief of the Department of Public Relations. Or the Director of the College Research Bureau, or the Editor of the Athletic Association News. But no matter how thin you slice him, he's always the College Praise Man.

Aren't there ever moments when you wonder how your favorite sportswriter always has the names, numbers and salaries of all the players in the United States under his hat at a second's notice? How he can remember that Spike McGluke's first name is Milton, his longest run from scrimmage last fall, and the score of the 1922 Penn-Michigan game. He can't. In fact many sportswriters would be tongue-tied during the months of October and November each year were it not for a daily assist from the Praise Men of the colleges.

The Praise Man starts work when your thoughts are devoted to downing a cool drink or getting out to the beach for a swim. Long before school opens he mails to sports editors and columnists six or seven mimeographed sheets with full information about the team, the substitutes, the coaching staff and the schedule. Once practice actually begins he turns on his heavy artillery. Some colleges mail a barrage of material every day during the season from mid-August to December at a cost running into four figures.

TO NEAREST NEWSPAPER

The Praise Man is usually a young chap with a grin like the boys in the cigarette ads, a tremendous capacity for work, a flair for alliterative writing and a shrewd knowledge of human nature. He takes charge of the press box at all home games, ejects the gate crashers, does the announcing over the loudspeaker during play, and acts as advance agent when the team leaves town. His chief duty however is to perform as barker for the Great Show. No matter how good your team may be you'll never get any big games unless someone hears about you. So the Praise Man sees that you do. Here's a sample. Take a good long breath.

"In the enervating late August and early September dog days, in the reactionary coolness that followed, in Indian Summer heat again and in the first breezy heralds of October, through forty-two grinding football practice sessions on sun-baked Fordham Field, with only two days of rain to drive them indoors to the gymnasium floor, comes James Harold Crowley's fifth Fordham University football team today to the threshold of a new season."

You see your college may have the best eleven in the United States, but if no one knows about it, you won't crash the big time. What is big time? Big time means playing teams like Fordham and U. S. C. and Notre Dame and Ohio State in major league ball parks or stadia seating seventy thousand. Big time means gate receipts, money, publicity, and a kind of advertising that presumably gets the college famous and attracts customers. But to bust into big time you must be known. Hence the Praise Man.

Right here it may be pertinent to suggest that with football played the country over, no newspaperman can possibly know much about any section save his own. Consequently some material about each eleven is useful and necessary for sportswriters. But save a handful of universities everyone overdoes it. Obsessed by the great American desire for publicity, no matter what the variety, the Praise Man turns on the tap and lets the stuff flow. Few colleges today are too small or too insignificant to compete for space upon the sports pages, although why Susquehanna, Alfred, Hobart and Canisus (to name only a few) should waste their hard-earned endowment funds on canned chatter of this sort is hard to figure. Probably ninety per cent of the athletic material reaching the average sports desk of a city newspaper is chucked forthwith into the waste basket where it remains until some collector of curiosa digs it out for the benefit of posterity.

"There was Daniel in the Lion's Den and tomorrow the Horned Frogs in the Bear's Den. All the Frogs hope is that there will be another deliverance. They'll enter the Bear's Den unawed by five straight defeats. The feature will play to a crowded house including nearly 4,000 cadets from College Station. Musical accompaniment will be furnished by the great military band of Aggieland and the Swinging Syncopators of T. C. U."

This is the time of year when the nation's sports pages are filled with the doings of a menagerie. There are the Tigers and the Bears and the Rams of a half a dozen institutions—in fact there are four Rams alone. There are Frogs and Badgers and Wolverines and Antelopes as well as cats of numerous varieties including Wild and Bob. There are Gophers and Longhorns, there are dogs of all sorts, there are Panthers and Alligators and Bison. There are Cougars and Greyhounds, Muhls and Razorbacks, Eagles plain and Eagles Purple. The animal family is pretty well exhausted. I question what the next generation of College Praise Men will do.

Because these names are often the fictions of the Praise Man's imagination. He discovered that Tides were either Golden or Crimson, that Waves were Green, that Tornadoes were Grey, and Scourges, Scarlet. Possibly because he works with one eye on the box office, golden is a favorite adjective of this

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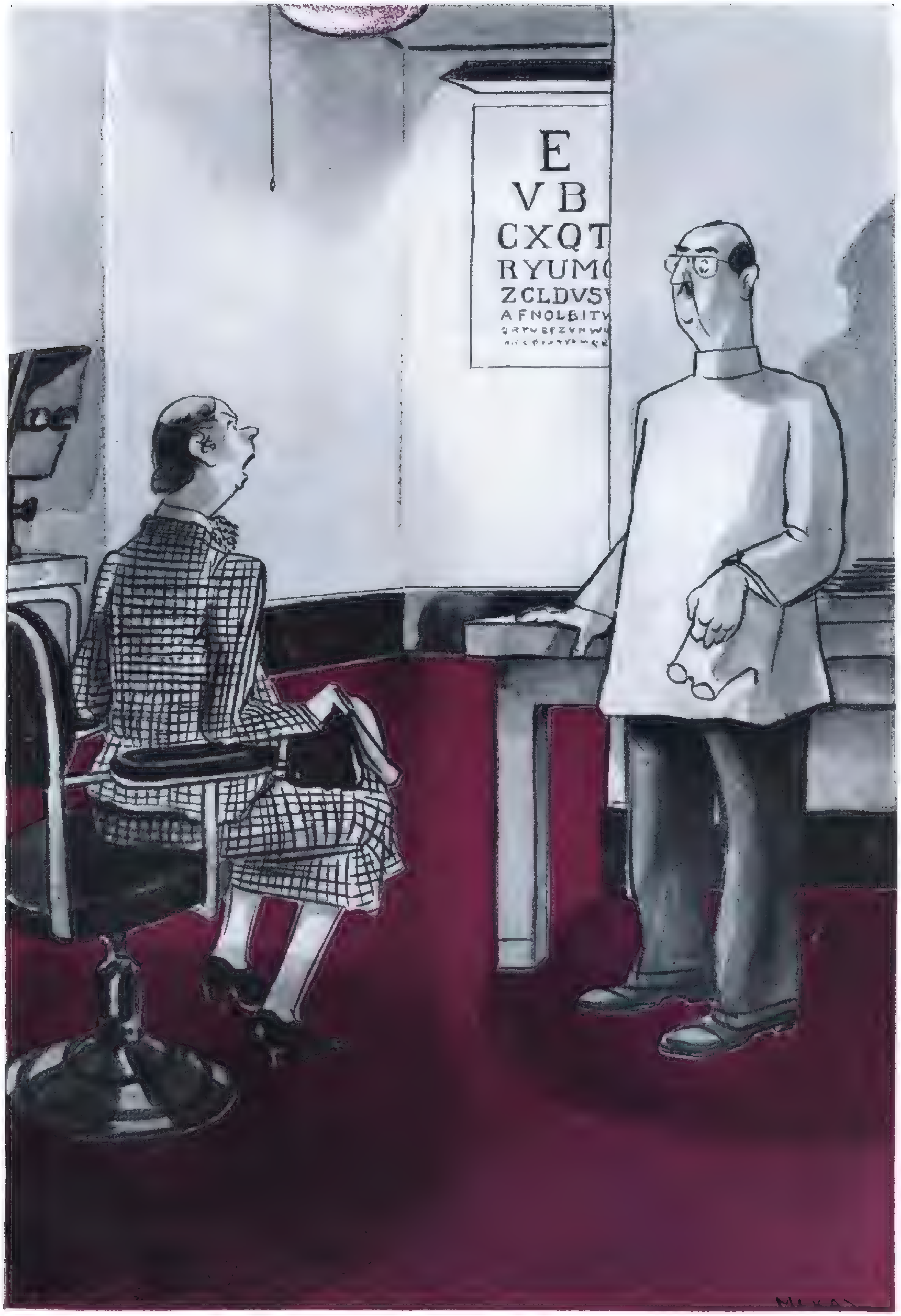
E
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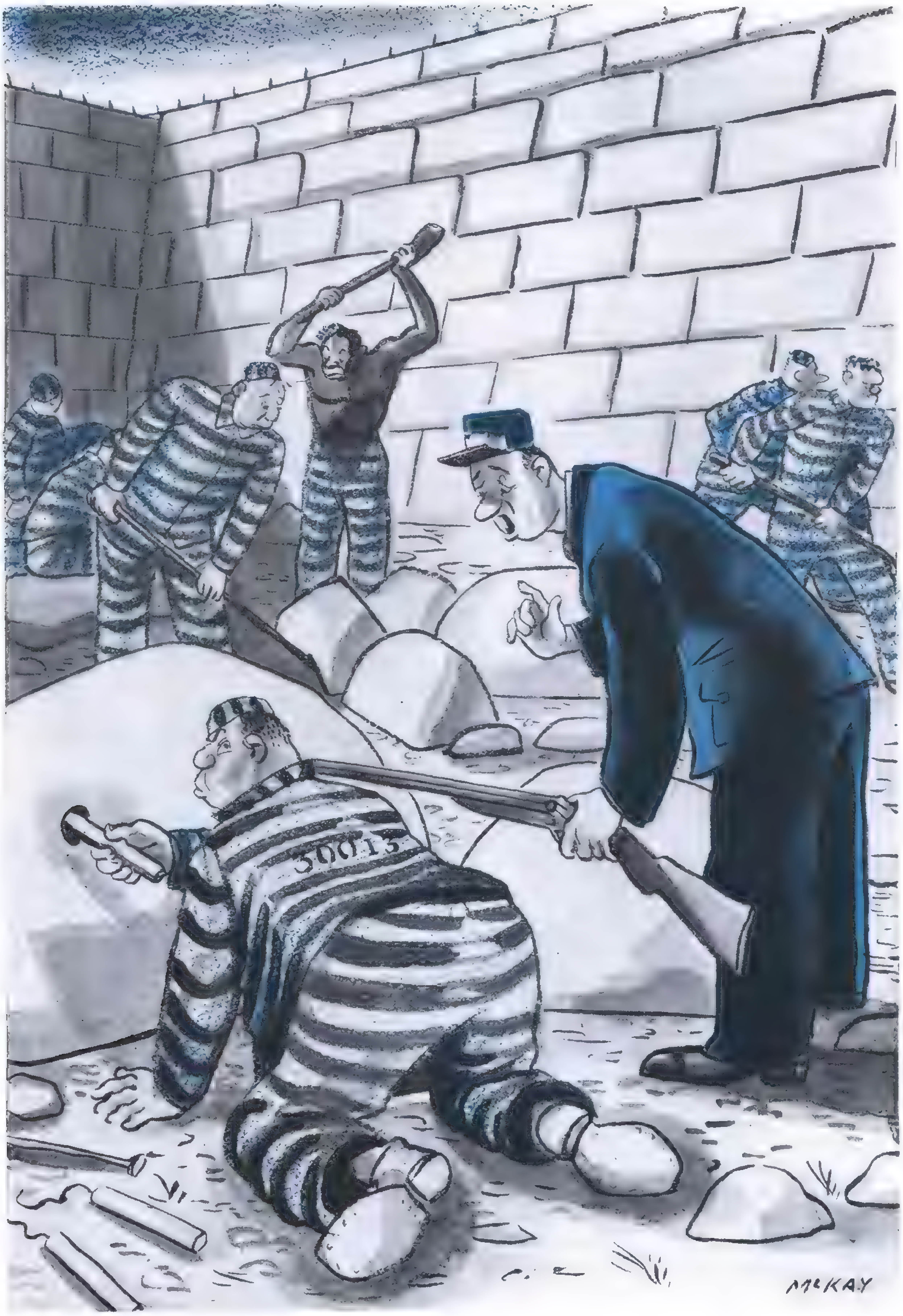
"Do you think it's quite fair to take away my glasses?"


30013
McKAY

"I know you'll think we're not very progressive, Mr. Haggerty—but NO dynamite!"

You Press the Middle Valve Down

When my old man trilled an obbligato on his E-flat cornet, there wasn't a dry eye in the State of Pennsylvania

by ALFRED M. SWIFT

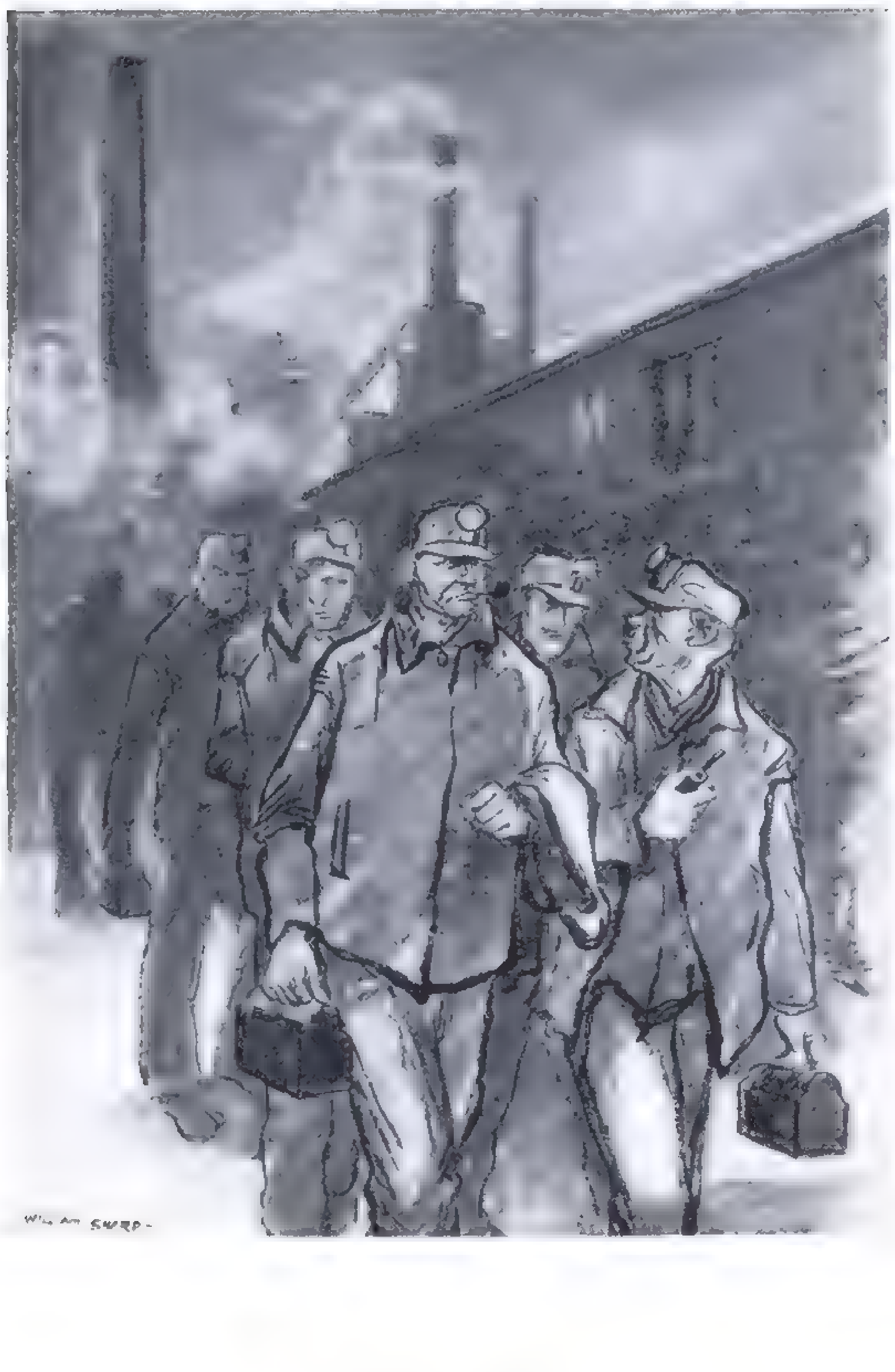
▪ FICTION ▪

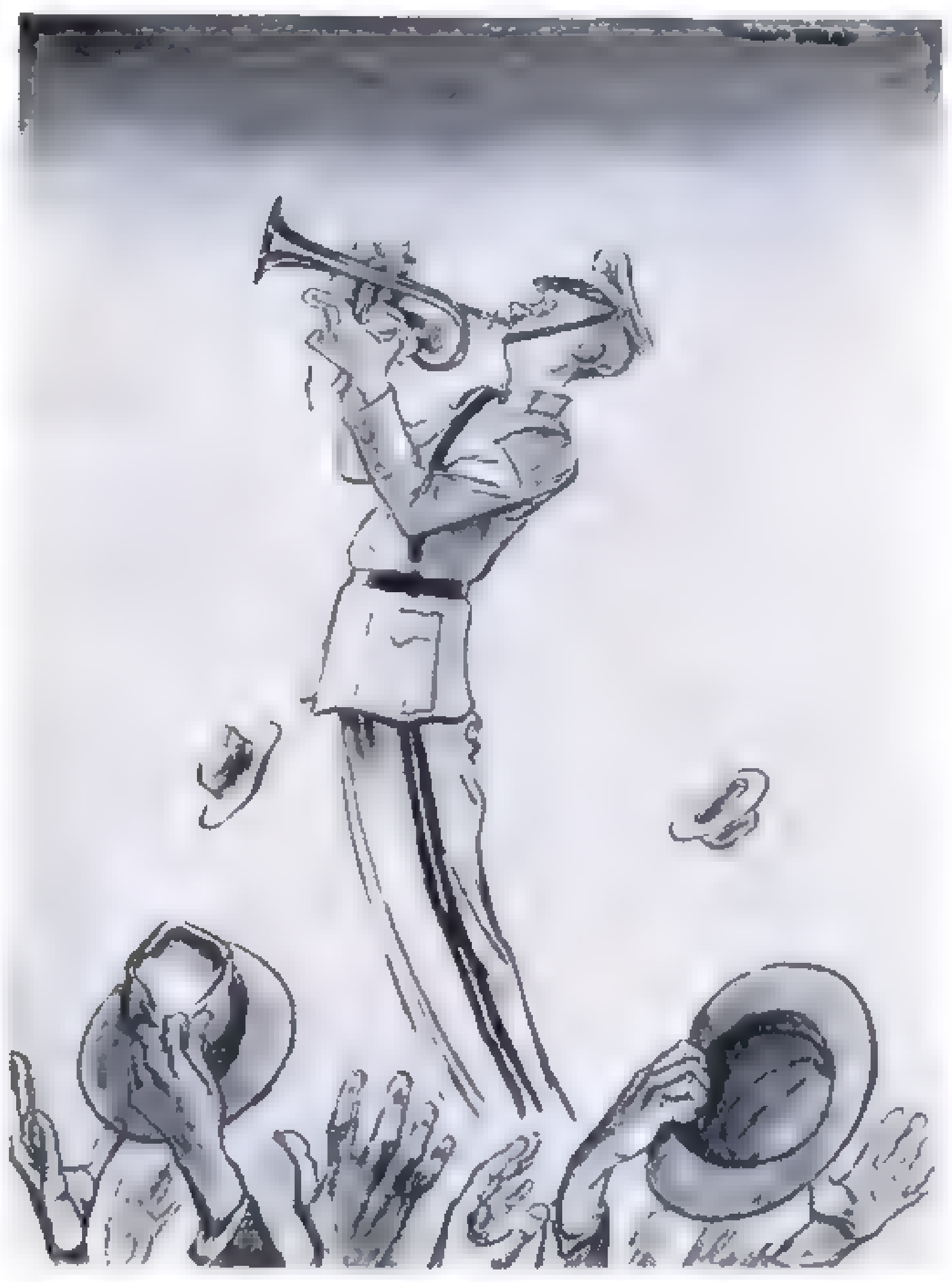
MY OLD man was the best cornet player in the soft coal regions when they imported him from Lancastershire to play first horn in the old Amateur Band. And he was a sucker for those Johnny Bull mints, the kind that are round and have little clovers pressed on them. They taste like they're made with sugar and flour and a little flavoring. He thought they helped him with his blowing and he was never without a bag of those mints in his pocket.

When he was thirteen, old Peter, his father, gave him his first close-coupled brass cornet. It was an E-flat and old Peter got it because it was cheap and a tricky bastard that the guy who owned it couldn't control. In a couple of weeks my old man could take the short thing and let go a blast that could be heard from Skelmersdale to Liverpool. He was practically the loudest cornet blower in the north of England when they sent for him to play first chair in the old Amateur Band at Philipsburg.

He had other tricks too. His flat, broad fingers were just what the doctor ordered for a church organ and he sang a bellow-y baritone that put him in any of the soft coal church choirs.

He had a white uniform and a couple of medals he'd won for cornet blowing back in England and he'd always climb into those fancy pants and coat when he was called upon to do any blowing for the Amateurs. They wore green uniforms with black piping and frogs on the coats and black stripes down the legs but my old man's uniform was white and he'd be damned if he'd put his legs into those American britches for all the bands this side of the ocean who didn't know good music from a two-penny bit.





He looked pretty fine when he stood up in front of that Johnny Bull band, which was what other people called them, in his creamy white uniform and bowed a little to the left and a little to the right, took off his cap with that shaving brush dingus on front, and puffed his chest some so the medals swung on their swivels and lifted that little E-flat cornet into playing position.

The Johnny Bulls would run through the preliminaries and my old man would let go of a blast and on a clear day you could hear him at Sandy Ridge, twelve miles away. He was just a little fellow and sort of flat chested, too, so you'd wonder where all that power came from.

My old man could knock down a fair amount of coal, too, but he didn't work very hard at it because he didn't feel very much like a miner, so he'd spend most of his time underground visiting around with the other bandsmen and send out a car or two when he got around to it. The other miners wondered why he didn't starve, for hell, he didn't dig enough coal to fire a kitchen range. Every two weeks my old man drew sixty-five bucks and that was damned good money for the soft coal region when bacon was eight cents a pound and not many takers.

It galled my old man that he had to go down into the mine at all, but he was a pretty good skate and he could see the operator's point. The operator didn't give a damn whether he ever knocked out a pound of coal but he had to go through the motions. The Johnny Bull band was a pet of the operator's, he supported it and figured that the publicity more than paid my old man's salary. But the old boy would've rather been up on top bowing to the ladies up and down the street and talking over the Sunday music with the parson.

When he came up out of the mine at five o'clock my old man stuck pretty close to the back alleys until he reached his boarding house. Stripped to the waist he took the tin tub out onto the back porch and washed his hair, face, neck, arms and chest. Then he raised the cellar door on the back porch and washed his hunkers, legs and feet.

He dressed pretty classy, and the way he'd eat, Mrs. Ramsdale, who ran the boarding house, said, you'd think he'd brought all Skelmersdale with him. They had it plain at Ramsdale's, just meat and potatoes and a bit of pudding, but there was plenty of it and my old man led the way.

When he stuck his feet under the table and unreefed the top button of his pants the other boarders knew that it was every man for himself if they wanted to spear a chop or a piece of steak. He ate steadily for twenty-five minutes or a half-hour and later when he married mother he ran this up to forty or forty-two minutes, depending on whether he felt squeamish.

It was a serious business when he was falling to, the only business besides tooting that damned close-coupled E-flat cornet he paid any attention to.

Ask him a question and he'd grunt and ask him another and he'd tell you to shut your big mouth, you're at the table. It was load, chew chew and fire! a wad of food as big as a baseball down into your belly and load, chew chew and fire! again before the rings on the tube to your stomach had a chance to shrink back into place.

When he got through eating my old man wiped his mouth on the back of his hand and gave his black mustache a twist, buttoned up the top button of his pants and slipped his galluses over his shoulders. He put on his coat and felt in the pockets for one of those peppermint lozenges, Johnny Bull candy that came in those big square gallon jars with the wide mouths at the store, and started for Main Street. He was never without lozenges and he'd hold them against his front teeth and breathe through them so the air would be cold and fine in his mouth. He thought they shrunk up his mouth inside so the spit wouldn't flow as much when he was blowing that close-coupled E-flat cornet. He always had one of them in his mouth jammed up against his front teeth.

So he started for Main Street bowing and

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Get Off My Chest

Downtrodden introvert addresses a few pithy sentences to some people around town who've given him a pain

by STACY JONES

▪ SATIRE ▪

To Mr. Harvey Gilmore:

Sir: I must ask you not to finish any more of my sentences. I like to utter half statements, suspending them with a shrug, an outward movement of the hands, or a grimace intended to be significant. I often do it to convey a delicate impression, and sometimes I just get tired of an idea and wish I had never brought the matter up. When I am thinking of two or three other and more important things, and trail off in the middle of a sentence, I hate to be recalled to myself and your presence by your own appended conclusion. You are particularly bad at reconstructing other people's dependent clauses. Just take hold of the solid part, and let the rest dangle.

It will be best if you try not to give a damn what my conversation means anyhow.

I am, etc.

* * *

To Mrs. William Meevy:

Madam: You frequently look at me with a virginal indignation, as if I had committed a mental and visual assault upon your person. I suppose I *have* stared at you. But I must explain that my interest in your legs is not because I consider them especially shapely, but because I suspect you of being knock-kneed. When you walk, I sometimes notice a silken sound as one limb passes the other. Tell me: Do you interfere? Is it hard on stockings?

I shall treat your reply in confidence, and with sympathy, inasmuch as I am inclined to trouble of the kind myself.

I am, etc.

* * *

To Mr. F. X. Matthew:

Sir: I do not like your soft mustache, or your appearance of being padded in felt. People tell me you are sensitive, and have done something about poetry, and can play the violin. Your sensitiveness and art are all very well, but I wish you would stand before the mirror a few mornings and practice speaking *through* and *beyond* your mustache. I can't bother leaning over and holding my ear in front of your face to hear a few of your precious words, and I am tired of seeing your expression turn black when I don't understand your mumbling.

Only once have I seen you smile; you were sitting in a corner with a woman, and she laughed. Afterwards I asked her what you had said, or what she had said, but she didn't know. For several years I believed the statements of others, that you were brilliant and charming, but reserved. Unless you can get over, with a megaphone or otherwise, a little brilliance or charm I must retain my impression that you are a twirp.

I wish you would get drunk and boisterous, or try to sell me insurance.

I am, etc.

* * *

To Mr. Clarence Maddison:

Sir: I don't in the least object to your being a man of property, but I do object to your being stuffy about it. I used to have a little substance myself, and I liked it.

I know that you inherited some money, that you have several times failed at business but saved your own skin, and that you live in the hope that a wealthy uncle will leave you a large slice of his fortune. I know that you are at great pains to keep from him word of your alcoholic bouts and your domestic fights. You didn't tell me these things, but news travels. I really don't care about any of them, however.

What I object to is your pompous manner of discussing your "interests," your "family," your "investments," your "place in the country." You laugh occasionally, but never at yourself. If you would only take down your hair and admit you're a bit of an ass, like the rest of us, I might be able to stand you.

I am, etc.

* * *

To Mrs. Norton Russo:

Madam: When I got home tonight my wife informed me that she had accepted on behalf of both of us an invitation from you to attend a party at your house Thursday evening in honor of somebody from your home town, who is a very darling person, and so clever. I gather that you have invited a variety of people with nothing in common except the geographical accident of residence. I take this means of canceling our acceptance, and trust that my explanation will prove satisfactory.

To begin with, I hate to put on dinner clothes, and in the presence of strangers I perspire freely, and my voice disappears. I never willingly talk to anyone I haven't known for at least five years. When I am nervous, as in such situations, I eat too much, in order to have something to do with my hands and face. I cannot sing or play bridge, and my small talk is largely personalities. Strangers early discover my helplessness, and it brings out the bully in them. Finally, you never serve anything to drink, and even if you did the only result, so far as I am concerned, would be to make me damper and less articulate.

I am, etc.

* * *

Tony Palazzo

To Mrs. Emily Blockhouse:

Madam: In your mind, time stopped when you weighed 119 pounds and men at neighboring tables used to maneuver so as to face you. You think and act and talk as you did fifteen years ago, and I regard it as a friendly deed to point out that your manner is somewhat incongruous with the Emily of today.

I notice that when you applied for the renewal of your driving license you put down white, female, black hair, brown eyes, 119 pounds. You didn't fudge the year of your birth, but I don't know what you would do if you had to state your age in years. Perhaps you haven't weighed yourself in a decade but surely you must have torn a good many pages off the calendar.

My wife tells me there was a little difficulty for a time when you went shopping for clothes. Shoes, I understand, have offered no difficulty because you are still a 4-B, but dresses tested the diplomacy of the sales clerks. You used to start looking at the 14's in the racks, and the saleswomen would suggest something perhaps more sophisticated. After a while they got to know you better, and brought out the proper sizes without saying anything. I understand you gave up the Junior Misses department because, as you told your husband, they had simply no variety in that department any more at all.

My suggestion is that you go and take a good, stiff insurance examination. Let the

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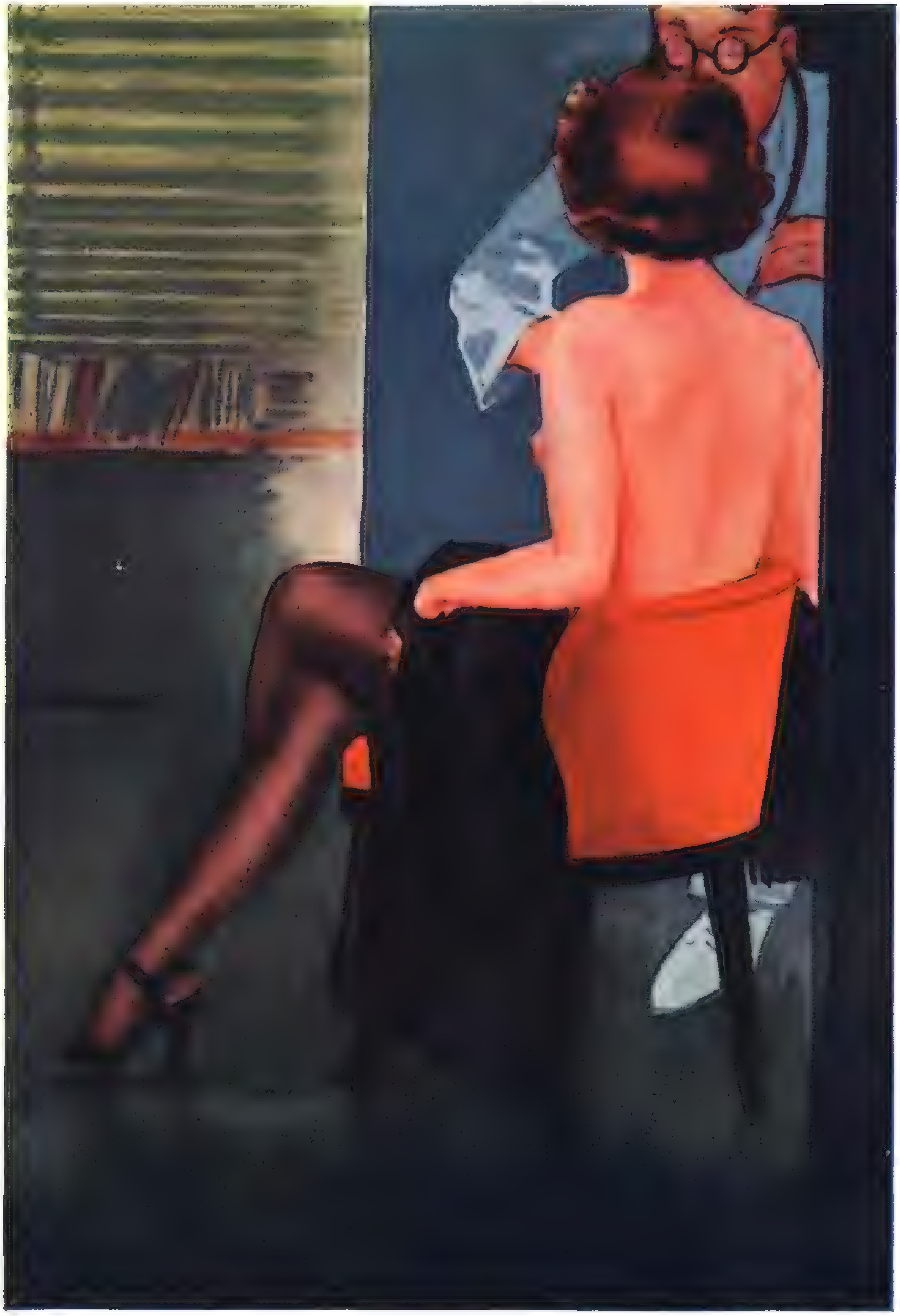
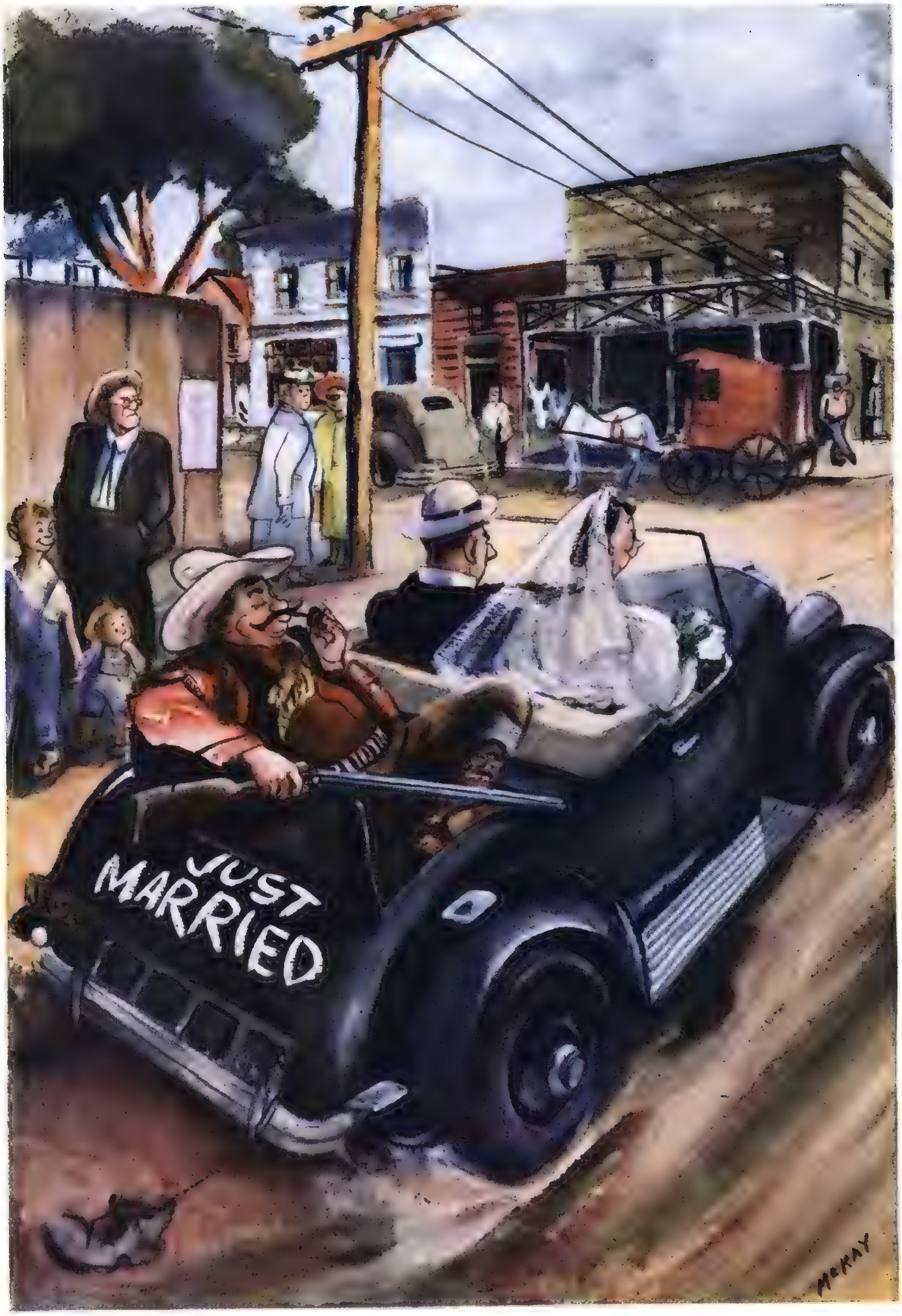


"It isn't my heart that's thumping like that doctor—it's yours"


JUST MARRIED
McKAY

Talking Turkey

If there is one meal that may be called typically American it is the annual feast at Thanksgiving

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

• POTABLES •

As near as we can come to it, the first Thanksgiving dinner was a hit and miss affair. Governor Bradford of the little Pilgrim group in 1621 told off four of the men to go out and shoot the wild turkeys that were eating up all the black peas they had planted back of the settlement. The men came back with enough wild fowl to last the camp a week, and the Indians, coming up to see what all the shooting was for, were told about the old custom back home of celebrating November 5th as a day of thanksgiving because the gunpowder plot blew up. The red boys thought it was a good idea and whacked in with five deer and a few bushels of maize they had been holding out to make a trade for hard cider.

The first celebrants didn't have much to be thankful for. Half of the company of one hundred and two had died, the peas dried up, and they had only twenty acres of barley to harvest.

But things being relative, even in those days, they decided they had a good break and didn't care to go back from where they came.

In 1632 Governor Winthrop thought they ought to have several days of thanksgiving and so the custom stuck. The narrowing it down to one day came along later when a colony at East Hampton decreed that "the first Thursday after the cows come home from Montauk Point" would be the time for the official date.

There was long grass at Montauk and the cows stayed with it until the first frost appeared and the settlers shooed the cows into the barn.

After the Colonials had kicked the British in their scarlet breeches and set out on their own, the national observance day began to take on form and luster. One of the first records obtainable tells of a Thanksgiving dinner for twelve, that being a normal-sized family of the period, 1795. It was served in a Boston home and consisted of: two turkeys roasted, two hams boiled in cider, two tenderloins of beef, one venison pie, one golden salmon, sausages, fried apples, pumpkin pie, plum pudding with rum sauce, fruit tarts, pickles, preserves, brandied peaches, apple butter and bottles and bottles of fine old Madeira wine.

Compare with that the official dinner of the President of the United States as served at the White House:

Oyster Cocktail Saltines
Clear soup with sherry
Curled celery, toast fingers, olives
Roast turkey, chestnut dressing, cranberry jelly
Deerfoot sausages
String beans, escalloped sweet potatoes, apple
Grapefruit and orange salad
Cheese straws. Pumpkin pie, ice cream, coffee

We often hear that there is no such thing as an American school of cooking. The facts, however, would indicate that what might have been an American school has gone through the general melting pot and taken on the various shades and tastes of its incoming citizens. We eat less than did our ancestors, due to better housing, heating and diminished manual labor, and we seem to have refined the menus of the original settlers as new foods came along and as the dietitians got in their work. But if there is one meal that can be said to be typically American it must be the annual feast of Thanksgiving. From Maine to California the native sits down to about the same meal eaten by the great white father. With transportation of foodstuffs being what it is, there is slight variation among the forty-eight states. Considerable recent research has convinced us of that.

From Captain Harvey Delano comes a copy of the dinner served on Thanksgiving on the United States Ship *Idaho*, pride of the fleet:

Bluepoint Cocktail
Celery Olives Pickles
Roast Young Turkey with
Chestnut Stuffing
Hot Biscuits
Jellied Cranberries
Giblet Gravy
Candied Sweet Potatoes
with Sliced Oranges
Black-Eyed Peas
Waldorf Salad
Mixed Nuts Raisin Clusters
Ice Cream Macaroons
Café Noir

The behaviorists tell us that all our patterns, taste included, are formed in childhood. That doesn't leave room for the tribe of gourmets who can enjoy any food that is good. We string along with them to the extent of the annual native dinner, harking back with a supercharge of nostalgia to the sort of dinner we were brought up to expect. In a land where the yellowing pumpkin and the myriad fruits of the field meant something visually, the occasion took on an added zest. It seems to me now that weeks went into the preliminary discussions and preparations. God knows why. The dinner never varied. To add one thing would have been unheard of, and to leave one thing out would have been treason that would have brought forth yowls of youthful protest.

Being a prohibition state, there was no liquor to speak of. That necessitated the *père* making a trip to the local pharmacist, who, after having had the case explained, would produce at least a pint of sherry and a quart of brandy. Fortunately for us nowadays, however, we aren't obliged (as was the *père*) to take whatever the local chemist happened to have on hand at the moment. Rather, with our palate and pocketbook as our only conscience, having already determined what appeals to us, we can enter well-stocked stores and demand our favorite brands with every assurance of getting them, without any attempt on the part of the dealer to switch our preference.

The dinner began at two o'clock and ended when the participants couldn't lift the fork. First there were cream of tomato soup, celery, olives and salted almonds, a roasted freshly killed turkey, stuffed with oyster dressing, mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes, cranberry sauce, watermelon rind pickled, brandied peaches, homemade currant and grape jelly, pumpkin pie, mince pie with Wisconsin cream cheese, coffee and Southern biscuits. The last touch was homage to the head of the house who hailed from Kentucky and abhorred cold bread. Now and then he was known to sneak out and get a portion of the plum pudding which had been made and set away for the Yuletide. But that was considered out of bounds, and no lesser member of the family dared follow suit. The brandy went into the peaches, the sherry into a hard sauce for the pie.

Connecticut, of the original thirteen colonies, seems to harbor the native traditions better than most of the other states. The nutmeg corner is dotted with tea houses and inns that dote on following the gustatory tradition on that one day. We have sampled many of them; one of the pleasantest is the

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Call Me Stanley

He was a handsome fellow, brave and chivalrous, who'd never be found serving maple-nut sundaes

by ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

FICTION

EDDIE HENDERS hated being called Eddie. He hated equally being called Edward, which was the name his father used. His real friends called him Ed; that was a little less bad, yet he did not like it any too well. For some reason, obscure and painful, he was not at ease with the name Edward or with any of its derivations—Ed, Eddie, Ned, Neddie, Eduardo, Eddie-boy or that particularly detestable one, Ediskovitch, which some bright friend of his had invented. They all stank in his nostrils. They made him unhappy—just the same way he had been unhappy as a kid when some other youngster tried to make him believe that he was an adopted child; and only his mother's solemn and tearful assurance to the contrary had comforted him.

His father's name was Edward Henders; his own was Edward Henders, Jr. He hated not having a name all to himself. He had never confessed this to anyone—not even to his mother—but he had a secret longing for the name of Stanley. Stanley, Stan, Stan Old Top—those would be good names. Then a fellow could feel at home with himself. But who could feel at home when at any moment somebody might call you Eddie or Edward? The one sounded like a name for a dog, the other like the name of a public building.

When he was jerking sodas at the long counter in the front part of Henders' Drug Store, he did not mind very much having his father call out to him: "Edward, did you remember to take in an extra fifty pounds of ice this morning? We're getting pretty low, Edward." What he really minded was when in the afternoon about four o'clock a couple of pretty girls from High School would come in, talking to each other about their own secrets, and say: "Two chocolate banana sundaes, please, Eddie." For his secret name was Stanley—and these girls didn't know that—and how could he ever tell them? How could he ever tell anybody?

His life was rather limited by the confines of Henders' Drug Store. The larger world was far away, and unattainable. He did not read the papers much; there was not much in them that interested him. Just strikes and Hitler and a flood somewhere and general improvement in conditions and something about some Russians raising some kind of rows of their own. All this meant nothing to him. His sole escape was into the dream of himself as Stanley.

How well he knew Stanley! Stanley was tall, black-browed, with a firm jutting chin and biceps like those of a prize fighter. Stanley had no shynesses; Stanley was afraid of nothing. He could bend a one-inch iron bar in his bare hands, while lovely girls looked on and drew in their breath in admiration; he could stroll nonchalantly down the street, never once looking into the shop windows to see if his reflection showed anything wrong with his clothes. Stanley was not only perfectly self-possessed; he was also courteous, kind and considerate; behind his black eyebrows dwelt a golden heart. Stanley often helped old ladies to find their way through dangerous traffic, and he had once or twice risked his life as he seized children out from under the wheels of buses, wiped off their frightened tears with his immaculate handkerchief, and then gone away, sternly shaking his head when dozens of excited reporters begged him to disclose his name and have his photograph taken.

Out of such dreams, he would be summoned back to real life by a cheery voice saying: "A maple-nut sundae, please, Eddie the Ed!" And Stanley ceased to exist. Only Eddie remained, sadly alone with Eddie.

On this particular afternoon, he was not thinking of Stanley at all, but was very busy being a useful and practical Eddie. He had gone into the back of the store and was unpacking some new soda glasses and ice cream saucers that had come that morning from Sears, Roebuck. Gee, but those fellows knew how to pack! Out of six dozen pieces, not one was broken. Just as he was thinking about this, a glass slipped out of his hand and crashed to fragments on the floor.

He swept up the mess—it wasn't a serious matter, for the glasses cost only two cents apiece—and returned to the front of the store. There he saw something that was pretty serious. The afternoon mail had arrived, and he was horrified to see that his father was unwrapping a small oblong package—whose contents could be only one thing, and that thing was Eddie's most private secret. He almost dropped the whole pile of glasses and saucers which he was carrying.

Eddie had ordered this package a week ago. It contained nothing wicked; it was just his secret. For several days he had been on the lookout for its arrival. And now, as bad luck would have it, there stood his father behind the counter, tearing open the package with his thick spatulate thumbs. It was quite clear to Eddie that Mr. Henders had mistaken the package for one of the many that arrived daily addressed to Henders' Drug Store.

Eddie stared in silence as he saw his father remove the wrapper, examine the neat little box, and lift the cover. There lay a stack of fresh white calling cards. Mr. Henders lifted one out and read aloud the inscription.

"Mr. E. Stanley Henders."

A puzzled frown darkened on his forehead. "Who is Mr. E. Stanley Henders? We haven't any relative named Stanley, so far as I know."

He looked again at the wrapper. "Why, it's addressed to you, Edward! But why are they sending you the cards of this E. Stanley Henders?"

Eddie said: "They're for me. I thought it would be kind of fun to have a middle name. They were only a dollar, I saw them advertised in a magazine."

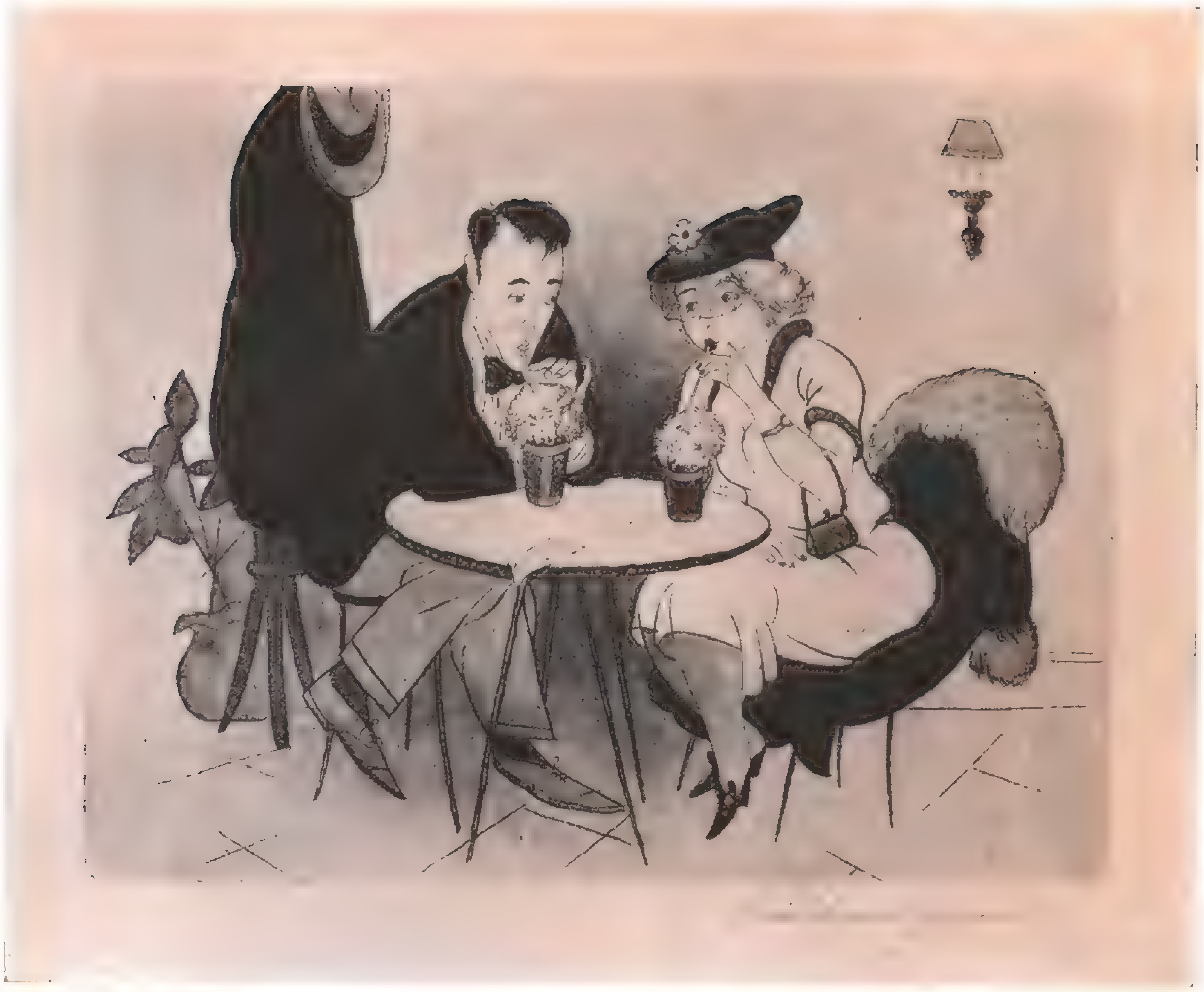
Mr. Henders' expression changed rapidly from astonishment through incredulity to sullen wrath. "Oh, you did, did you! So the name your mother and father gave you isn't good enough for you, isn't it? So you think you've got to put on airs? 'Mr. E. Stanley Henders!' It's simply disgusting. What will people think? Why don't you change your name to 'The Right Honorable F. Algernon Montague-Montgomery,' while you're about it?"

He flung the box of cards down on the counter and stalked away to his desk in the back room. Eddie heard him muttering. "Mr. E. Stanley Henders! Mr. E. Stanley Henders!" And after a moment Mr. Henders called out bitterly: "And be sure to order a cane and a monocle and a stovepipe hat and some of those spats, too!" Then Mr. Henders pretended to forget the whole matter, as he busied himself with his accounts.

Eddie's spirits were low. He had not intended to show these calling cards to a living soul: they were to be merely his secret consolation and pride. And here his father had spoiled everything. A feeling of indignation against his father—a sense of personal outrage which he usually managed to bury very deep inside himself—now rose to the surface. At that moment, he would gladly have killed his father.

Yet as the dangerous moment passed, Eddie knew that his father hadn't really meant to do this to him. His father was not a dishonorable man; he would not have opened Eddie's mail save by mistake; and he was usually a kind man. But of course his temper was ungovernable: he was used to being the boss, and he didn't tolerate easily the thought of anybody having an idea which was not exactly like his own—and once he had opened and seen the cards, he could no more ignore them than a moth could ignore a flame.

Eddie's helpless murderous fury subsided, and left him with only a sense of emptiness and ridiculousness. He felt that from now on Mr. Henders would consider him even more ineffective and untrustworthy than usual. At times in the past, he had wondered whether his father was not right. Eddie knew that he was often confused and perplexed by this business of running a drug store—every detail of which Mr. Henders had at his finger tips. As Mr. Henders endlessly repeated: "I started in to work at the age of nine, and I've been working ever since; and here you've



AQUATINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN

been given a chance to go through the whole of High School—and now that you're out, and are nineteen years old, you know less than I did at nine." Eddie hated to hear his father make this statement, for its combination of a certain amount of truth with an obvious lie stirred up in him all over again a painful distrust of his father's intellectual honesty.

But there was no use thinking about those matters now. With a hang-dog feeling, Eddie slipped the fatal box of calling cards into his coat pocket and returned to his soda counter. Again he heard the hateful words, spoken pleasantly by a girl who had just come in: "A vanilla sundae, please, Edisco the Ed, with nuts and raisins and chocolate sauce—and just a little strawberry ice cream on top."

That evening when he went home to supper, he was rather silent and his father was rather silent; but his mother kept up her usual pleasant talk. Her unperturbed manner made him sure that nothing had been said to her about the catastrophe of the afternoon, and that his father was going to pretend that the thing had never happened. Ed was glad of that; he didn't want to discuss the matter even with his mother, for he could hardly explain his own action in ordering the "Mr. E. Stanley Henders" cards. And he was also ashamed of the way his father had behaved. For the thousandth time, he felt that this man was unbearable. Deep in his heart he wanted, desperately wanted, to be proud of his father—but how could you be proud of a parent who thought of nothing except the prices of things, and who was all the time flying into futile rages over matters that weren't any of his business?

But you couldn't talk about a thing like this to your mother, could you?—no matter how understanding she was. After all, this was your father. You just had to take it on the chin, and keep your mouth shut.

After supper, Ed said he thought he would go to the movies. Mr. Henders grunted an ambiguous sound, as if he wanted to object but didn't quite dare. He merely said: "Well! I wouldn't care to go, myself. Why anybody should want to go to that hot place on a night like this, instead of staying at home on a nice cool porch with his family is beyond me!" Ed did not reply. Mrs. Henders said: "Well, have a nice time, boy!" He went out.

As he walked downtown through the early summer dusk, he reflected that perhaps he was ungrateful. Of course, he did have a nice home, and his mother's cooking was fine, and he ought to be mighty thankful that his family didn't live in a horrible dirty tenement the way Bert McGrath's family did. But just the same, he was always eager to get away from home and go almost anywhere. At home he had to be Edward; but it was Stanley who now walked past the lighted shop windows toward the movies. And Stanley was the sort of fellow who might some day have remarkable and exciting things happen to him.

As he was standing in line before the ticket window, adventure and romance and beauty came and looked him squarely in the eyes. There, right ahead of him in the line, stood a small dark-haired girl of his own age, who was fumbling in her purse for the necessary silver. Her expression changed from intentness to surprise, and then to disappointment. It was quite obvious that she had forgotten to bring any money with her. With an air of dejection she slipped quietly out of the line.

Ed looked at her pleasant disappointed face. It seemed to him a shame that this should have happened to so nice a girl. What would Stanley do under these circumstances? Ed knew, and rose to the occasion. Respectfully lifting his hat, he addressed the girl in his most dignified manner.

"Madam, I guess you forgot your money. Let me buy your ticket for you. You can pay me back, anytime you're passing Henders' Drug Store. I work there."

"Oh!" She looked at him, uncertain. Then she smiled. "Why, that's grand of you. I'll do just that. I don't know why I forgot to bring any money. I'm just stupid, I guess. And I certainly would hate to miss this picture."

"So would I!"

She had dark eyes. Ed was aware that they were eyes that saw a good deal, for young eyes, and that she had perceived that he wasn't a masher before she accepted his offer. That pleased him. He felt very brotherly at once. That was the way Stanley would feel and behave toward an unprotected girl who was caught in a crisis. He bought two tickets.

"Here we go!" he said, and just touching her elbow in Stanley's most refined manner, he steered her through the crowd in the lobby. They entered the darkened movie-house, where the preliminary film was beginning. "Over here to the right—here's two seats. Or do you like better to sit way at the front?"

"No, that's just where I like to sit. How smart of you to see them! They're the only two left back here."

They groped their way across the knees of half a dozen earlier arrivals, and she sat down beside him. Since he could not see her face at all in the darkness, he devoted his entire attention to the pictures. He found it very interesting to watch these world events of skiing in Switzerland, and President Roosevelt

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The Elegant Art of Pub-Crawling

The closing hours keep you moving, but London is rich in bars all the way from Limehouse to Earl's Court

by BOB BROWN

• ARTICLE •

ETCHING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

LAST summer, in London, temperamental English friends led me to The Plough, a public house or "pub" then the rave. It was crowded to the gunwales with conversational couples, artists and writers, during the few hours it could legally function at different times of day. And there we ploughed through piles of tasty pork and veal pies, Melton Mowbrays and such, plopping them down with silver tankards of gaseous "bitter." We discussed the arts, burped politely behind the hand, and got quite a kick rubbing elbows with that whole colorful barful fighting for the privilege of paying sixpence a pint.

Suddenly there was a great stir and commotion of people throwing things about, and it took me as long to catch on as it does to tag some English gags—like the barroom sign "Five Pounds Sterling paid for 1933 pennies," (that many pennies being worth $38.66). So I just watched things over the rim of my tankard and tried to figure out why everybody was twisting up copper and silver coins in gaily colored bits of gummed paper smilingly supplied by the barmaids. They'd lick the mucilage, wind up and then throw that little wad of money with all their might at the ceiling, where it stuck, helping to make pretty starry patterns.

An odd, Alice in Wonderland game, thought I, but soon I got the spirit of it and found myself searching pockets for ha'pennys and sixpenny bits. I, too, wrapped them up and had my fling. I didn't get anything back and had no idea what it was all about, but it was kind of fun and didn't cost much, what with the high cost of pub-crawling. At last, when I didn't have another farthing, I changed a shilling at the bar in order to carry on and asked the proprietor to explain the game.

"Charity," he said, "horspital, horphanage," naming some regal combination of patronage and orphan's home, "all w'at sticks goes to them."

His quick eye caught me rolling a cigarette out of some long-haired Turkish tobacco I'd just brought back from a trip to the Soviet. "'Ere! 'Ave this!" he took down a bag of Bull Durham from a mug hook and tossed it across the bar. "Hit's been quite a curiosity around 'ere. One of your American sailors gave hit to me the other d'y, but 'ow would I know 'ow to snuff hit?"

Our little party left the steaming Plough with reluctance as soon as a Valkyrian chorus of "Time, Gentlemen! Time, Please!" rang out from the barmaids with the boss hammering an anvil chorus with his bung-starter. And then, since it was but 10 p. m. we headed for sections of the city where bars were still open. But almost as fast as we got to them they closed up on us and as midnight neared the game grew intricate. It seemed we had used up three of our last moves already and by bungling into a closed ward had been penalized a couple of hammer throws. But in this form of rounding, as in everything else British, we had to play up to the rules and when somebody suggested we finish at a greengrocer's market which opened early, somebody else remarked cuttingly, "Oh, come along to the Club. We always speak of finishing up out there, but only an American would actually carry it through."

So we called it a day and crawled off by cab to a private club where the turkey-cock butler clucked around with a bottle of Scotch Red Hackel and splits of soda, asking, "Just a splash, Sir?"

I'd been looking forward to this night ever since noon, when our Soviet steamer had nosed down the Thames to land us right at London Bridge. A fellow-passenger, one of those coral-tipped English girls, was standing beside me at the rail, picking out familiar landmarks along the way, and as we passed the sluggish wharves of Limehouse, which were just beginning to get active with munitions shipping, her eyes lit with an interest that doesn't take fire from lemon squash or tea.

"There! There! That's Charlie Browne's place," she cooed—"and from here on, for a stretch of five or six miles, almost up to London Bridge, you can get some of the very best pub-crawling in all London." She spoke as casually as an American girl saying, "You can get a swell soda at Shrafft's." But for me there's was a whole lot behind her enthusiasm, since I knew that trek well, having made it at least once in each of my last three decades—yea, thirty years of living color it meant to me, stretching from Limehouse on to the Wheatsheaf Tavern in Shoe Lane and then all the way out to Jack Straw's Castle on Hampstead Heath where the Spaniards *salud* each other. The whole itinerary or "crawl" phosphorescent with alcoholic flares lighting up an occasional "port nose" at the Fleet Street Bodega where we used to sit around on full and empty kegs from Oporto and Cadiz polishing off fiery balls of "tawny" beside the green-eyed cat and winking fireplace of "cannel" coal in big bright blocks. Yea, bo, those were the days—several months or years in every decade devoted to spasmodic night-rounding at sundry Poet's Pubs, Painter's Pubs (like The Plough), Bricklayer's Arms, Elephant and Castle, Bird-in-Hand; White Harts, Red Lions and White Horses beyond count, set snug and handy everywhere from Limehouse to Earl's Court.

"And what do you think of The Six Bells?" asked that coral-tipped girl.

"Positively one of the jolliest pubs in Chelsea," she glowed.

Such a precocious little pub-crawler! Mouth-watering wisdom flowing from the thirsting mouths of babes and sub-debs. It took me back ten years, to the time I was publishing the *British-American* on Fleet Street and our fluffy society editress outcrawled the whole staff. At that time Thomas Burke himself had offered to treat a party of us Americans to one of his own Limehouse nights. But that party never did come off, so all I know about Burke's tavern predilections is what I read in his book *Will Someone Lead Me To a Pub?* a pocket-size primer which, so far as I know, has never been published in America.

So after saying good-bye to that Soviet steamer with its aurora borealis of vodkas, lightning flashes of aquavit and rosy South Russian wines, I refreshed several of my parched senses by dipping into Burke, in the correct lounge of the old Friend-at-Hand behind the Russel Square Hotel.

Here everything was stimulatingly familiar, as polite as the private parlor of the late lamented Leicester Lounge or any South American house of joy. That old paneled

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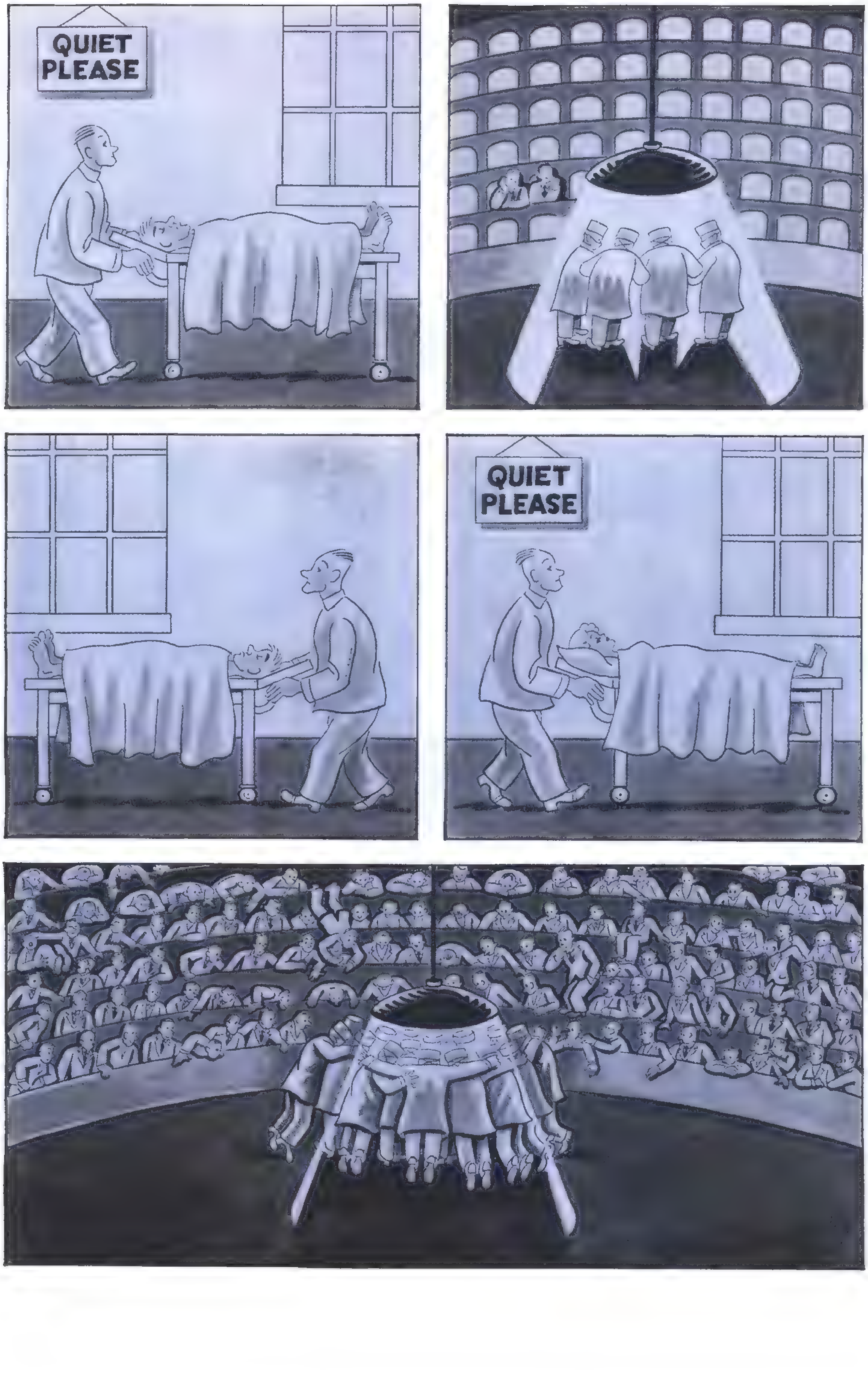
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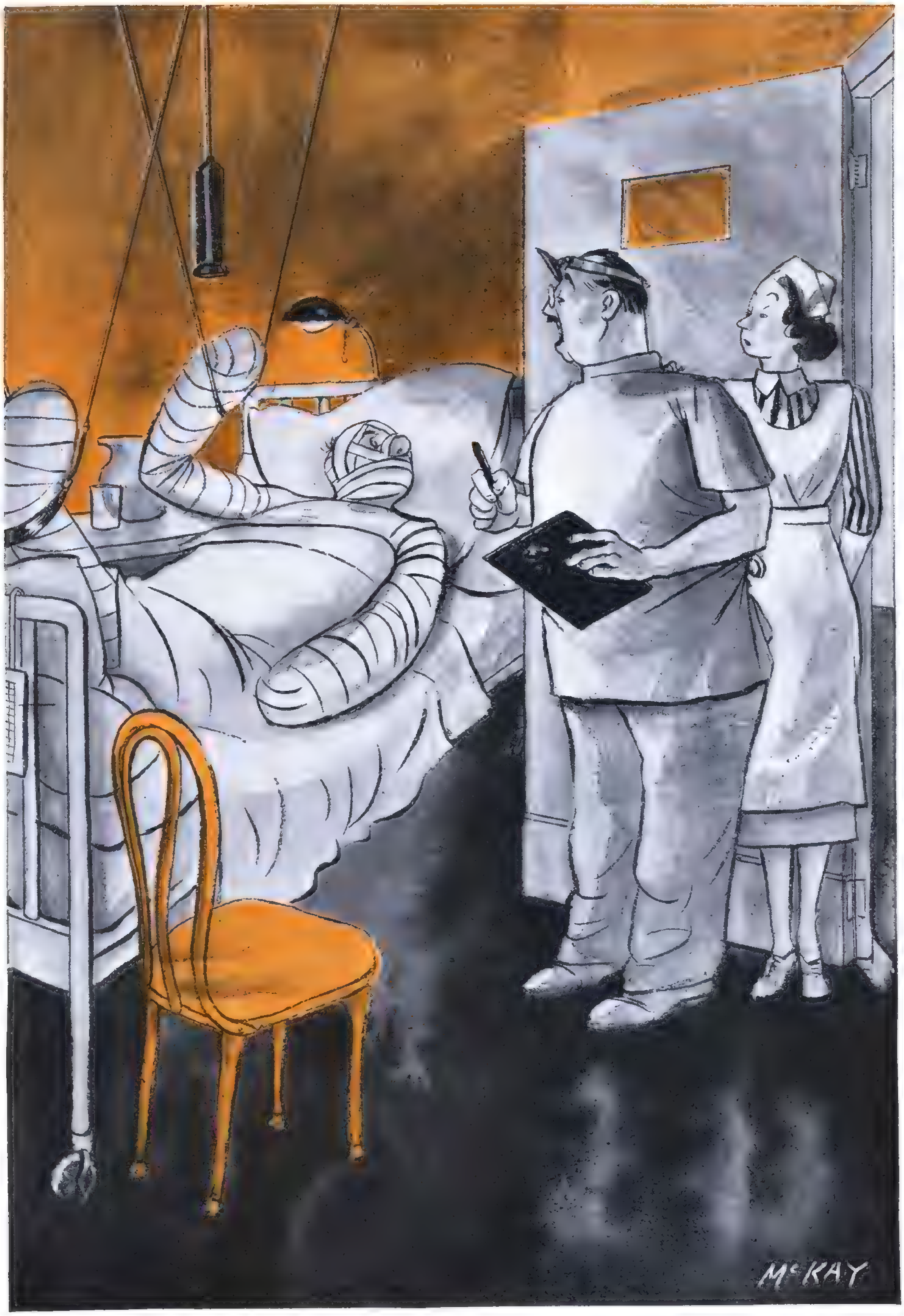

"Have you ever been vaccinated?"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Pointing out the paradox: that the sourest actors sometimes get their audiences most handily and vice versa

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

THE present theatrical season is still in its infancy, but one thing is safely predictable and that is that, as in every season in the past, there will be more nonsense talked and written about the business of acting than any other subject, save perhaps only the orchestration of musical show scores, the youthful beauty of our older actresses, and the great good accomplished by the Federal Theatre in augmenting theatrical audiences through the instrumentality of bad plays and worse productions. Acting, however, will unquestionably, as always, get the heaviest play, because the dumber anyone is the more he feels himself privileged and qualified to discuss it, and not entirely without reason. For few people, including actors, know much about the matter and even what the few know is open to question.

When I say that few actors know much about acting I intend neither facile paradox nor specious insult. What I mean is that, while actors may here and there know a great deal about the subject, their knowledge is often confined largely to the other side of the stage's fourth wall, that is, to acting as a craft of and within itself and with small relation to its audience effect. It is for this reason that actors themselves frequently admire performances of their fellows that audiences and critics have small respect for. And it is for this reason also that you will rarely encounter an actor who believes that that performance of his which audiences and critics consider his best is his best. Thus, for example, having seen Sir Cedric Hardwicke in at least a dozen performances both here and abroad and having believed and written that his Canon in *Shadow and Substance*, which was greeted with unanimous acclaim by audiences and critics, was equally to my mind the best of them all, I was not in the least surprised when he subsequently informed me that he considered it his very poorest.

As I look at it, any acting that affects and moves an audience is good acting and any that doesn't, whatever its imposing content of technical dexterity, isn't. Some of the theoretically worst actors in Christendom have now and then made an impression upon audiences that some of the theoretically best now and then have failed to. Nor is it entirely a matter of roles. That is too easy a way out. Richard Mansfield's Jekyll and Hyde didn't thrill his customers one iota more than the ham Thomas Shea's. Lou Tellegen, one of the sourest actors it was ever my amusement to watch, got his audiences as Armand very much more handily than a half-dozen better actors who have played the role. Elisabeth Bergner, who probably knows more about the art of acting than any three Jane Cowls, could never move her audiences one-third as much with her Juliet as Jane Cowl could.

The actor, accordingly, is generally the worst possible critic of acting, save in its academic sense. And the place for acting in its academic sense is less the theatre than it is an actors' club, a player's autobiography, or a greenroom.

Although I fully appreciate that motion picture acting and stage acting are things far apart, there is a point involving the former that may not be completely out of key with and fairly relevant to the question here considered. Some months ago I attended a picture called *Mayerling*. In it Danielle Darrieux gave a performance of positive and lovely effect, as was agreed by everyone who saw it. That is, everyone but a handful of stage actors. These proclaimed loftily that her performance may have been charming and effective, but that it certainly wasn't acting. All that the rest of us can say in turn is that if it wasn't acting it was a pretty doggone good substitute for it, whatever it was, and that it seemed to us a heap better in its especial circumstance than a carload of expert Stanislavskism would have been. The same with the stage, and avaunt those actors who in one breath argue that type casting is the enemy of all true acting and in the next explain away a grantedly excellent performance on the ground that the player happened to be exactly the right type.

With no preparation for the stage other than some minor coaching in voice and reading of Shakespeare, Fanny Kemble at nineteen and upon a few weeks' notice was rushed to Covent Garden by her father, threatened with bankruptcy, to make her début as Juliet. London acclaimed her and she became the toast of the town. For two years afterward she and her performance were the rapt topic of conversation wherever people interested in the theatre gathered. Mary Anderson at sixteen played the same role in America and caused something of a public and critical sensation. The following year she appeared at the head of her own company and a year later, at eighteen, took New York with not only her Juliet, but her Parthenia, Meg Merrilies, Evadne and Bianca as well. Neither of these grand kids were heaven-sent prodigies or geniuses. Actors and scholars given to learned gabble on the value of long training, experience, technical education, etc., please write.

The whole matter of acting is enveloped with written and oral bosh. Many of our critics, in making out their lists of the best acting performances of last season, for example, placed Frank Craven in *Our Town* close up toward the top. There is no denying that Craven was admirable in his role of descriptive narrator but to contend that the performance represented acting save in its most elementary sense is to ridicule the craft of acting. Mr. Craven, in point of fact, didn't act at all, as he himself would unquestionably be the first to allow. He had no character to interpret and he interpreted no character. He simply walked out onto a stage in his own simple and agreeable person and served as compère to the play with his simple and agreeable voice. He didn't even play himself; he was himself. No character name was listed opposite his own in the programme. He was, in the playwright's own purpose, of the drama but not in it. He was, as I have said, perfect for the

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Credit to Mr. Wiman

While the theatre goes from bad to worse, Dwight Deere Wiman, who knows how to pick 'em, has had four smash hits out of five

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

About once a year when you call the office of Dwight Deere Wiman, theatrical producer, you are told that he is in Moline, Illinois. Moline, as every farmer knows, is where they make plows, and in fact Mr. Wiman got his middle name and part of his fortune from a family interest in the John Deere Company which makes steel plows in Moline. I have always understood that Mr. Wiman goes to Moline for a directors' meeting, or maybe he is only holding down his franchise as a member of the firm. If theatrical business gets worse and farm business gets better, that might be something to turn to. But theatrical business has been getting worse a long time and Mr. Wiman hasn't been much affected by it; since the beginning of 1936 he has had four smash hits out of five productions, and those four were *On Your Toes*, *Babes In Arms*, *On Borrowed Time*, and *I Married An Angel*. Theatrical business is still good for good shows.

You do not hear Mr. Wiman spoken of as a contributor to the art of the theatre; the only specialty with which his name is connected is the production of musicals late in the season, so that they run through the summer—the three musicals in the above list being the most recent ones; also he is responsible for the *Little Shows*, the first of which, in 1929, made such a tremendous impression that it took two full years before people were willing to patronize a successor—they sniffed at the second one, which wasn't bad, and even the third ran only half as long as the first. In some fourteen years, Mr. Wiman has produced some forty shows of various kinds, some trash among them, some remarkably good plays which failed, and sixteen successes, most of which were not only of superior quality, but gave a special kind of pleasure. A man upon whom you can count to give you, more than once a year, an absolutely topnotch theatrical production, satisfying the critical and pulling in the populace, deserves a salute. If Mr. Wiman's series had included half a dozen powerful and serious plays, he would be "a figure in the American theatre." Because his most important productions have been in a light vein, this special kind of accolade is withheld. He gets along reasonably well without it, and so far as I know, doesn't want anything beyond what he gets. But he has something coming to him, and for the pleasure I have had in his productions, I am willing to give it to him.

You learn a lot about a producer from his failures—and so does the producer. Once, in what must have been a painful week, Mr. Wiman opened two shows and closed them with a total of sixteen performances between them; both were written by young American playwrights who had done good work before and have done good work since: Samson Raphaelson and Paul Osborn; each had quality and both had a sort of internal weakness, they were playthings more than plays, and Mr. Wiman seems to like that, because he has produced three plays by John van Druten and a batch of other pieces which had animation more than life and gave the effect of entertaining charades at best. On the other hand, his second production, in 1925 when he was associated with William A. Brady, Jr., was *Lucky Sam McCarver*, which ran for less than a month, and had a tremendous amount of guts, a hard living center, a kind of tough-minded masculine vigor, which made it unforgettable. After fourteen years I remember its tone and atmosphere far more clearly than I do those of Sidney Howard's more recent plays. Other people feel the same way about *The Seed of the Brute*, which was Mr. Wiman's failure of 1926, and a great many people hold out for *Women Go On Forever*, a semi-success of the next year. (In its cast were Mary Boland, Osgood Perkins and James Cagney.) Mr. Wiman's failures in later years weren't quite so distinguished; he seems to have turned an important corner in every producer's life, and discovered how to make successes at least as notable as flops.

No man, even with a private fortune, lasts fourteen years in the theatre on a succession of failures. Two years after he stopped trying to make "good" moving pictures through the Film Guild, Wiman touched off his first thumping hit, *The Road to Rome;* it was satirical, smart, and lively; it made fun of stuffed shirts (disguised as togas) and implied—what I hadn't heard before—that senators and Babbitts were a little lacking in sexual enterprise.

You could have been offended at the theme, but one thing was certain: the play was beautifully cast (Jane Cowl, Philip Merivale, and Harold Moffett) and it got a smooth and swiftly-running production. From that time on, these qualities mark everything that Mr. Wiman has done, and when they are combined with certain other ones, you get the highest degree of satisfaction in the theatre.

The Wiman shows are always smart, but most of them are saved by some simplicity, or some charm, from going brittle. The one musical by Cole Porter which Wiman has done—*The Gay Divorcee*—had a totally young libretto, written by the young Dwight Taylor; it also had Fred Astaire, a mid-westerner, like his producer, who could, if he tried, take the curse of sophistication off Noel Coward and could make a musical by d'Annunzio seem wholesome—it is a great gift. The *First Little Show* collected a lot of wits for its sketches, but it also used a number of simpler talents; and if Clifton Webb is too knowing for you, it also had Fred Allen, who is not an unsubtle lad, but wouldn't have got where he is today if he didn't make you feel, all the time, that he had a good heart. If I remind you that this show was the source of *Moanin' Low* and *Can't We Be Friends?* you will see that it established the form and style of the torch song, which is a brutal charge to lay at anyone's door, but which indicates that more than a dash of sentimentality appeared in the general mixture. For myself, you can throw all the torch songs ever written (including *Night and Day* from *The Gay Divorcee*) into the nearest ashcan and give me such a song as *You Forgot Your Gloves* (from the *Third Little Show*) and I'll be quite happy. If you are going to hold the intellectual slops of the torch songs against the producer of the shows, you can put on the other side such attractions as *Sing Something Simple*, *The Lady Is a Tramp*, and the matchless score of *On Your Toes*.

Somewhere in Hollywood someone is wrestling with *On Your Toes*, to make a movie out of it; somewhere in Hollywood is, or was, Ray Bolger, who gave, in *On Your Toes*, one of the best performances I have ever seen—a grand piece of acting and a display of dancing which left experts like Paul Draper and Fred Astaire silent with admiration. So far as I know, the script and Mr. Bolger belong to two different companies—which is a pity, because there is no reason in the world why the movies shouldn't recapture and bring to millions of people the extraordinary grace and charm and wit and simplicity and high spirits which made *On Your Toes* a perfect show. Some of Irving Berlin's revues had these qualities, but they were not essentially "book shows"—musicals which carried a sustained story right through, as this one did. Some of the Kern-Wodehouse masterpieces had these qualities, but lacked the bite and tang Rodgers and Hart (plus George Abbott for the libretto) gave to this one. With these possible exceptions, *On Your Toes* stands alone—the kind of show which few have tried and none has done so well, a sort of ideal production toward which Amer-

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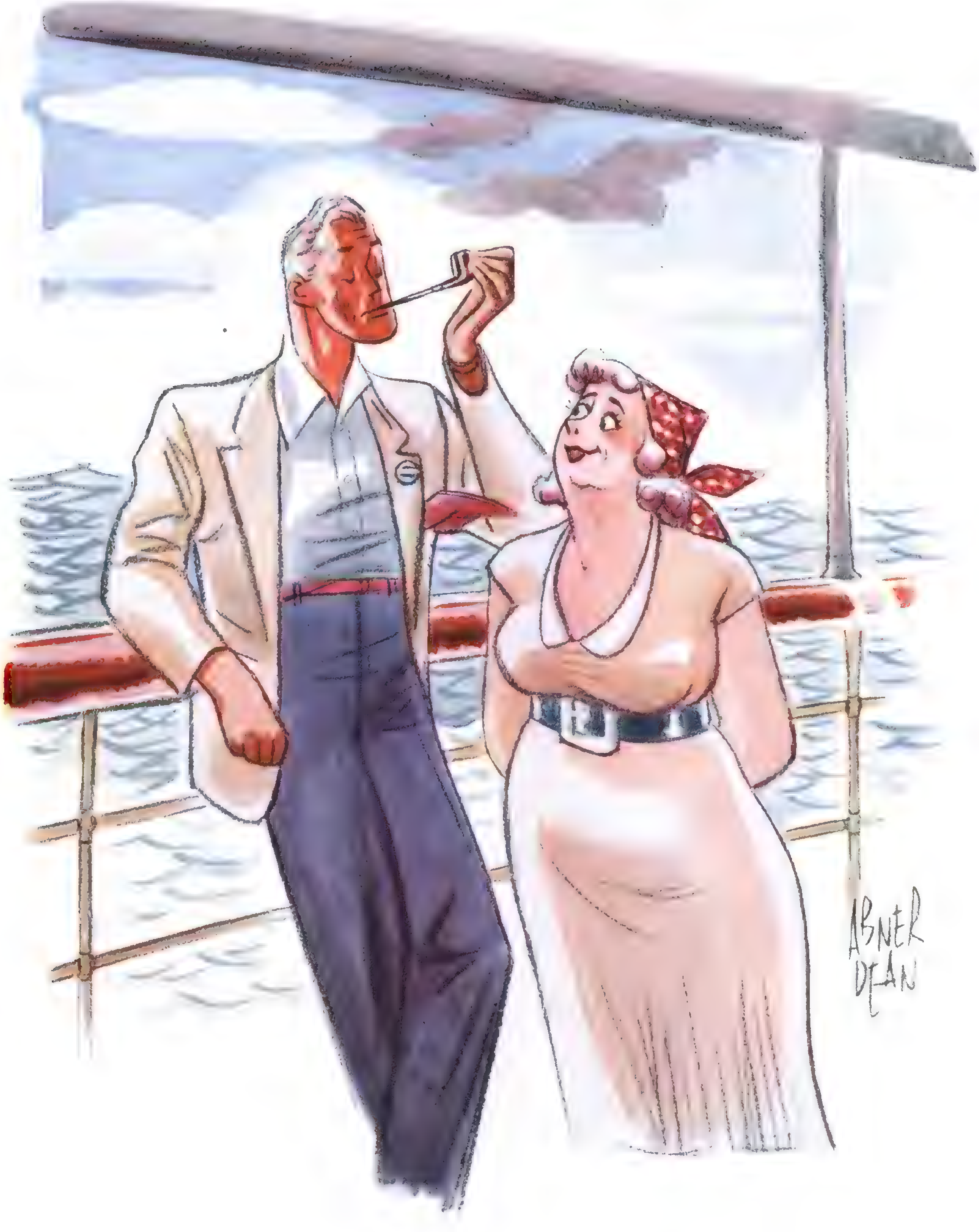


CRUISE CARGO

Adventure (by courtesy of the line)

Rah! Rah! Rah! Team!

How can the average, run-of-the-mine lug find out what team he's cheering, not to mention the blonde beside him

by DOUG WELCH

SATIRE

One of the most significant bits of news to come out of Hackensack, New Jersey, in recent months—in fact, it may be the most significant news *ever* to come out of Hackensack, for all I know—was the recent dispatch that the late Gen. Jay J. Morrow, uncle of Mrs. Charles Lindbergh, had excluded his sister, Agnes, from his will "because one of her sons sat beside me at an Army-Navy football game, in an Army seat, and cheered lustily for Navy."

I don't pretend to know anything about the incident complained of, but I should hate to think that people are beginning to remember and resent the way other people act at football games. This business of sitting on the wrong side and cheering the wrong team is an experience common to a good many persons. In fact, I distinctly recall attending one Yale-Harvard game, sitting in a Harvard seat, and cheering throughout the second half for California! My confusion grew quite naturally out of the fact that between halves the announcer had made some reference to the California-Santa Clara game at Berkeley, and all I had heard was the word "California." I left the Yale bowl that afternoon thoroughly convinced that California had just handed Harvard a doggone good trouncing, and I almost came to blows that evening with another gentleman, who had viewed the same game, and who insisted that Notre Dame had been playing Michigan. You can readily see that either of us would have been fully capable of sitting in an Army seat at an Army-Navy game, and cheering for Navy or any one of a half-dozen other schools, not excluding Vassar.

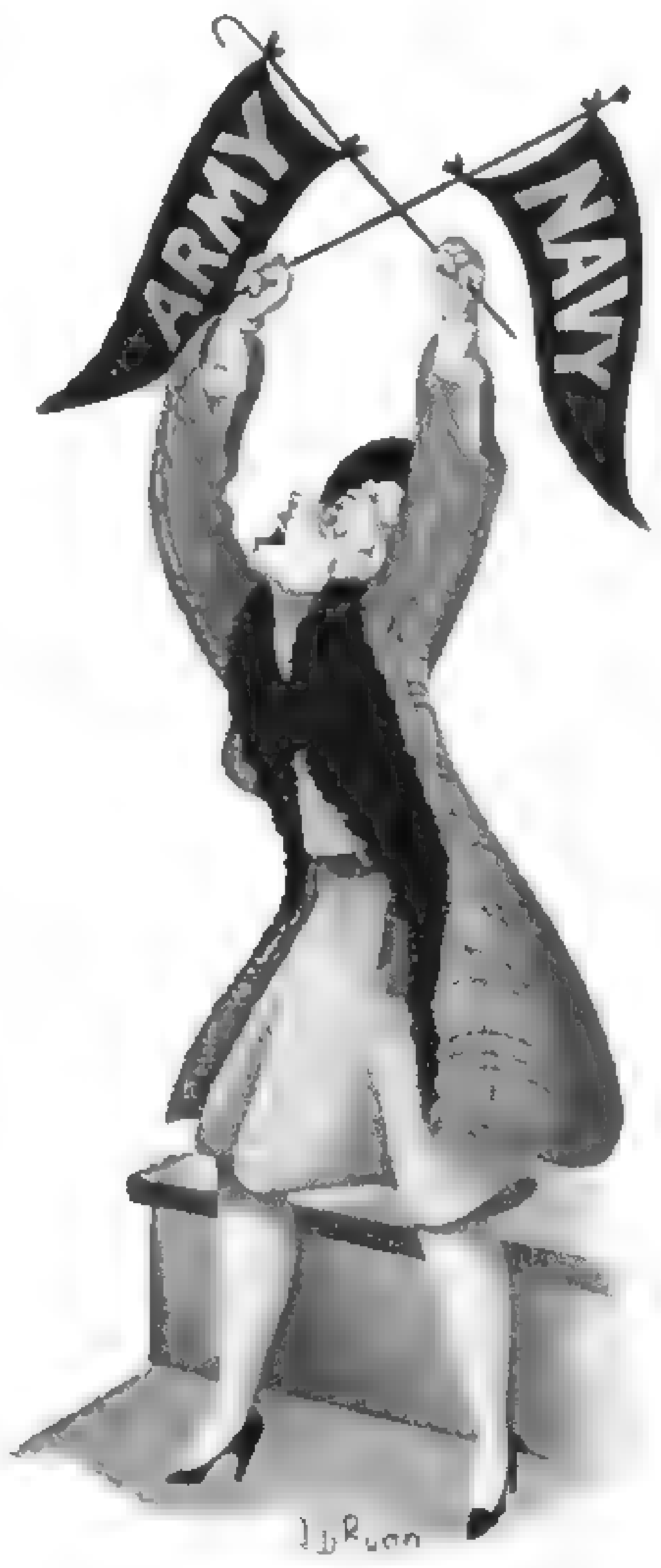
A good deal of this confusion among spectators arises, of course, out of the nasty custom of changing goals at the end of the first half (goals changed every quarter). After having oriented one's self—after having had one's own goal posts pointed out—it is a comparatively simple matter to cheer whenever the ball is being carried *away* from one's goal, and to groan whenever it is being carried *toward* one's goal. But this system is no good whatever in the second half unless one remembers that one's goal has been changed, and one reorients one's self to this new set of conditions.

The point I am making is this: the average spectator, rushing to a football game from his office, or, better still, from some cocktail bar, has neither the time nor the inclination either to orient or reorient himself toward a couple of goal posts. Generally speaking, this is also true of any blonde he may have with him. But more about blondes later.

Another cause of confusion, I think, is the similarity of appearance of all uniforms after the first ten minutes of play, particularly in a muddy field. People who don't like the way other people cheer at football games ought really to give this matter some serious thought. If the rules committee will devise some method of making players readily identifiable, I shall be glad to cheer consistently for one team or the other throughout a game. Until that day comes, however, I am afraid I shall have to continue to cheer for whatever team appears to be leading at the moment.

Another difficulty lies in the fact that the furthermost seats in some stadia are a full sleeper jump from the fifty-yard line, and news trickles back very slowly. It is not at all unusual to find persons occupying these sections cheering wildly for some brilliant play in the third quarter at the very moment the timekeeper's pistol is proclaiming the end of the contest a quarter of a mile away. I suppose now, having promised, I ought to take up the question of blondes at football games. I do this with a great deal of hesitancy, having long ago made the discovery that one of the surest ways to guarantee one's self a smooth, well-ordered life is to have nothing to do with blondes at any time. In my younger, more irresponsible days, however, I made a number of observations concerning blondes at football games, and these, I think, can be stated as general laws:

1. Blondes outnumber brunettes at almost all football games.
2. Blondes frequently do not know the name of either team playing, but have just as much fun as if they did.
3. It is no use to explain to a blonde the intricacies of some play just performed.
4. Hell hath no fury like a blonde who finds herself sitting at either end of the field.
5. At football games blondes spend most of their time waving at people they know, or pretend to know.
6. The average blonde wouldn't mind in the least if you cheered Navy at an Army-Navy game while sitting in an Army seat.



Inasmuch as about all you see of the average blonde at a football game is a fur coat, I early hit upon the system of inviting blondes according to the kind of fur coat I wished to be seen with.

I would decide, for instance, whether I wanted to take a muskrat or a mink.

Generally speaking, it costs more to take a mink coat to a football game than it does a muskrat.

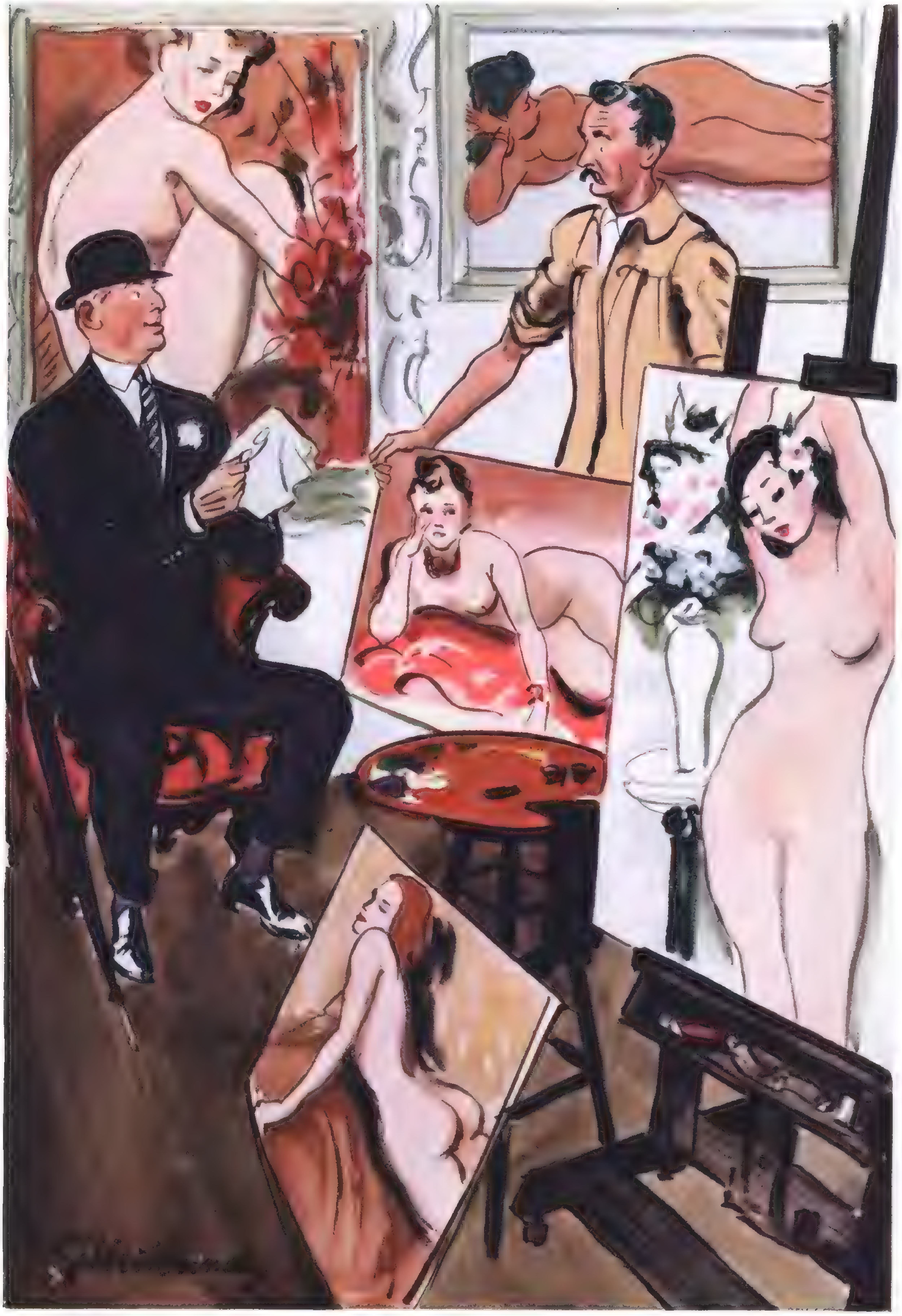
With a muskrat coat you can get by with two medium-priced seats, a couple of one-dollar table d'hote dinners and a movie afterward.

A mink coat, however, commands seats on the fifty-yard line at the game, and a night club where the cover rap amounts to not less than five dollars a copy.

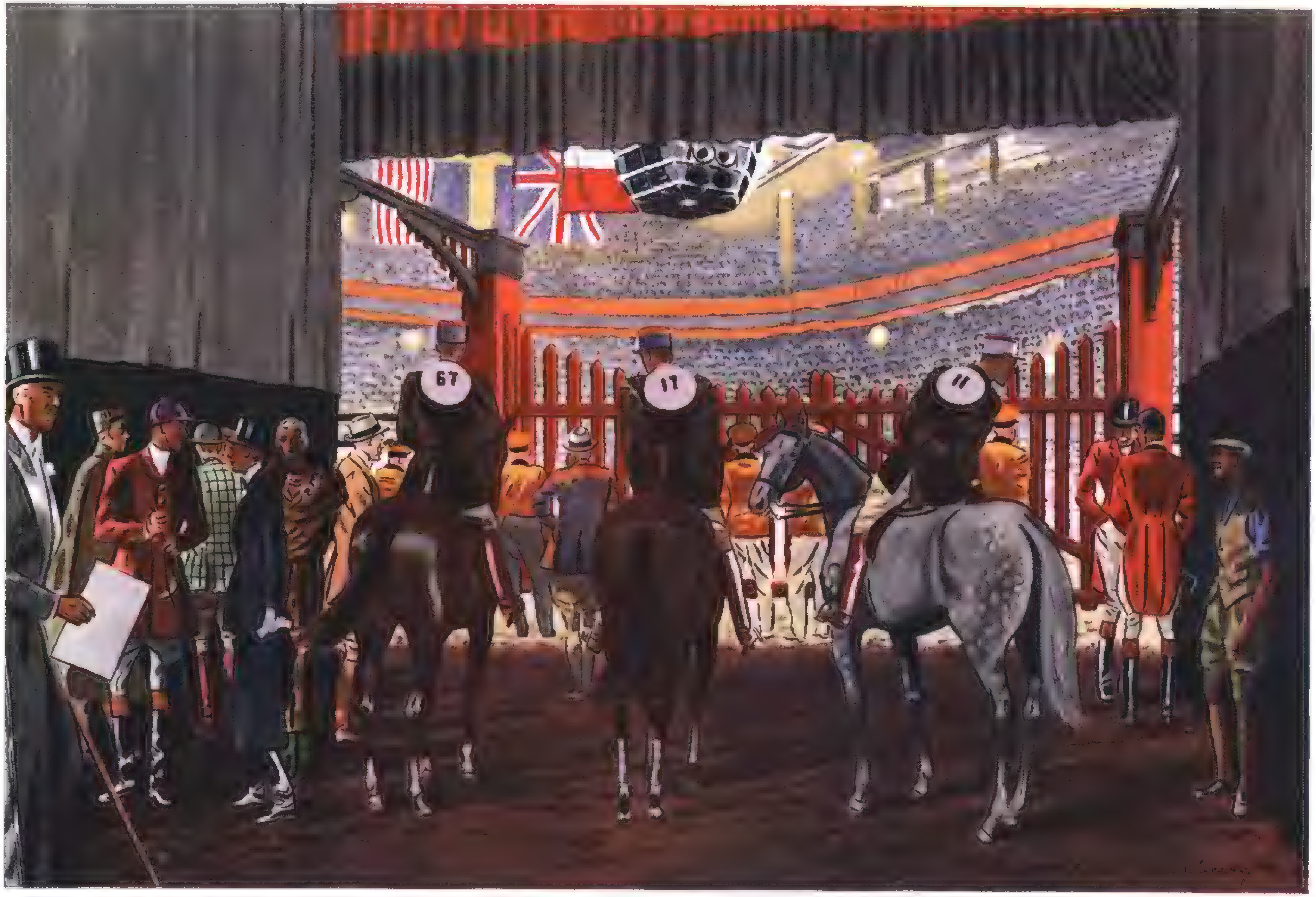
I have never taken a squirrel coat to a football game, but I imagine a squirrel coat is nearer the happy medium.

If you take a blonde who has neither a muskrat, squirrel or mink coat, it means she's got the Indian sign on you, and one of these days they'll be calling her Mrs.

I wish I could tell you something about brunettes at football games, but I married a brunette, and I have discovered that I don't know anything about them. ⧺



"I won't buy one, after all—I think I'll paint one myself"



PAINTED AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK, FOR ESQUIRE BY LESLIE SAALBURG

Competitors National Horse Show

Inside the Press Box

Despite what you see in the movies, whiskey doesn't flow from fountains and reporters don't all get stinko

by LEO FISCHER

• SPORTS •

Version No. 1 (by the average person): A lucky stiff who has nothing to do but go gallivanting around the country, writing pieces about events which less fortunate citizens must pay to see.

Version No. 2 (by the movies): A slangy, obstreperous individual, hat cocked over one ear, who tells baseball managers how to manage, football coaches how to coach and who threatens dire disaster to the jockey who doesn't boot home the nag on which the heroine has bet the family jewels.

Version No. 3 (by the editor): An ordinary guy with a bit of flair for writing, who likes to putter in a garden, play with his kids and do his work without too much fuss and bother.

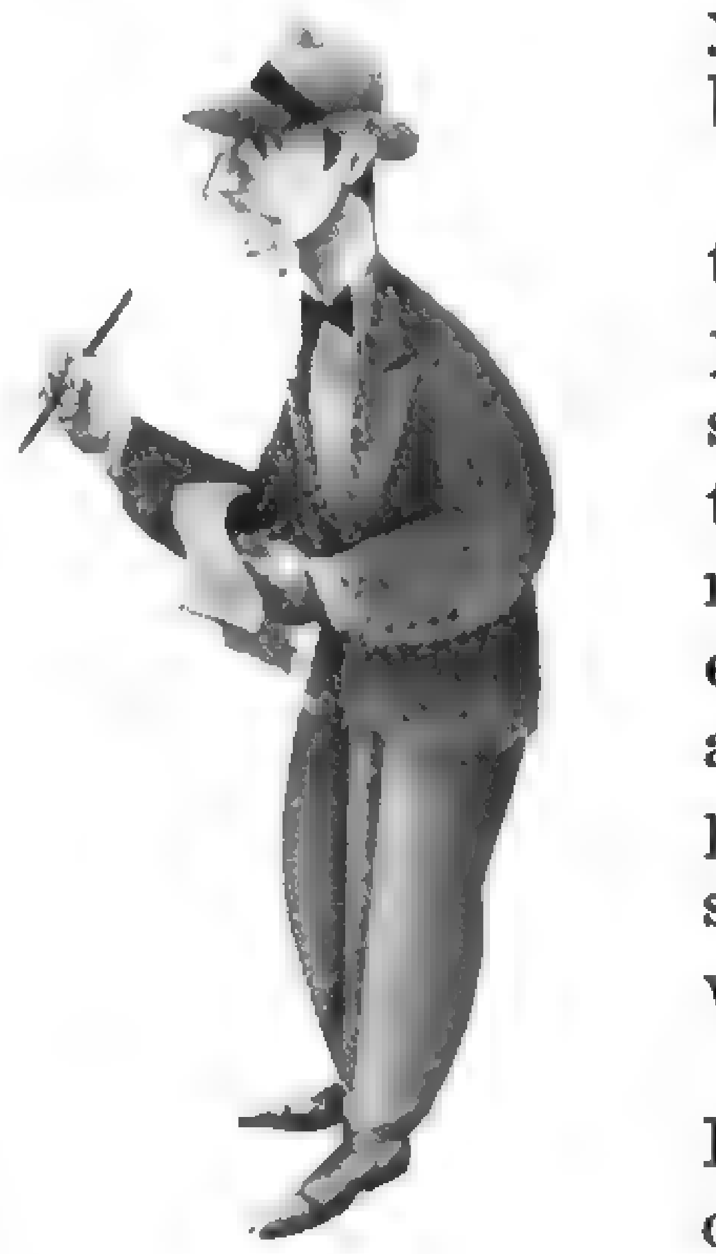
Put them all together, mix with a few Scotch and sodas, an expense account, a cloud of cigarette smoke and a touch of sentiment and you'll get a sports writer—and then again, maybe you won't. But at least, you'll come closer than any one of the versions by itself, although after you've tried to figure out some of the varying personalities in the fraternity, you'll probably be like the mystified editor in a famous newspaper yarn.

It seems that a member of the clan staggered into a press box one afternoon, somewhat the worse for wine and wear. It was an important assignment and sympathetic colleagues realized what would happen if the errant one failed to deliver on the job. With one accord, they rallied to his support. Ten minutes later the lad with the hangover was jolted into sobriety with a vengeance when he was handed this ominous wire from his boss:

"When did you become quintuplets? Have received five stories signed by you. Which do I use?"

Better known to the reading public than any other group in the writing business, the sports writer paradoxically is perhaps the least-known of all. Few classes of writers can boast the nationwide fame (and salary totals) of such brilliant sports writers of past and present as Damon Runyon, Paul Gallico, Westbrook Pegler, Gene Fowler, Ring Lardner, Grantland Rice and others in the top-flight of the profession—yet to the folks who buy the newspapers and magazines the whole business of sports writing is pretty much of a mystery, to say nothing of the sports writers themselves.

That's why the press box at baseball, football and other sport events attracts as much attention as the contest itself. Wherever the reporters' coop is accessible to the cash customers, as soon as action on the field ceases, Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public gather around and turn their unabashed gaze on the busy writers. It isn't that they're being rude. They're merely curious to see who's doing what and how.



Usually they perceive nothing more startling than a row or two of ordinary-looking individuals (most of them a bit on the stoutish side), each with a telegraph assistant at his elbow. Some are pounding typewriters, others dictating their stories direct for transmission to their various offices.

After viewing the proceeding long—and usually not too silently—Mrs. Public doubtless turns to her best-beloved and remarks:

"They're a funny-looking lot, aren't they?"

Maybe so, but among their numbers one still finds more color and probably more camaraderie than in any other group of workers—in newspapers and without. Among them, too, you'll find one of the last frontiers of the vanishing romance of newspaper work—a group which to a great extent has managed to resist the tarnishing glamor which the depression and radio have brought to modern-day journalism.

Most of them, too, somehow or other have managed to retain their enthusiasms. "Inside knowledge" of what goes on behind the scenes may serve to promote that tone of cynicism with which they discuss sports with each other, but no writer is worth the paper he spoils unless he can develop genuine sincerity and spirit in his work.

Even in these particulars, however, the present-era sports writer has departed somewhat from the frank and gusty reporting of the olden days. One would scarcely expect to find in these times such sincerity as shown in this item from the *New York Times* of November 14, 1869:

"Soap McAlpine has retired from the ring. It is a good thing for pugilism that he has done so. Prize-fighting is dirty enough work at its best, but when it is remembered that McAlpine's claim to fistic honors is founded principally on battles won by dropping to his knees and then spitting in an opponent's face to provoke a foul blow, it will be admitted that the ring has lost but little in being abandoned by Soap."

Pugilism, too, it seems has come a little distance since those days. At least, its science is a bit more sanitary.

Libel laws have somewhat softened modern sports writers, but when the occasion demands most of them will swing with everything they've got, regardless of consequences. One of the most notable examples in journalistic history was provided by Hugh S. Fullerton, now retired to the comparative quiet of editorial writing, but twenty years ago a famous and fearless baseball writer.

It was Fullerton who brought to its highest perfection the practice of forecasting world series. He would even predict the number of runs, hits and errors each team would make in each game—and in one contest actually was correct in every particular. But that's another story. This one concerns the world series of 1919.

Following his annual custom, Fullerton "doped" the outcome of the series. The result was far from the forecast. Cincinnati beat the great White Sox team. Several days after the final putout, while amazed baseball fans were still trying to figure how it happened, Fullerton wrote an article denouncing the entire series as a fake.

Entirely oblivious to the laws of criminal libel, he charged that the games had been "thrown," that certain of the baseball players had been bribed and that in the very near future a scandal would arise whose stench would almost smother organized baseball. The article was syndicated to scores of newspapers, but only one or two had the courage to print it. The others labeled it as a daring alibi and let it go at that.

About nine months later, however, the story "broke." Every word which Fullerton had printed turned out to be true. It was the greatest prediction of his brilliant career!

Fullerton was a contemporary of other famous baseball writers who had a marked influence on the reporting of that sport. One of the greatest was Charley Dryden, who was the first to inject humor into what was, in his day, the serious business of writing about baseball. His unique style was the basis on which the modern-day technique is based, and many of his nicknames and expressions are just as famous now as when he coined them.

It was Dryden who hung the priceless tag on Ed Walsh. "The Big Reel—every move a picture" he wrote about the great White Sox pitcher, but when Walsh began to feel important Dryden took him down a bit by

Continued on page 181

Roulades and Cadenzas

Once a European artist makes good in this country, he gains greater glory at home, and a raise in pay

by CARLETON SMITH

MUSIC

The experience of being commentator on a series of symphonic broadcasts recently confirmed one of my old suspicions that, musically, this country has grown out of diapers. Thousands of people in cities, flagstops and isolated farm communities are deeply concerned with the thoughts of Beethoven and Brahms, Morton Gould and Aaron Copland. Not only is the quantity of the response staggering but its character—whether it comes on penny postcards or engraved parchment—acts on a cynical spirit like a shot of adrenalin to a weak heart.

Listeners amaze you with the intelligence and directness of their reactions. The few excerpts quoted here are from letters of young people after a broadcast concert on American music. One Arkansas lad, not long out of high school, wrote: "On my birthday my dad gave me a radio phonograph with a Mozart recording and the *Apassionata* played by Harold Bauer . . . it was like a gift from heaven. I don't believe anything ever made me happier in my whole life. Though I like Bach and Chopin, now I'll have a chance to hear more American works."

And this, from a girl in the East: "I like the old masters best, but I have learned not to disdain the moderns like Copland and Harris. At first I hated them and turned my radio off, but I have come to see we must not judge a man and his music before hearing what he has to say; because this new man has a soul, just as the old classicist. He can talk, sing, cry, believe—without doing it in the same manner." Not bad, that, from a youngster.

A man in a small Ohio town: "I have found listening to our native composers a pleasure, but a lot of frills—which I presume are to make the work popular—are unnecessary. Second, the intervals between the hearings of a certain work are too great. And third, there is too much attempt at reproduction of commonplace noises in the modern idiom. That, I believe, is the reason many of us prefer the artists of an earlier and more stable era. On the other hand, I don't believe in telling the composer what or how to write, for that would probably change the influence that history naturally produces on music . . ."

In Rockford, Illinois, a young man was pleasantly surprised to find that he could learn to like the discordant sounds in so much present-day music: "I hardly ever like it the first time; it sounds so noisy. But this is not really so if one hears the number repeated many times so he can study the structure and attune his ears to the seeming discords."

Some Europeans suspect—incorrectly, I think—that we don't understand the music we hear, that we are like the butter-and-egg man who has made a pile and who buys a Rembrandt merely to brag about it. Perhaps we were at one time. We have been the victims of press agents and, being eager to learn, have taken whatever was sent us from abroad with a shiny label. We have and we still do devour celebrities.

But Europe is not altogether free from that curse, either. If a renowned artist appears at the *Opéra* in Paris or the *Staatsoper* in Berlin or Vienna, his or her name appears on the placards in front of the theatre in letters ten times as big as those announcing the name of the opera.

Also, during the intermission of a concert by a famous string quartet in the beautiful new Lausanne theatre, that is, between the playing of the Beethoven and the Schubert quartets . . . a screen was lowered and slides were projected, advertising local merchants' mattresses, canned goods, and watches.

We are, of course, highly susceptible to advertising. But commercial announcements are no more disturbing than the weather forecasts, market reports, and shipping news which I heard broadcast during the intermission of a renowned European orchestra concert conducted, as it happened, by Arturo Toscanini.

There are, of course, snobs among us: people who go to concerts to show off their jewels and to be seen parading in the foyer during the intermission. But they are in the minority. Even at the opera—that most exotic and un-American of entertainments, as we know it—what sells out the house? *Tristan und Isolde*, a three-hour work without ballets, spectacles, arias, or high C's. It must be because the people who go like the music.

And it would take a lot of double talk to convince me that the millions who listen to the radio, the hundreds of thousands who this summer have poured into Hollywood Bowl, Grant Park and Ravinia in Chicago, into the Dell in Philadelphia and New York's Lewisohn Stadium have done so for any reason except that they were anxious, hungry even, to hear the music that was played.

In recent years, thanks to the radio, Americans have acquired a love and an understanding of music that would surprise most Europeans. We hear everything the world has to offer. And dissatisfied and cynical though I am about a lot of other things on our musical scene, I believe that our taste and our public today are the most cosmopolitan and the most exacting in the world.

It has long been a matter of common agreement among artists that our musical life is the richest and fullest on the globe. Practically everybody—even the English—admits that today New York is the musical capital of the world. Vacationists returning from Europe, who have listened to the music there, realize it. They know that we have half a dozen symphony orchestras the like of which cannot be found elsewhere.

Before sailing from Southampton last year I had an unusual chance to compare three great European orchestras with two of our own. One evening I heard Furtwaengler conduct the Berlin Philharmonic in a Beethoven concert. The next morning I was in Amsterdam where Mengelberg conducted the Mahler *Fourth*, and that same night I heard Toscanini with the B.B.C. symphony in London. A week later I sat in Carnegie Hall and, on successive afternoons, heard the Philharmonic-Symphony under Barbirolli and the Boston Symphony with Koussevitsky. No fooling, the European orchestras hadn't anywhere near the beauty or roundness of tune, the accuracy of playing of our own orchestras. And the quality of our symphonic broadcasts, so help me, is not equaled elsewhere in the world.

Moreover, we have many more orchestras *per capita* than any country in Europe. Our landscape is dotted with permanent orchestras, and new ones are being established every year. Over here, there is scarcely a single city of half a million people without its orchestra, and the whole of Europe hasn't more than seven or eight permanent symphonies. And when you think that Vienna, the birthplace of symphonic music, hasn't a full-time orchestra (the Vienna Philharmonic is an opera-house orchestra that gives only occasional concerts), you begin to have an idea what has happened in our own country.

The number and quality of concerts here each season are not matched abroad. Literally in swarms, the musical great come to our shores to do their stuff, and then travel the length and breadth of the land, giving recitals.

We hear music that European capitals do not know. Last winter a friend of mine from an old and cultured Viennese musical family came here to spend the winter. One Sunday he asked me to choose a concert for him, and

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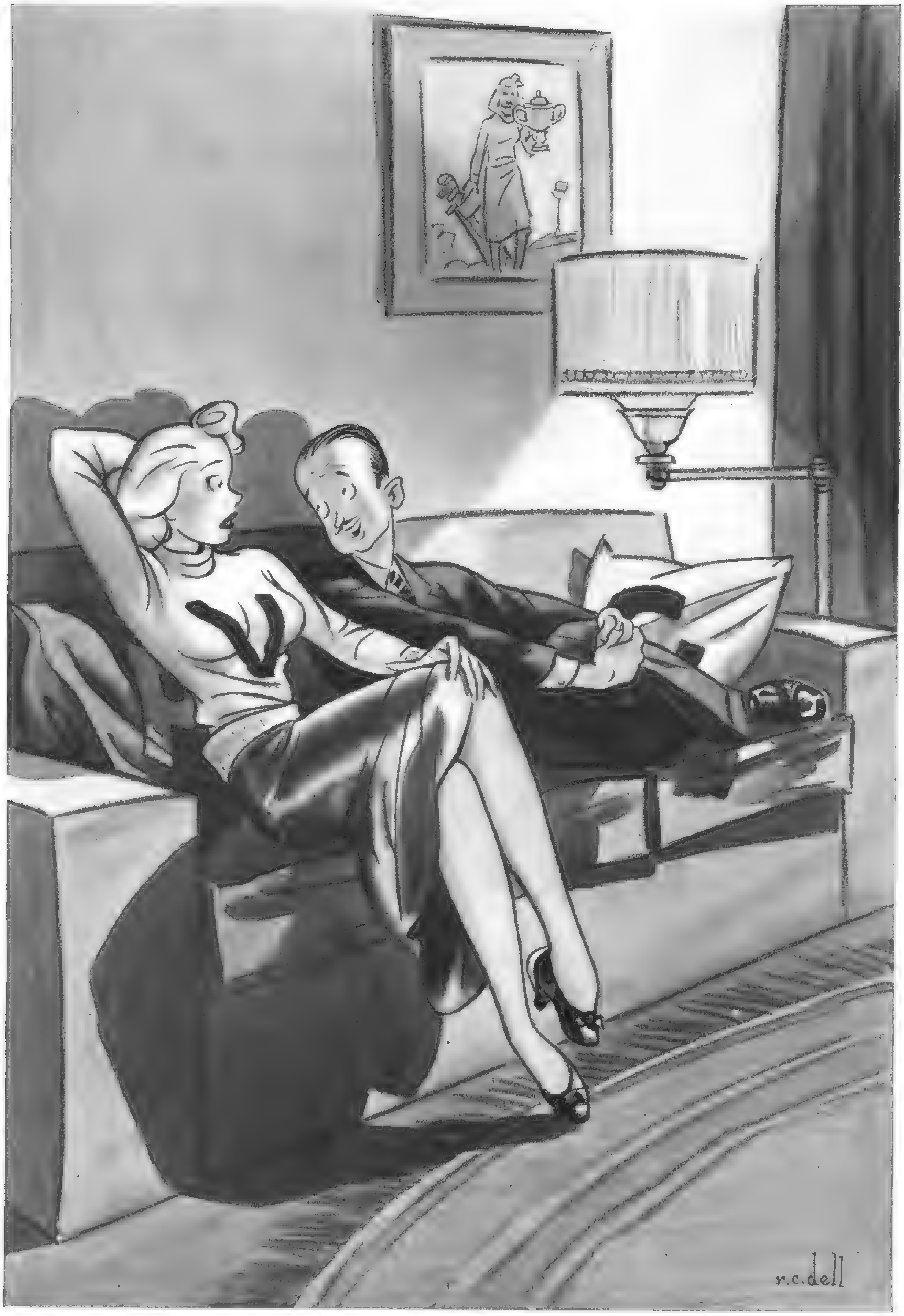


"It must be wonderful to be so strong and athletic!"

The Candid Cameraman

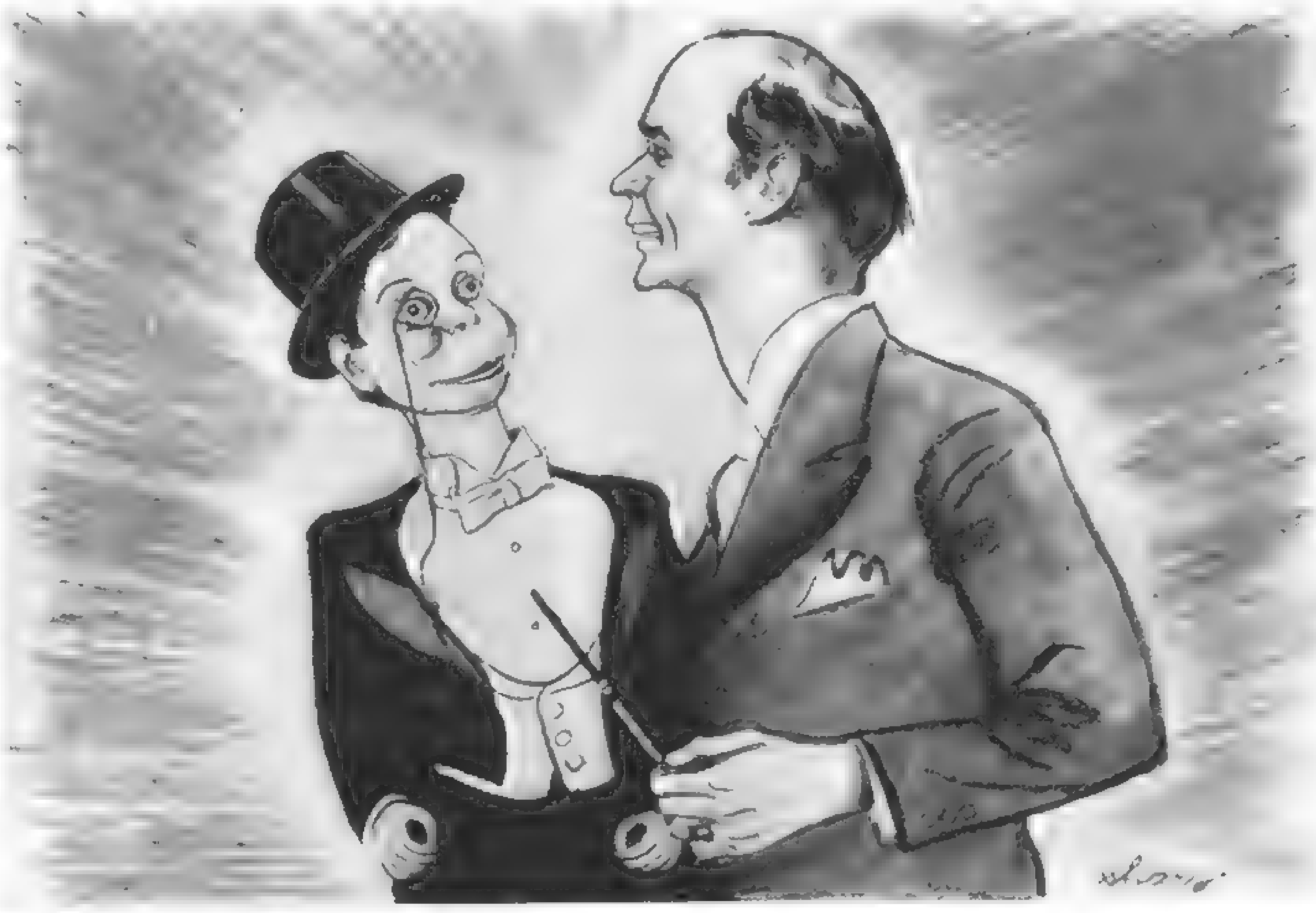
Menjou plays the aging matinee idol too well, but of course Edgar Bergen and his friend McCarthy own the show

by PATTERSON MURPHY

▪ MOVIES ▪

A WHOLLY ECTOGENOUS DUMMY

The genius of theatrical comedy is literary, a conception of character which transcends in validity the credible. The little man whom Chaplin created is as impossible a figure as any conceived by Dickens, yet he expresses his comic wistfulness unforgettably while a thousand credible characterizations fade in the memory. The exquisite sensitivity of Oliver Hardy's moon-shaped skull, though Laurel and Hardy project human beings upon the screen too weird even for the children to accept, is infallibly amusing; the more sensitive of us are always accidentally being whacked on the head by one thing or another, or so it seems. Was there ever a guy who bellowed as Joe E. Brown? Perhaps not out loud, but inwardly we whoop at the little ironies and indignities we're compelled to suffer, and employ the accomplished Mr. Brown to bellow for us as we commission editors to choose what we shall enjoy to read.



Currently we exploit, as a symbol of mass insanity, such multiple zanies as the Marx Brothers, the Ritz Brothers, the Yacht Club Boys. For those members of mankind whose keenest delight is the staring down into subway excavations, there is always the chasmic Martha Raye.

A new genius of theatrical comedy, a conception of character which undeniably transcends in validity the credible, is with us. This fishy and preposterous creation is a figment of the fancy of Mr. Edgar Bergen, ventriloquist. Our entirely improbable entertainer is made of wood and dressed in ambiguous swallowtails and silk hat. He has the mind of a child and the shrewdness of a Machiavelli. Incongruously his lifeless frame is possessed of one of the most dynamic personalities in the current world of entertainment, this curiously imposed on the populace through the sightless medium of the radio loudspeaker. Five minutes under the spell of his nonsense and you are accepting the naïve fiction as thoroughly as you believed in Alice in Wonderland a couple of decades ago. An astonishing phenomenon is that Mr. Bergen will bobble on the air his own lines but almost never those of Charlie McCarthy. Even within Bergen's own intelligence the validity of his creation has transcended the credible; thus Charlie is the genius and Edgar Bergen the stooge, a psychological fiction which contains enough truth to affect the delivery of his speech.

Edgar Bergen's vaudeville career and his extraordinary rise to radio stardom via an experimental appearance on Rudy Vallee's variety program has long since become a fabulous bit of histrionic lore. It is Charlie, and not Bergen, who endorses commercial products. The shopwindows of toyshops are dressed with doll-like representations of McCarthy, thrusting Miss Shirley Temple's effigy into the background. Your newspaper has been running a syndicated article, ostensibly by this wholly ectogenous dummy and his creator, on how to hurl your voice thither and yon. Since Mr. W. C. Fields tilted his scarlet lance against young Charlie's inflexible exterior, to withdraw in muttering confusion, he has been mowing down all opposition. Now firmly entrenched in the popular imagination, he comes to the screen in his first full-length vehicle, called *Letter of Introduction*.

Universal, under the producing supervision of John M. Stahl, has concocted a harmless and more or less inoffensive little piece of dramaturgy to serve the interests of ventriloquism, a backstage yarn indicative of the care and purpose with which its authors have remembered all the other backstage romances inspired by the advent of talking pictures. There is an aging matinee idol (videlicit the aging matinee idol of *Dinner at Eight*) suddenly confronted with a great big grownup daughter by some vague marriage in the past. You can imagine an aging matinee idol being pretty upset about a thing like that. Everybody, including his daughter's sweetheart, supposes that she has become infatuated with the aging matinee idol, and there's a lot of heartbreak and so forth before the tale reaches its climax, a scene in which the idol goes to pieces in a New York stage play because he's promised to announce to the world in his curtain speech that his leading lady happens to be none other than his daughter.

Where, then, does our wholly ectogenous dummy fit into these perplexing affairs? There is a theatrical rooming house, don't you see. There's the dance team ready to be discovered, the fellow with the seal, the girls waiting for their break (all videlicit *Stage Door*), and a ventriloquist named Edgar Bergen. Whilst all this George S. Kaufman-type romance has been going on, Mr. Rudy Vallee has been entranced (offstage) by the antics of one Charlie McCarthy at a gambol of the Lambs one afternoon, and —well, the rest, as you already know, is history.

This duty to convey to you the not particularly unpleasant confusions of *Letter of Introduction* now met, there remains only the summary of performances. Adolph Menjou is much too convincing as the aging matinee idol, and this second-hand characterization bores you. Miss Andrea Leeds fills her leading lady requirements adequately. George Murphy, one of the most personable young dancers in pictures, does not dance. Bergen and McCarthy own the show, of course, though it is obvious that movies are an imperfect instrument for the exploitation of our preposterous merry-andrew, the mechanics of weaving so elusive an imp into dramatic narrative being manifest. When he holds the stage the ventriloquist's finely stylized execution never fails to enthrall, however; his mastery of his medium is a joyous thing to watch. Good picture or bad, it is worth your while to see this new comic genius in operation.

GOOD GOING

Two older, very passable pieces, both done over from the French, are *Algiers*, and *Port of Seven Seas*. The former is the story of a background, the exotic and labyrinthian native quarter of Algiers called the Casbah. Walter Wanger's picture, photographed by James Wong Howe, is crowded with director's detail and superior character actors. Processing shots are here brought to something like perfection. I do not remember seeing a movie in a long time which quite so happily gratifies my admiration for the technical cunning and craftsmanship at the service of film makers. It is a sad fact, however, that imagination seems consistently to lag behind technical artifice. *Algiers*, minus its impressively recreated background, is hardly more than another genial cops and robbers melodrama. Charles Boyer, who wears clothes nicely but who has not yet overcome an unGallic pre-

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JOAN FONTAINE
Hurrell Photograph

ANNABELLA
Hurrell Photograph

On the Record

Your correspondent and his Cousin Daffie go round with an alligator and learn what is it a style band

by CARLETON SMITH

• RECORDS •

Life was all Sibelius and cream until Cousin Daffie dropped down from Mars. Not exactly distinguished, that side of the family. But Smythe is a Smith, whether she hail from Peoria or Mars. And I was all for helping Cousin Daffie solve any misunderstanding she may have had about our World.

I never got the lowdown on why Daffie wanted to know about dance music and American jazz bands. But inquire she did. And, believe me, women from Mars ask just as many questions as our own femmes.

Up to that time, every jazz band was alike to me. One meant less than the other. By the time I was through, the education of Carleton Smith, along with that of Daffie, had made strides.

What was a dance band, dear Cousin Daffie asked us. Well, that wasn't too difficult. A dance band was a band that played dance music. "Why do you have so many, and how can you tell one from another?" There we were stumped. We never knew that one dance band sounded different from any other. Come to think of it, we had never heard a dance band.

We SOSed for one of our educated friends who'd been following dance bands ever since campus politics at the University of Wisconsin had made him a prom king instead of editor of the daily. He explained that there were two basic kinds of dance bands—general bands, which were pretty hard to tell apart, and style bands which were easy to pigeonhole because each one sounded different from any other band.

Now we were getting someplace. But we asked, "What makes a style? How is it recognized? Is it easy to copy?"

Hal Kemp, leader of one of the country's most popular style bands, answered: "From an orchestra leader's standpoint, style comprises certain tone qualities that set that orchestra apart from the general run of dance bands.

"It gives the leader a trademark by which his band may be readily identified by the radio listener without hearing an accompanying announcement.

"Style is usually achieved through orchestration. Tone qualities achieved through experimentation are written into arrangements. Style bands, of necessity, must rehearse hard and long in order to achieve the precision execution so necessary to their style.

"Styles are readily copied. But style imitators can never achieve the success attained by the originator. For one reason, the imitator lacks the natural feel of a style that the originator has, and can only hope to achieve the style through mechanical perfection. Secondly, imitators only serve to publicize the style of the originator."

Well, that sort of lifted our mental fog. We wondered about swing bands. Were they style bands or general dance bands? Or were they a third type? Mel Adams, of *Swing* magazine, answered this query:

"Jam bands do have styles. The ickies are not hep to them, but real alligators and cats can distinguish most of the top swingsters. When Benny Goodman is out of this world, there's no one whose licorice stick get-offs sound like his. Gene Krupa's riffs on the suitcase are easily recognized. Tommy Dorsey in the groove with a few solid licks on the slip-horn is easily placarded by most jive artists."

We didn't get it either, until we'd gone to work on it with the following code:

jam—swing or improvise
ickies—people who think they know what swing is all about
hep—wise
alligators—ardent swing fans
cats—swing musicians
out of this world—carried away by his own improvisations
licorice stick—clarinet
get-offs—improvised solo
riffs—short phrases of improvisation
suitcase—drums
in the groove—swing or improvisation at its best
licks—riffs
slip-horn—trombone
jive—swing

Okay, we said, on to greater and greener fields. We asked our friends in the know about style bands. What were some outstanding ones? What gave them their particular style? One of them made the rounds with us one night. At the Waldorf we heard Guy Lombardo. "His was the first band to have a definite style," confided our friend. Daffie and I listened intently for the distinguishing features. After one number she said wonderingly, "But the saxophones are off key!"

"Sure," said our friend, "that's how you can always tell Lombardo." Daffie wanted to know if they were the only band that played off key. "No," he replied. "Jan Garber does, too."

"But," countered Daffie a little desperately, "how do you tell one from the other?" That was easy, he said, because Garber's vocalist didn't sing through his nose! Well, things were clearing up. All you have to do to make a name for yourself with a dance band is play off key and get yourself a vocalist that sings through his nose.

"Nope, it's not that easy," he went on. "You always have to think of a new idea." Then he took us over to the Pennsylvania, where Kay Kyser was holding forth. We listened, our ears peeled for more off key music. Uh huh, we heard it.

"Looky here," Daffie gestured, "since they all play off key, how are they different?" But you couldn't faze that boy. "Because," he said, "when Kyser plays off key he plays glissando!"

"Oh," we said. It struck us, too, that someone always sang the title of the number in the first few bars of the introduction. That was "singing song titles, full of style," our mine of information said. That was a new one. "Doesn't anyone else sing song titles?" queried Daffie.

"Sure. Sammy Kaye and Blue Barron." Cousin Daffie and I raised our eyebrows. Old know-it-all answered. "You see, Kyser announces his with a southern accent." That seemed to be that.

On to the Astor and Hal Kemp. "But they're playing on key!" yelped Daff in wonder. "Is that what gives them their style?" But no, it appears that lots of other bands play in key. Hal makes his three trumpeters sound like the clicker of a telegraph key. Wouldn't it be cheaper, we wondered, to fire the three trumpet players and hire a telegraph operator. "Sure, the Musicians' Union wouldn't let him," our friend said. And again we answered, "Oh."

Daffie can never leave anything alone, so she asked, "Isn't there anyone else whose trumpeters sound that way?" Yes—Reggie Childs—only he "triples" his clicks.

"Does anyone else triple the clicks?" Daffie persisted. Well, it seemed that Horace Heidt did, too, but—At this, we took time out for three quick bromos and an aspirin.

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The Sixth Keeper of the Temple

Continued from page 51

mouth open when I had first seen it.

Well, obviously I was mistaken, I concluded, and putting it down on the table I took all my courage and began to write a long and difficult article which I had been postponing from week to week.

Soon, having overcome the difficulties of the beginning, the article began to flow, and sustained by the breeze of the evening, I was writing page after page, completely absorbed in the subject. So, when I noted subconsciously that the boat had stopped at one of the refueling places, although the window was just before me across my table, I continued to write rapidly without even glancing at the spectacle outside, already so very familiar.

But after some time my attention was attracted and I realized that there was some break in the routine. The noise of voices was as great as ever, but it was not accompanied by the patter of naked running feet, nor by the continual crash of wood thrown down on the lower deck. Looking out of the window I saw a hundred or more Arabs who instead of working were shouting and gesticulating together and pointing toward the cabin deck. Any distraction in that monotony was not to be ignored. I gathered all my sheets and put them on another small table near the bed, and having no other paperweight, used the lamp to avoid some mischief of the breeze.

"What's up?" I asked the captain when I reached him a little farther along the deck.

"Who knows?" he said disgustedly. "For no reason in the world, they have refused to bring the wood on board, and for ten minutes they have been jabbering there like that. They're frightened about something."

"I heard them," I said, "but what are they frightened of?"

"I don't know," the captain replied. "I can't get anything out of them. A minute ago, just before you came out, they all fell as silent as mummies. And now . . ." He paused for a moment and then exclaimed sharply, "Look!"

A tall emaciated Arab had cried out something, and at once all the others, as if at an order, had thrown themselves at work and already the procession was beginning to come on board, noisier than ever.

"They are hopeless, I tell you," and with a shrug the captain went down on the lower deck to supervise the job.

Then an idea seemed to impinge itself on my consciousness—the lamp, could it be the cause of the unexplainable fear of the Arabs? The very moment in which I had removed it from the window, they had all quieted down. Yet if they had seen it, how could an object so familiar to them provoke such consternation?

But how fantastic, I thought, and laughing at my own foolishness, I went to join my friends for an apéritif before dinner.

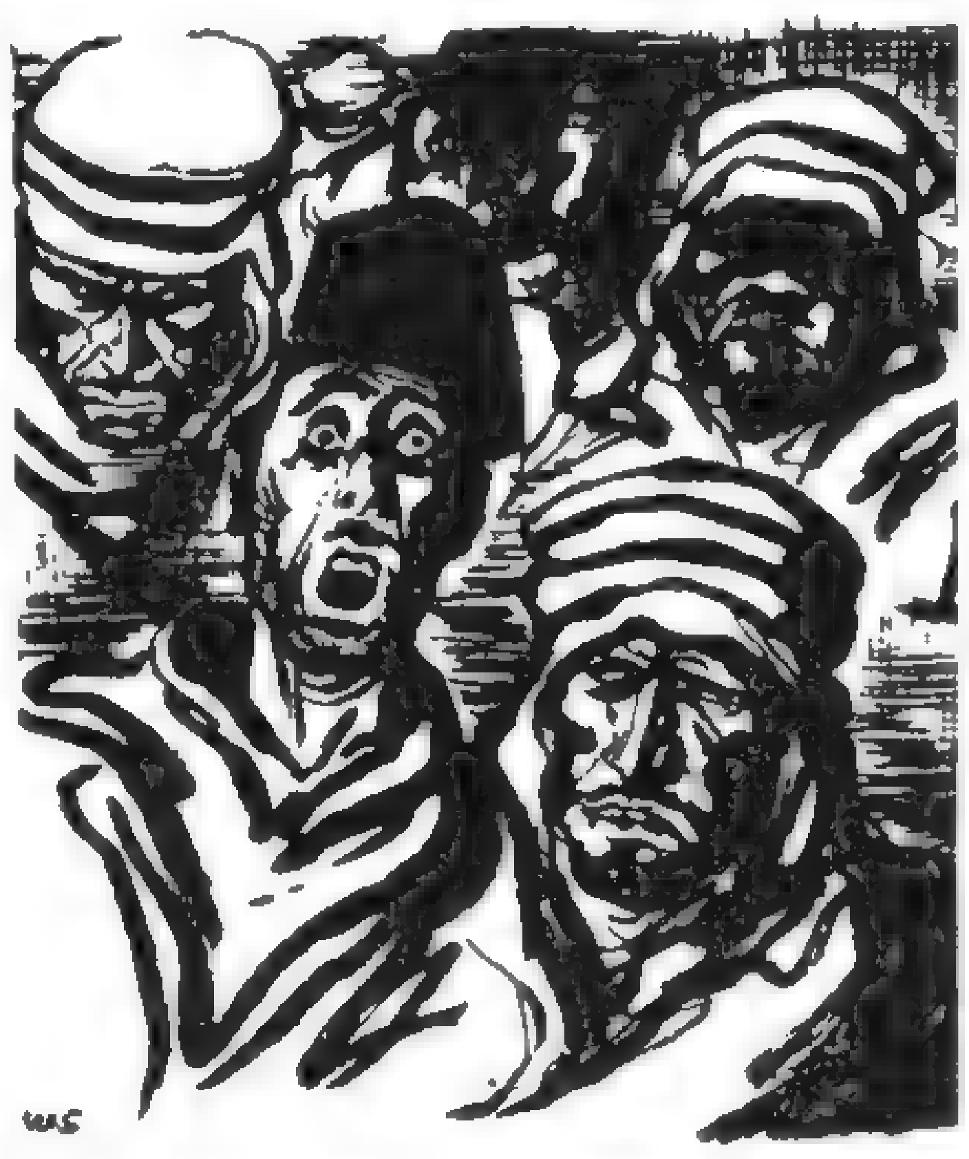
* * *

The two mighty Colossi of Memnon from the height of their sixty feet looked down haughtily at the small green tent we had had the impudence to pitch at less than a mile from them. After so many days of traveling—boat to Khartoum, train to Uadi Alfa, boat again to Assuan—certainly we were bored stiff. But even today I do not know how to explain why when the train we had boarded at Assuan reached Luxor, that unexpected change in our plans came to me. Except if it were suggested to me by Ali-el-Bahuri, as he later pretended.

The fact is, that with no premeditation whatever, I suddenly exclaimed, "Let's stop here for a week," and my two companions, replying only with an enthusiastic "hurrah," began at once to throw out of the window our twenty-four suitcases. Then before I could say another word, they had hurried out to have our baggage put off, and the train had chugged away.

Two hours later in the unforgettable triumph of a golden and saffron sunset, we were camping just in that part of the desert where once lay glorious Thebes.

The following morning in opening some of my baggage I unlocked a large basket in the bottom of which I kept my reserve of photographic material. Having taken several boxes of films, I was about to put the other material back when it occurred to me that I had not seen the lamp. I knew I had packed it in that basket just before landing in Khartoum, nor had the basket been opened since then, not even at the customs. The keys had never left me for a moment, and the three locks were in perfect order, I observed. The thing was quite unexplainable, and annoying, too, for if the lamp were as old as I believed it to be, it meant the loss of an object both rare and valuable. And I should have reported the matter to the police without delay, had not Ali-el-Bahuri decided differently.



When my eyes fell on him for the first time, I thought at once of Moses, or at least of how I had always imagined Moses must have looked. His long galabeah in purple silk embroidered in silver, his erect carriage, made him seem even taller, more massive and imposing. Under a pad of thick white eyebrows, two steel-gray, deep-set eyes looked out with an expression sometimes hard and dominating, sometimes deeply inspired. An eagle-beak of a nose was the only other feature visible in his face, covered as it was by a great white beard that flowed down to his waist. A rich tarboosh completed that magnificent patriarchal head, and I found it impossible to decide either his age or his race.

He had appeared near me, from where I do not know, when on my way to the police station I had stopped for a minute to take a photograph of the two Colossi. And immediately, without even a word of salutation, he had said what he had come to say.

"*Ya Effendi*," his sonorous voice rolled out in Arabic, "The *zabtiye* (police) will not find for thee what thou thyself art unable to find."

And I must say that what followed was quite on a par with this unusual beginning.

He, he himself, Ali-el-Bahuri, he informed me, had ordered me to come here where still today unknown to everybody lay the body of Amenophis III, that I might return what belonged not to me, but to the great Pharaoh.

He did not even smile when I said to him that he had quite an original conception of the word "return." With dignity he continued his discourse. Had not the signs I had beheld been enough for me? The city which had given refuge to the sacrilegious thief, was it not destroyed? The hand which had robbed the robber, had it not been rendered impotent forever? Those who knew and had seen, had I not witnessed their terror?

Three visions passed cinematographically before me. The injured hand of Bill—poor devil, it seemed he would have to pay dearly for his theft. Rejaf, where he had "bought" the lamp, and which on passing through we had found destroyed and abandoned. The crowd of Arabs at the refueling post; evidently the idea I had had that day had not been so foolish after all.

If Ali-el-Bahuri were a mind reader, certainly he was a clever one. The next words he spoke proved it more than ever. "Thou dost not believe? Come with me and see for thyself. And if thou desirest, take back what thou thinkest is thine own."

Without further speech we started, the old man striding along easily with long elastic steps, I trotting behind him, negotiating the sliding, shifting sand with difficulty. Naturally, I was agog with curiosity. Presently we reached an extension of the ruins into the inextricable labyrinth of which Ali-el-Bahuri advanced with practiced sureness.

We stopped before a large thick bush, which he parted with his hands to reveal a black hole in an enormous block of stone. Nodding to me to follow, he bent and disappeared into the tunnel, one of the thousands that honeycomb the ruins.

The sloping corridor was dark but straight, and down at the bottom I could discern a luminous point toward which we proceeded. When we came to the end of the corridor I found myself on a sort of balcony projecting into a chamber excavated in the solid rock. Perfectly cubic in form, about twenty feet high, wide and long, the room was vaguely illuminated by a shaft, at the top of which I could see a small square of sky.

"Look," whispered my guide.

About ten feet below us six identical lamps, exactly the same in shape and size as the one I had lost, lay on the floor immediately under the opening of the shaft.

"The six keepers of the temple," Ali-el-Bahuri intoned in an inspired voice. "Wait and look."

"But," I began, "all of these have the mouth open, while . . ."

"Close thine own mouth and look," and he spoke in so majestic a tone that it did not even occur to me to resent his imperiousness.

Then several long, long minutes passed which seemed eternal in the silence of that sepulchral atmosphere. I had riveted my eyes so intently upon the bronze lamps glimmering in the half-obscurity of the chamber, that my vision grew blurred and spots danced before me in the air.

But nothing happened.

Then suddenly the chamber was flooded with light and instinctively I looked up. The sun had reached a point just above the opening of the shaft, and its dazzling rays blinded me. When I was able to open my eyes and see once more, the six lamps—no, the six cobras—were wriggling about on the floor, lunging viciously toward the enemies beyond their reach.

For an unknown fraction of time I stood cold with astonishment, then the compelling eyes of the old man turned mine involuntarily to his.

A sardonic expression lay in those steel-gray eyes, and I knew that he was savoring to the full my bewilderment.

"Now we will go," he commanded. Then, after a moment in which I sensed his deep amusement, "But first, take, if thou wishest, what thou believest to be thine own!"

* * *

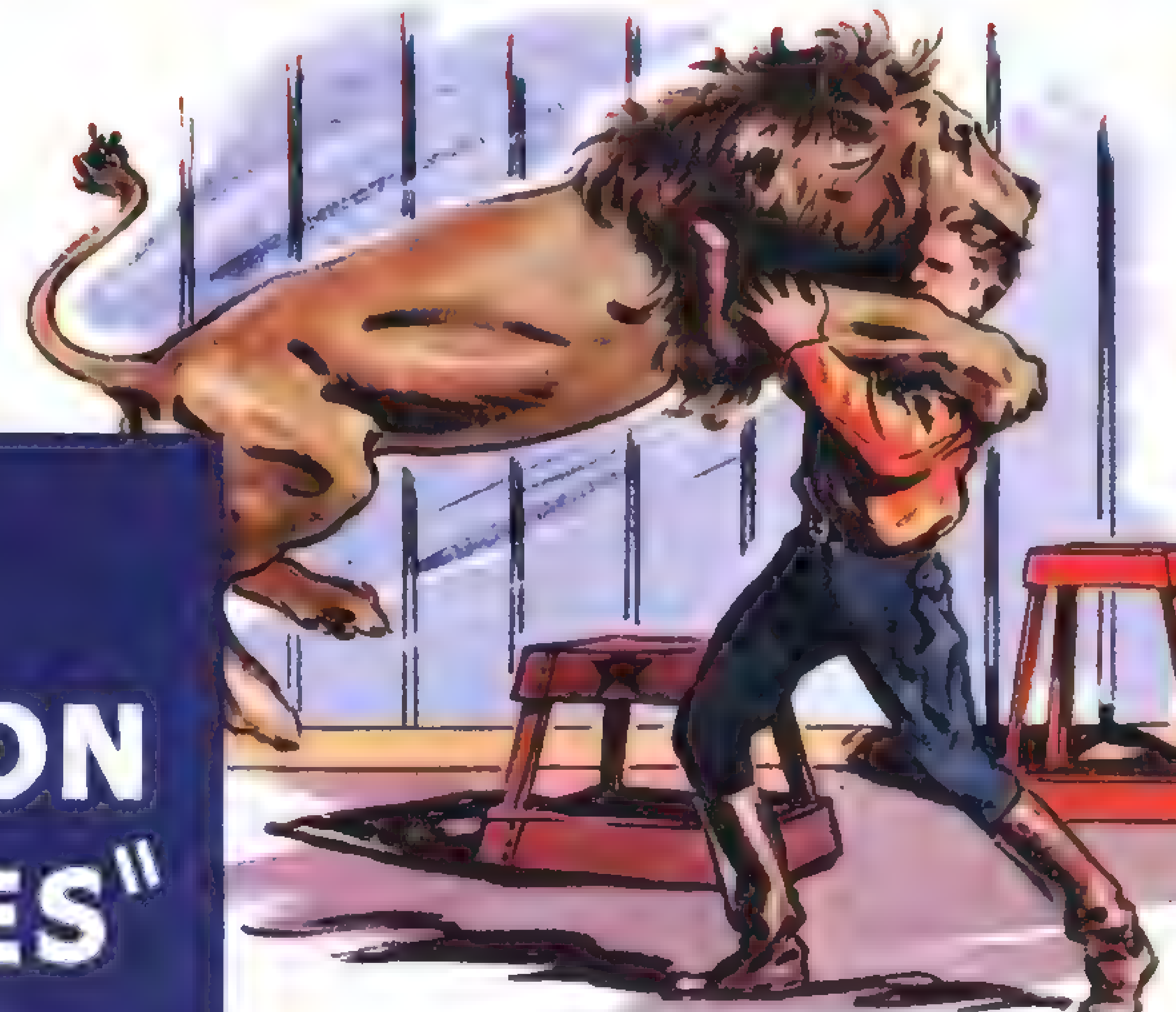
Take it? You can bet I didn't! The "candlesticks" of Amenophis III were safe with him another 1000 years, for all of me.

For though the experience itself grows more inexplicable and impossible to me each time I think of it, there is one point which has *never* been in any confusion at all—the Six Keepers were real live cobras, and I can still close my eyes and see them, there below me, striking and striking again at emptiness in a kind of senseless, horrid fury.

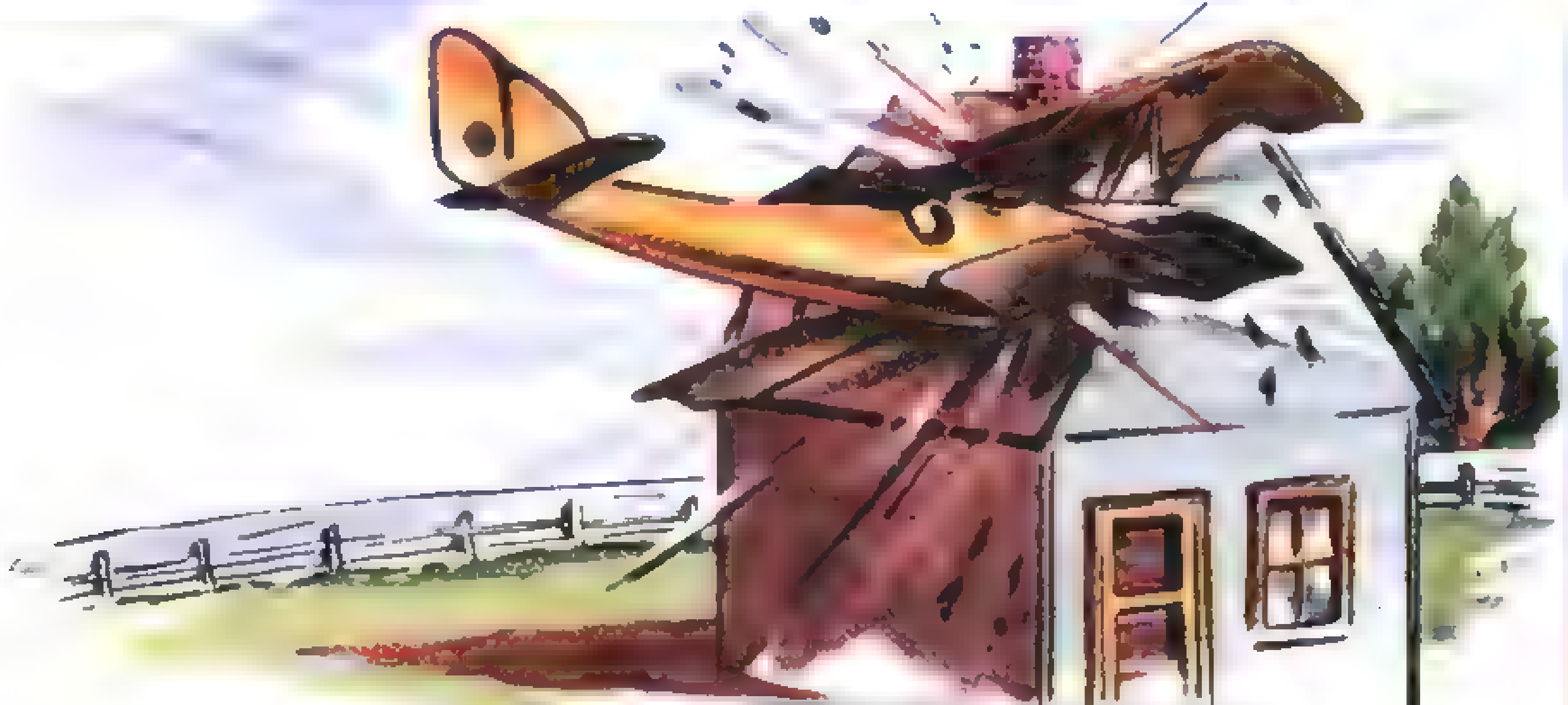
IT'S A THRILLING LIFE!

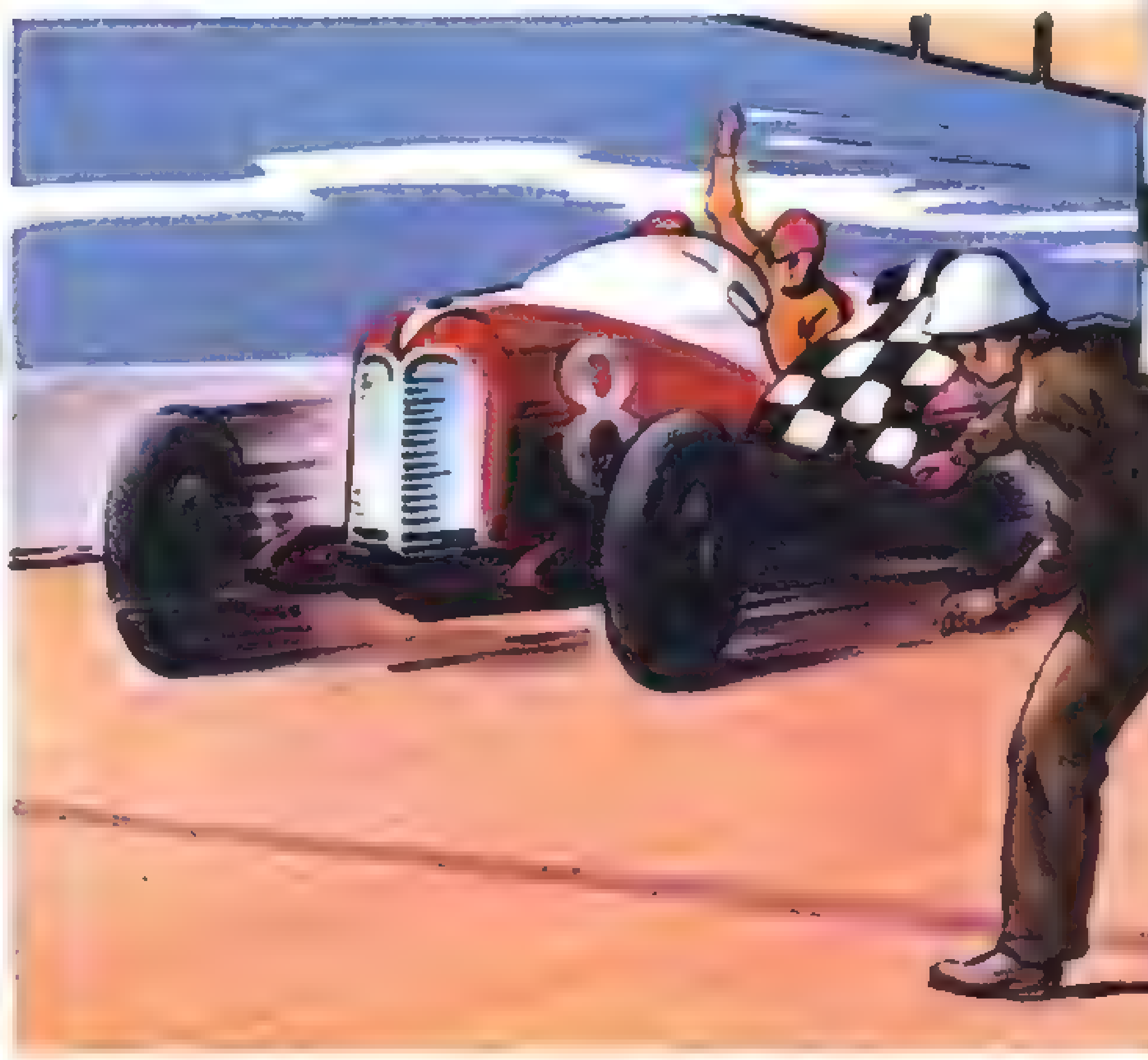
Folks who risk their lives as a matter of course are careful in their choice of a cigarette. They say:

"CAMELS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES"

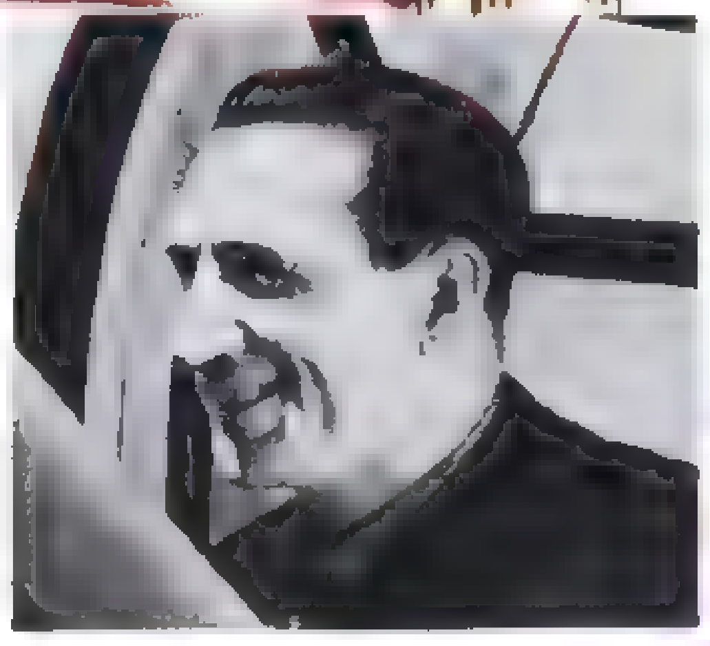


MAN THROWS LION! Sketch (*left*) shows Mel Koontz, noted lion tamer, meeting the lunge of a savage beast. That's where nerve-power tells—as Mel *knows!* He says: "Camels don't jangle my nerves—my mind is at rest as to that! Camels are *milder.* We animal tamers stick pretty well to Camels!"

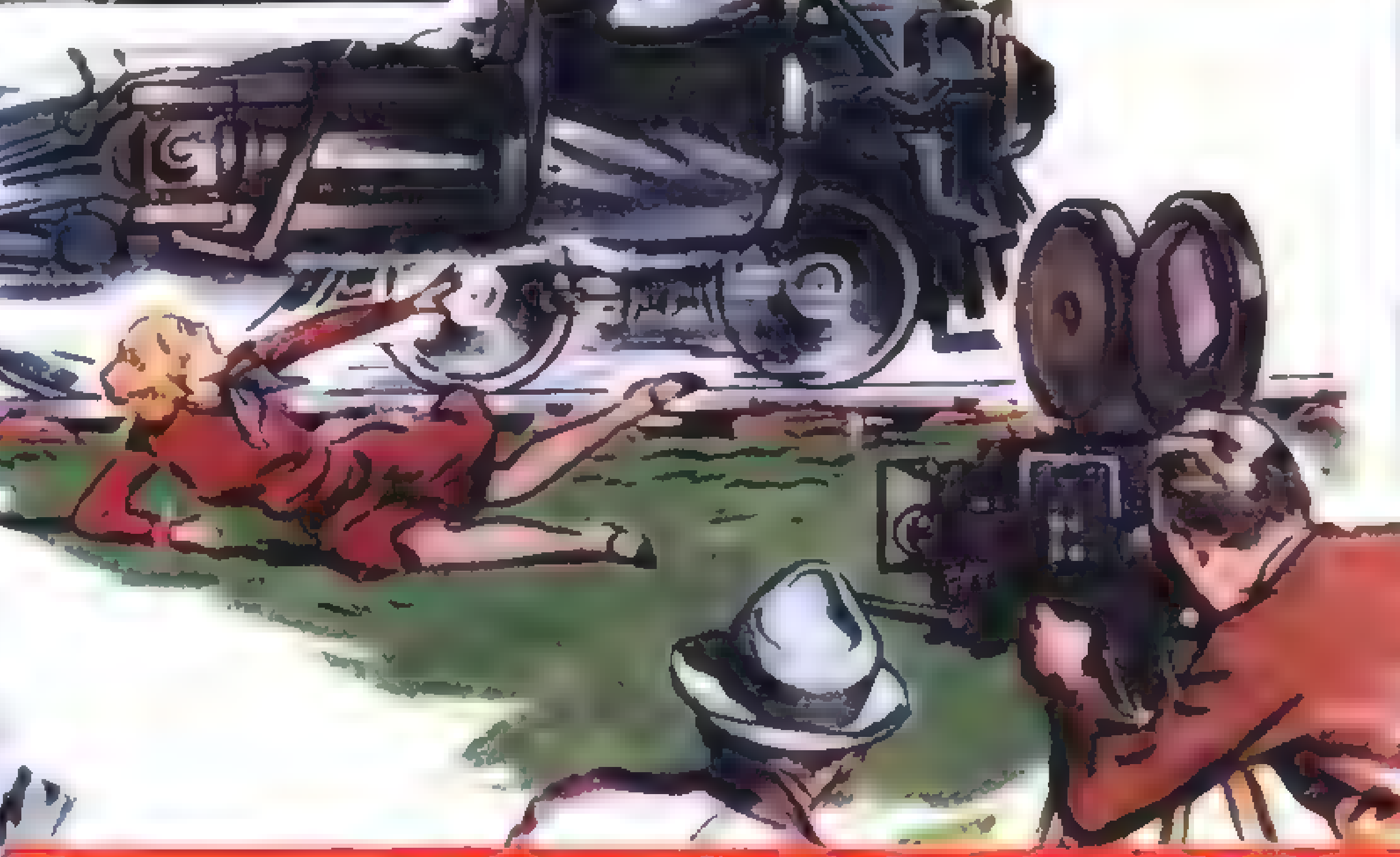




(*Above*) THREE TIMES Lou Meyer won the Indianapolis auto-racing classic. He says: "My nerves must be every bit as sound as the motor in my racer. That's why I go for Camels. They never get on my nerves. Camels take first place with me for *mildness!*"



(*right*) CRASHING A PLANE through a house is the spectacular specialty of Stunt Pilot Frank Frakes. It's easy to understand why Pilot Frakes says: "I take every precaution to keep my nerves steady as a rock. Naturally, I'm particular about the cigarette I smoke. And you can bet my choice is Camel. I can smoke as many as I want and feel fresh—never a bit jittery."



THRILLING STUNTS for the movies! Ione Reed (*left*) *needs healthy nerves!* "My nerves," she says, "must be right—and no mistake! So I stick to Camels. Even smoking Camels steadily doesn't bother my nerves. In fact, Camels give me a grand sense of comfort. And they taste so good!"

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic

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TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

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R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.
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PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

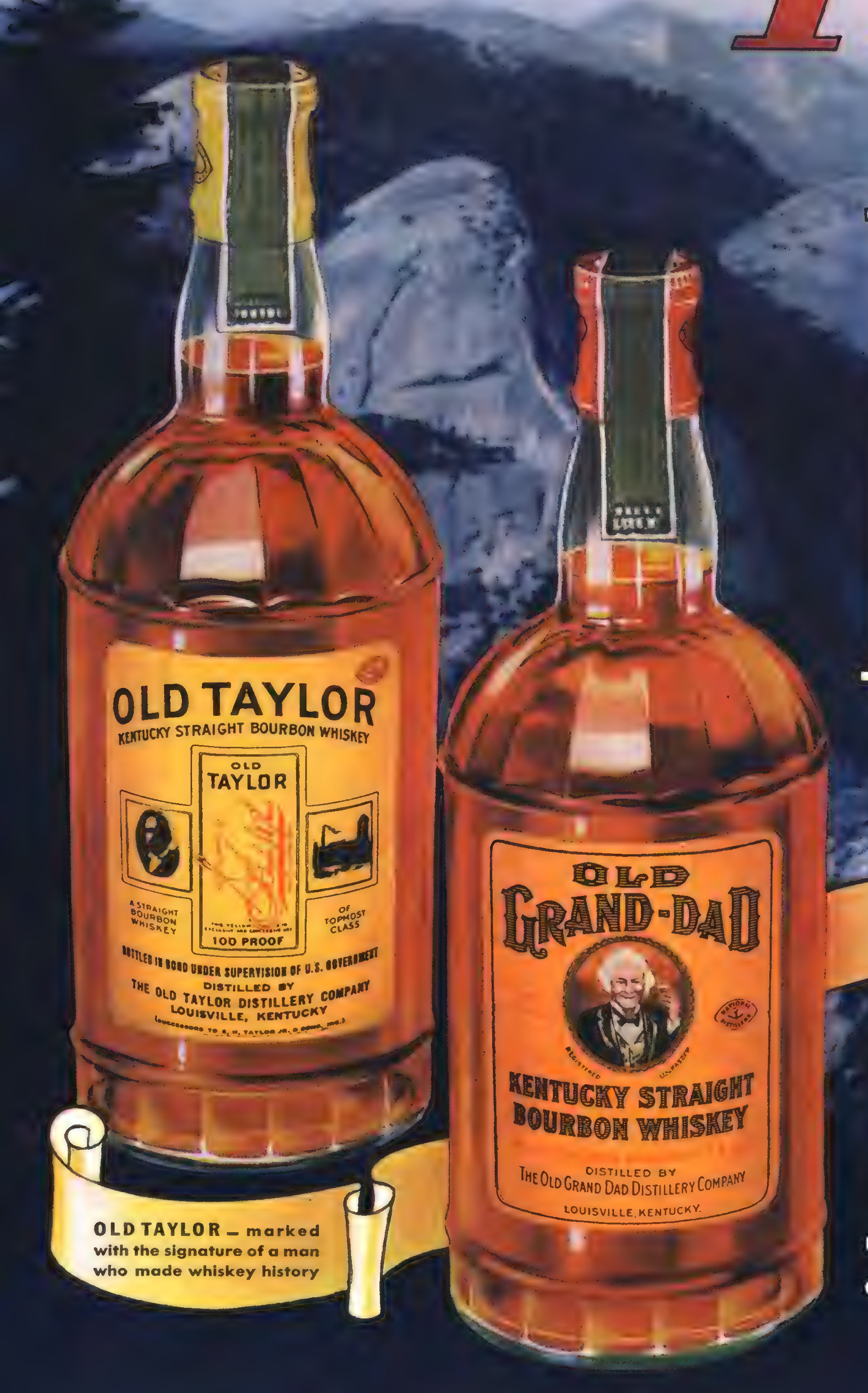
Meet these men who live with tobacco from planting to marketing—and note the cigarette they smoke

"Most tobacco planters I know prefer Camels," says grower Tony Strickland, "because Camel buys the fine grades of tobacco—my own and those of other growers. And Camel bids high to get these finer lots. It's Camels for me!"

Planter David E. Wells knows every phase of tobacco culture...the "inside" story of tobacco quality. "At sale after sale," he says, "Camel buys up my finest grades at top prices. It's only natural for most planters like me to smoke Camels."

"I ought to know finer tobaccos make finer cigarettes," says grower John T. Caraway. "I've been smoking Camels for 23 years. Camel buyers pay more to get my finest tobacco—many's the year. Camels are the big favorite with planters down here."

AMERICA'S FOUR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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
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OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

OLD alike in name and fame are these four whiskies.

They were the toast of New York when "Diamond Jim" Brady played host at Rector's and the Hoffman House.

Chicago relished them when the floor of the Palmer House bar was studded with silver dollars.

And at San Francisco's old St. Francis Hotel they gave heart to pioneers about to set forth for

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OLD TAYLOR — marked with the signature of a man who made whiskey history

OLD GRAND-DAD — one of the finest bourbons that ever came out of Kentucky

* Bottled

UNDER U. S. GOVERNMEN

OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS YOU

MOST WHISKIES *

the Klondike's ice-bound gold.

Theirs is a prestige that only the years can bestow, and nothing less than rare character and outstanding merit can account for the great and loyal following that each of this quartet has won.

Bottled in bond at full 100 proof under U. S. Government supervision, these four whiskies are as fine as money can buy . . . and at today's modest prices, a very little money buys them.

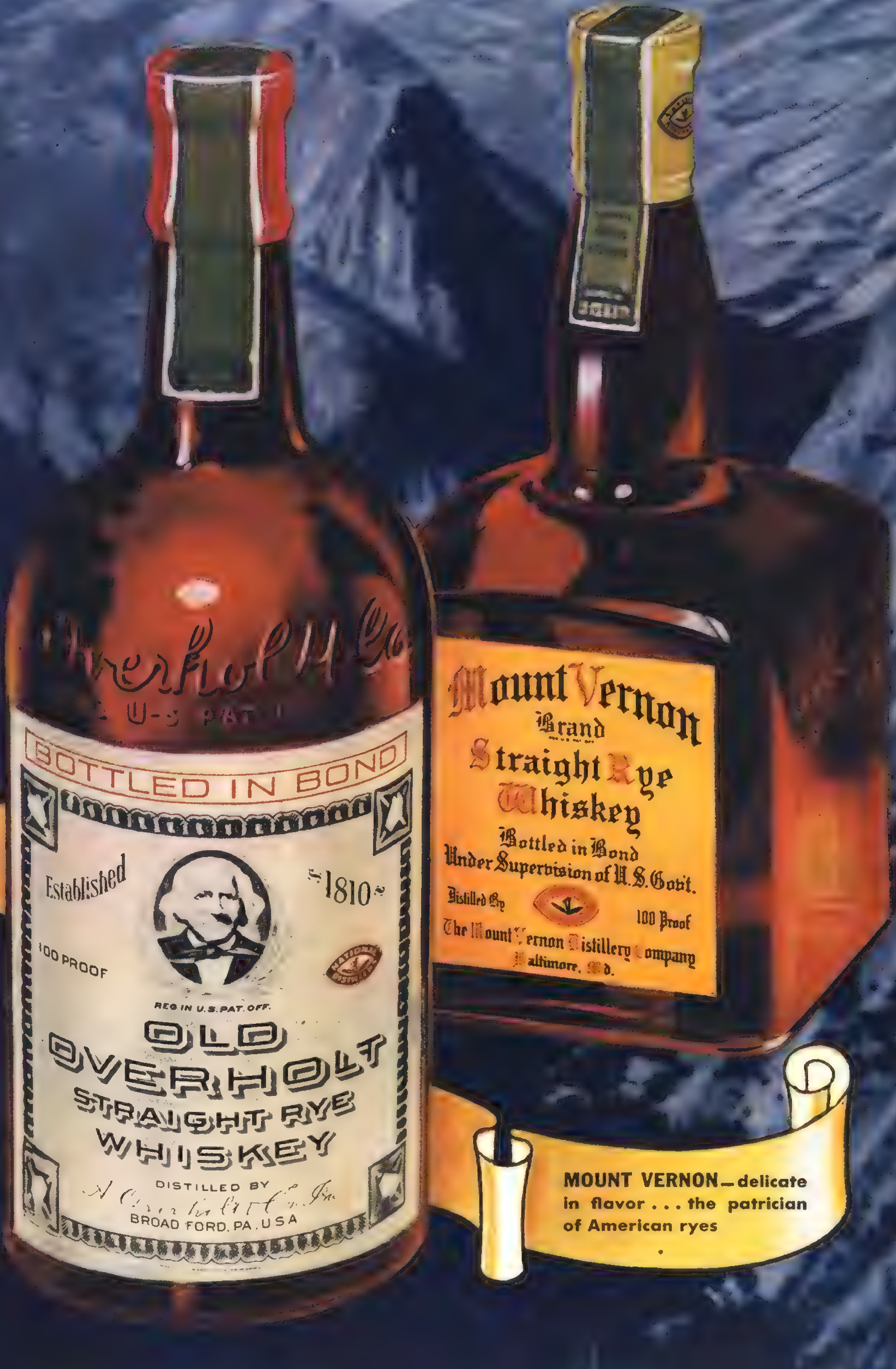
Products Corporation, New York

OLD OVERHOLT—famous 128 years for its rich, robust rye taste

in Bond

UPERVISION and the EMBLEM

UIDE TO GOOD LIQUORS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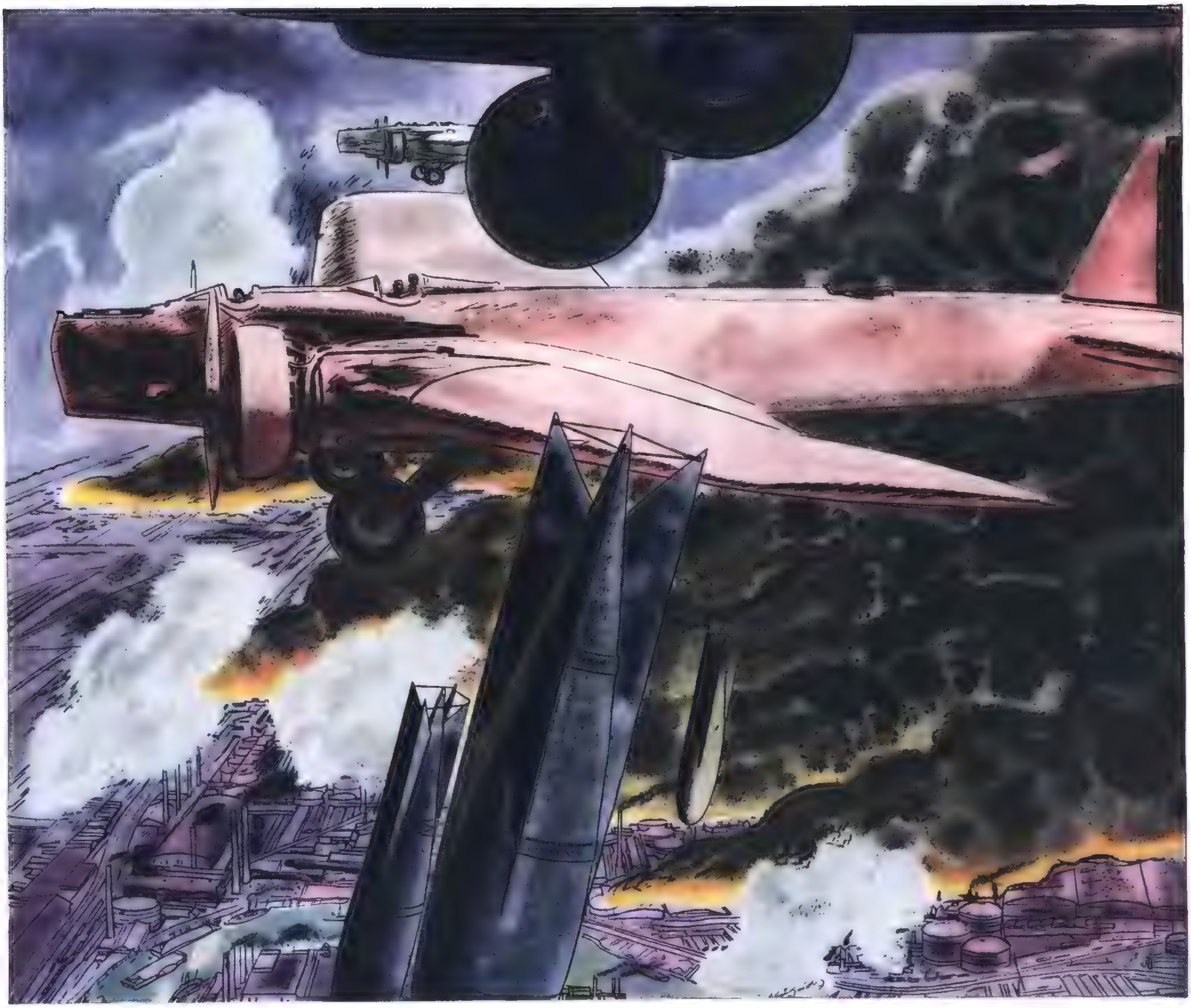
MOUNT VERNON—delicate in flavor . . . the patrician of American ryes



DOOMSDAY

WHAT if you're too old to fight . . . or if your sons are too young to be drafted . . . when the next war comes?

That will offer neither comfort nor security.

All of us will be eligible for ruthless slaughter—babes in arms, and their mothers, and their grandmothers.

Incendiary bombs have been invented, bombs so small that one plane can carry 2,000 of them, bombs so dangerous that five or ten will set an entire city on fire.

Bombing planes with silent motors can be guided from afar by radio. Submarines, with planes aboard, will find no ocean too wide. "Non-combatants" will find distance no comfort nor protection. And so-called "defenses" will be pitifully futile.

Yet the next war will come, surely, if we permit it to come. That is up to us—*all* of us.

What to do about it

Hysterical protests won't avert another war. Civilization must build its own defense out of human reason and intelligence, properly organized and applied.

Today with talk of a coming war heard everywhere, millions of Americans must stand firm in their determination that the folly of 1914-1918 shall not occur again. World Peaceways, a non-profit organization for public enlightenment on international affairs, feels that intelligent efforts can and must be made toward a secure peace. To this end you can do your share to build up a strong public opinion against war. Write today to WORLD PEACEWAYS, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

It's Cheaper to Be . . .

Continued from page 49

"Won't you go and get your hoe now, Pete?"

Still following the sail he took out his pipe and filled it with the shag the asylum provides. After he got it going, he turned to me and respectfully asked me if I had said something.

Before I could repeat my words he softly mused:

"I wonder why Jesus Christ made the world three-quarters water and one-quarter dirt—" He clutched his forehead lightly. "And here we are spinning . . . But thank Doctor Shapiro I can sit here and see all." He narrowed his eyes reflectively. "Doesn't that sail out there make you feel it's your soul carried on water and pushed by wind . . . And all the while this under our feet—" He stamped the ground. "—with everything on it, is spinning. You know, during the first years of the Depression when I couldn't find work nor Relief the earth used to spin so fast that when I came home to Helen and the children I was so dizzy I always wanted to vomit, and I couldn't. The spinning went around so that I couldn't pray—I just couldn't throw up, try as hard as I might. Christ made all this—mind you—and I could feel it spinning right in the dead center of me—spinning just spinning so's I couldn't get rid of it and I'd lay face forward on the ground and cry for it to stop—spinning spinning—"

I began to get a sickening feeling in the pit of my stomach.

"Go get that hoe . . . !" I growled.

"And do you know when Helen told me the Landlord had come again for the rent and that the Relief wasn't enough and that she thought if I had more gumption I could get work like Mooney next door the spinning would get so bad it wouldn't go up nor down and I'd want to be alone and I'd lock myself in the toilet and sit on the bowl with my head in my hands and crying for my mother who has been dead for years."

I relaxed my hold on the bench . . . glad that he had stopped spinning the earth.

"The Relief put me on the WPA. I came home and told Helen I was ill from using a pick and shovel. She said it was my own fault for not seeing to it that they gave me a better job with more money. Ahhh how that Landlord bothered me, and the groceryman and the butcherman, and Helen and those strapping children. How cold they all were to me! And I didn't do anything to them. The WPA laid me off because the foreman was sleeping with some girl and he put her brother in my place. They worried me so much at home that I couldn't even go in the toilet and rest on the bowl anymore. Helen began to stare at me worse and worse, and the children made me feel funny. I stayed out in the street most of the time. I always felt the spinning earth, but at home where I was blamed for everything, the earth went around terribly fast."

I told him to quit the spinning part of it and tell me how he got into the asylum.

"It's spinning right now, isn't it?" He asked gently.

I unpleasantly admitted it was.

"One night when I was sitting on the bowl in the toilet I heard Helen and the children spying about the door. They were talking —I could hear them—and big Junior said that he was sure I was going crazy. Young Helen answered that there was no doubt about it. And Helen wept and said it was true. I stayed in the toilet all night.

"In the morning I crept out of the house. They were watching me from the window because when I looked back at the house they all jumped behind the curtains. I wanted to see a doctor. But what doctor will look at you for nothing? I went to the Relief and down in the basement they had a little old bald-headed doctor—Doctor Shapiro. He examined me. Told me my health was wrecked. Said I couldn't hold any kind of a job. He was very nice to me. I told him how I had been looking for work for three years. And how I had been afraid and hungry—afraid of everybody for a long time—so poor so poor—and I told him privately about how the earth was beginning to spin too fast for me and that I could no longer stand it. He made me a cup of tea. He was very kind. He told me to try to not be afraid of the Landlord and the breadman and the butcherman, the groceryman, Helen and the children—said we all live in our own world—that we are born alone—live alone—and die alone.

"I wandered in the cold until dark. At home Helen and the children banded around me and began treating me as if I were mad. They asked me if I were seeing Devils and if I had any bloody thoughts. I broke down. I wept and said I wanted to be alone and rest because the earth was spinning too fast and that I could not keep my balance. I told them I had to go to the toilet. They let me go, and I ran out of the house. I walked the streets without my hat and coat. The earth was falling falling—I couldn't understand what it was all about—I saw it was no use going any further. I found myself going into the parish church. I asked the Father to confess me. I confessed I was going to get out of everybody's way because I couldn't support my family and that they were convinced I was going crazy.

"He said I shouldn't have such thoughts for if I did a thing like that God would punish me in the next world.

"I found three policemen waiting for me at home. They talked with the family. Helen and the children stood behind them and suggested it would be better for all if I were taken to the observation ward.

"That night in the hospital was

Continued on page 102

d'apres A. M. CASSANDRE
18

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HOLES OF GOLF

AND . . .

a glass of Dubonnet before meals. There's no better prelude to food. Dubonnet, made of fine French wines deftly blended, will delight you with its delicious flavor. Dubonnet, the famous French appetizer, is neither too sweet nor too dry.

TRY DUBONNET THESE 2 DELICIOUS WAYS

❶ THE FRENCH WAY — Dubonnet straight, well-chilled. You'll find it mild and delicious.

❷ THE AMERICAN WAY—Dubonnet cocktail —half gin and half Dubonnet; stir with ice and strain, add twist of lemon peel. A grand drink!

DUBONNET

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WANT A NEW THRILL? Slip the new Hamilton OTIS on your wrist. (A beauty, isn't it?) Now see how it works . . . A slight pressure from the side, a flip of the finger—and over she goes, dial down, locked firmly into reversed position! A grand idea for a presentation watch—or for your fraternity or lodge insignia—or just your monogram. 17 jewels. 14K gold-filled, natural yellow only. With 18K applied gold numeral dial, black (as shown) or silver finish, $65. Hamilton makes only high grade watches—with 17 or more jewels, precious metal cases. See the OTIS, and other swank new Hamiltons for Fall—for both men and women—at your jeweler's. $37.50 to $5000. Or write for illustrated folder. Hamilton Watch Company, 880 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

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The first custom-built pocket watch dials! A "natural" for presentations or awards. In place of customary numerals, 18K applied gold letters, numerals, stars or markers may be arranged *on the dial* as desired—your own name, club name, fraternity, or what you wish. See your jeweler—or write us for complete information about these novel and smart new dials.

HAMILTON

the Watch of Railroad Accuracy

It's Cheaper to Be . . .

Continued from pages 49-101

my first quiet rest in years. The next morning I asked to see Doctor Shapiro the Relief doctor. He visited me. He said he had asked the family to show up because he wanted to talk with them.

"Doctor Shapiro and I had a long talk. We went over my life. Poor, poor I was always poor I said, and I wanted so much to save enough money so that I could have the Brace and Bit construction company build me a strong little house in the country. You know, I'd make a first-class building inspector. I decided my house in the woods would be perfectly built—no jerry-job for me. I studied construction at night school, drew my own plans, and visited the company's jobs on my days off." He pointed to the recently completed tubercular wards. "When they put that up I kept an eye on them. Fine work—no leaks, clean brickwork, plenty of windows, latest plumbing—perfect job! One day Big Jack the inspector pushed a bricklayer in the nose for not dabbing enough cement in between two bricks."

I chuckled. I knew he was right about the work. The finest building work in the country is done on insane asylums—I found out—and also that at the rate people are going off beam, in ten years from now fifty per cent of the people will be living in State asylums.

"Do you know Doctor Shapiro?"

I shook my head.

"You ought to meet him. Well we talked as though we knew each other for years. I let him know how I used to dream about getting back my bookkeeping job with the Brace and Bit people, and then when I'd awake I'd realize they were out of business, and Helen and the children and the Landlord and a hundred others would be pressing me for something I couldn't get—and I'd drag myself through the streets and wait for hours in the Relief office all over again—About how everyone and everything seemed cold and pushing me down—how voices made me sick, and it didn't matter whether it was President Roosevelt or the investigator or somebody in the subway, their voices made the earth spin so terrible. I told Doctor Shapiro I didn't want to go back to that. I said I knew I was going crazy . . . everyone knew it and said so. He took out his pad and pencil and figured out how much it would cost to have me treated, how much I owed, how much it would take to support Helen and the children; then he left me to go out in the hall and talk with the family. Before he went he said perhaps he could get them to work together and help me along.

"He was gone a long time. When he came back his forehead was wrinkled, but he was friendlier than ever. He took out the pad with the figures. I asked him what the family said . . . and . . . he chewed his lips." Basler detached himself completely to witness the white dot of sail dive into the horizon, and then relit his pipe.

"You were talking about Doctor Shapiro," I remarked.

"Yes," he said blowing out smoke through pursed lips, "Doctor Shapiro is the only friend I have in this world."

"Well, what happened then?"

He drew his breath in deeply and sighed out slowly.

"Well . . . Doctor Shapiro sat close to me—he put his hand on my knee and started to tell me stories. Said I wasn't the only one sick like that and that it wasn't my fault—said he knew cases that weren't treated in time . . . about a man who worried so about his rent and one day gave it all up by shooting dead six people in the Relief office and then killing his Landlord—about an unemployed musician who cut off his wife's head while she slept because he couldn't bear to see her cold and hungry—said I'd be surprised if I knew how many people were—slipping—and had to be sent away for 'treatment.' I begged him to help me. He thought for a minute and then told me about this place. Then I *am* going crazy? I asked him. 'Well, I wouldn't put it exactly that way,' he said. He tapped my knee and advised me not to feel too bad about the thought of entering an asylum . . . and leaning close to my ear he whispered: 'It's cheaper *to be* crazy' . . ."

We were both silent. I put together all he told me.

"You'll be all right bye and bye," I said. "The Depression must end some day—there'll be jobs—you can go back to your family, go to church, go to work—be free."

"What for?" he inquired.

I kept quiet—then I couldn't help asking:

"But Basler, between you and me, what's the angle about this *spinning* business?"

He cleaned out his pipe, and looked at me blandly.

"Christ made this ball of a world three parts water, one part dirt, and all spinning." He put his finger to his nose and shut his eyes. "Close your eyes and listen."

I unconsciously did so.

"Now feel the blood flowing around the center of you in tempo with the earth—hear the hum of the inside world—see what a blind point you are now—and your brain's whizzing around through space with the earth? It's spinning man it's spinning!"

I felt ill to my stomach. I began to lose my sense of balance. I quickly opened my eyes to see if anything had moved. I saw my supervisor coming across the field. Basler was calmly gazing at the sea.

"Go get that damn hoe!"

He got up from the bench, laid down in the grass with the sun catching him full in the face, set himself to drowse, and sang out: "Whirling like a bitch!" ⌗

FRENCH CANCAN
FRENCH CAN CAN
CARON CARON
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You Press the Middle Valve Down

Continued from page 73

tipping his hat to the women and passing a good evening with the men. He stopped at the Passmore House to give the time of day to the bartender and to buy a cigar. He never drank, not even beer. He'd stand around talking, taking a cigar when the drinks were bought and watching and buying when it came his turn. After an hour or so of this he started up to the band hall. He unlocked the door, lit one of the coal oil lamps in the center of the room, raised the three windows and got that short-coupled E-flat cornet out of its sole leather case. He trilled his scales, hit his top and then his bottom, and settled down to some real serious work.

My old man had a healthy respect for technique and he was always trying to oil up his execution. Some cornet players triple-tongue two notes with their tongues and one with their throats but he thought that was a slovenly way to get an effect and his tongue hit three sharp cracks for every note. He "tut-tut-tutted" away for five years before he got it down to the place where he was proud of it.

Before long the band fellows began to come in and an audience was ranged on their hunkers in front of the fire hall across the street. The band fellows took out their instruments and tuned them and warmed them up while my old man was cutting his capers and before long a fair sized band was there. Then he unlocked the music closet and passed out the parts and they started to practice.

He wasn't the director and the director didn't like the way he took charge of the band. He couldn't say much for the Amateurs knew he was hardly fit to hold my old man's music. After a couple of years of this the director quit and my old man became director and he didn't have to go down in the mines any more.

He sweated hell out of those Johnny Bulls. By the time he had the band to himself for a year he had them playing way over their heads. He arranged some special stuff for them with plenty of E-flat obbligatos so he could turn around and let go with that close-coupled horn he directed with and he dug into his trunk and brought up a couple of numbers he'd gotten in England that hadn't been played around here yet. He hated like the Devil to show the band and he had a couple of arguments with the operator. Nothing came of it because the operator was afraid to tie the can on him for the Amateurs thought pretty well of him by this time. So he didn't show the band and they practiced diligently almost every night.

While all this was going on he married mother. He was an Episcopalian, of course, but he picked up a couple of bucks on the side playing the organ and leading the choir in the Baptist Church where mother was soprano soloist.

There was nothing indirect about my old man. One night he hurried and closed his organ and put away his music so he could walk with mother to Point Lookout where she lived. When they got a block away from the church he plumped out and asked her to marry him and she ran like the Devil was unloading hell in back of her, clear to Point Lookout, a mile and a half. Mother told her sisters about it and they told Grandpap.

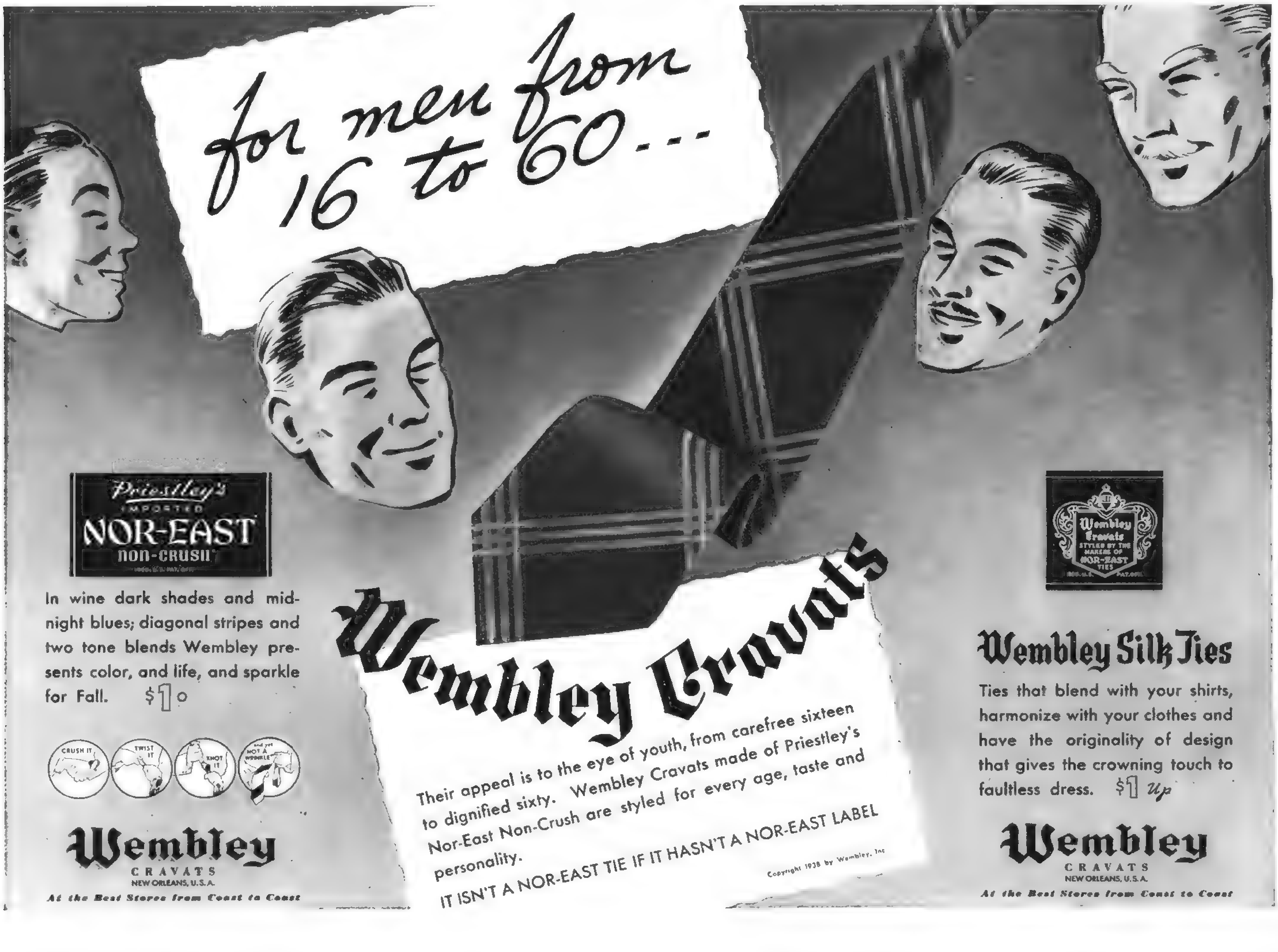
Christ, what a commotion! Grandpap was a Baptist minister and he never swore, but he said he'd be gol-durned, which were pretty strong words for him, if he'd let any daughter of his marry a Johnny Bull, he'd sooner see her married to a black man and don't bring that horn-tooting bloody Englishman around here.

So the next time my old man asked mother to marry him she said yes and he hired a rig and they drove over the mountain to Bellefonte to be married.

The Amateur Band forced him to spend a lot of time off the home grounds and mother didn't like it but she didn't say much. She didn't have much chance. In a year the children started to come and her hands were full.

Pretty soon my old man started to show the band and they took the whole state like Grant took Richmond. They won every contest in the soft coal field around Centre and Clearfield counties with my old man furnishing all the flourishes necessary to lift them out of the umpah-umpah class.

When they played a concert at the Opera House with mother singing with her long yellow hair down her back and some kind of a German costume on that fitted her close in front, all the Johnny Bulls in the neighborhood stood on their seats and cheered. It was just after the band came back from Pittsburgh where they'd won the state championship at Kennywood Park and there was another gold medal swinging on a swivel on my old man's white uniform. The Johnny Bulls were playing way over themselves. And when the old boy closed with *Isle of Beauty*, which all the Johnny Bulls sang when their boats were pulling away from the docks at Liverpool bound for America, and played *God Save the King* in running trills as an obbligato to it,



Wembley Cravats

Their appeal is to the eye of youth, from carefree sixteen to dignified sixty. Wembley Cravats made of Priestley's Nor-East Non-Crush are styled for every age, taste and personality.

IT ISN'T A NOR-EAST TIE IF IT HASN'T A NOR-EAST LABEL

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In wine dark shades and midnight blues; diagonal stripes and two tone blends Wembley presents color, and life, and sparkle for Fall. $1o

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CRAVATS
NEW ORLEANS, U.S.A.
At the Best Stores from Coast to Coast

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Ties that blend with your shirts, harmonize with your clothes and have the originality of design that gives the crowning touch to faultless dress. $1 *up*

Wembley
CRAVATS
NEW ORLEANS, U.S.A.
At the Best Stores from Coast to Coast

there wasn't a dry eye in the house.

Old Sam Sykes, whose legs were so bowed from stooping in the mines that he couldn't catch a pig in an alley, was crying like a baby. Then the band went piano and mother started to sing the old tune in a throaty soprano that was almost an alto. You could hear the watches tick. The program faded out with mother singing. The curtains closed and there was no encore and no one cheered. The house was still as death as Johnny Bulls from all over just left their seats and started for the doors. They didn't feel much like clapping or cheering. My old man thought that silent exit was the best tribute the band could have gotten. He was a real showman.

All this time my old man was starting to have trouble with his teeth. Every time he'd clamp that short-coupled horn to his mouth you'd see him wince. And once he almost had to stop playing in the middle of a tricky bit that no one could pick up for him. Great beads of sweat came out on his head but he stuck to it and got through it somehow.

Mother sent him to the dentist and what did he do but tell my old man that he'd have to have all of his front uppers out. They were rotted almost through from that damned peppermint lozenge sucking he'd been doing ever since he got his horn when he was a kid.

He told the dentist to go plum to hell, that he didn't give a tinker's damn about the pain and anyway he couldn't have his living interfered with. I guess he saw visions of the mines again and he'd had a belly full of that. He'd gone down to push cars when he was a kid eight years old in England.

The dentist looked at him funny and said O. K. but it would have to happen sooner or later. Then he started to coax my old man.

He told him he'd make a set of uppers that would be better than his own because they wouldn't hurt him when he clamped his horn on to do something fancy. So my old man finally said what the hell? anything is better than this and one night the dentist yanked them all out.

He came home with his gums bleeding. He didn't say anything to mother but just looked at her with tears in his eyes and got out his horn. He warmed the mouthpiece good and tried to ram it into playing position. Hell, you'd have thought he was trying to play sword-swallower with it the way it almost went down his throat. He looked at mother again and went on up to bed.

Well, that was before they had fancy dentists like they have now. He had to be without his teeth for a month while his gums set. And even then, the dentist said, he was taking a chance. But my old man wanted that set of store crockery and wanted it fast, so the dentist said O. K. and made them up.

They did anchor pretty good in my old man's jaw but he had to develop his lip all over again because the store teeth stuck out a little more than his natural ones had and that spoiled his embrochure. In a couple of weeks he had a good lip again and was trilling away on that short-coupled E-flat cornet like a canary.

Then it came almost time for the contest again. This time, because the Amateurs had knocked it off in Pittsburgh, they were holding it at Altoona which was the nearest place to Philipsburg they could get and still take care of the crowd that always came for the excitement.

The contest number was the *Hallelujah Chorus* and my old man was going to give them a unique rendition of it or bust a gut trying. He was going to play it right. The Amateurs were the state's prize band and he wasn't going to have any horn blower from any other part of Pennsylvania Hallelujah that gold medal off his chest.

So they practiced. And they practiced. And they practiced. The gang in front of the fire hall never got so damned sick of a tune in their lives as they did of that *Hallelujah Chorus.*

Every night, all night long, after my old man had warmed up his band on a couple of numbers, they'd start in with HAL-e-lujah! HAL-e-lujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! H-A-L—E-LU-jah! and so on. All the time my old man was cutting through the upstairs with that E-flat cornet, triple-tonguing an obbligato that sounded like the birds singing on Resurrection morning. He worked for months on it. After the band had gotten it down pretty well you'd think a gang of angels was playing it instead of grimy old Johnny Bulls with coal dust still around their eyes and ears. But every now and then my old man would wince and you could see him working that store crockery around in his mouth and not miss a note either.

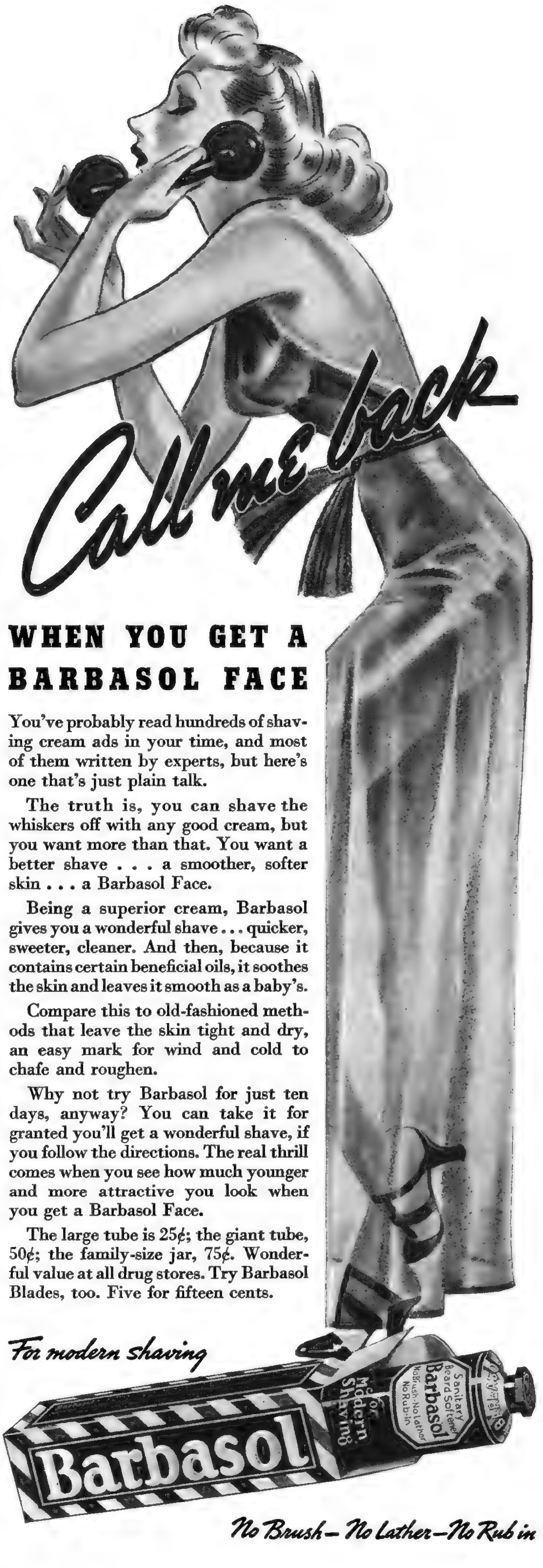
There were thousands at the contest. All the Johnny Bulls in the whole territory knocked off work for the day and came. They ran a special train from Philipsburg to Altoona that day and it was packed with Johnny Bulls and Johnny Bull women and children.

All day long all you could hear was HAL-e-lujah! and so on. Seventeen bands were in competition. One cornet player from Uniontown tried to play an obbligato to it but it stunk. My old man grinned and waved his little close-coupled E-flat at him. It was a Hell of a looking horn by this time too, all full of dents, but it could talk when my old man put it into playing position.

Because they were defending champions the Amateurs played last. It was almost dark when they came onto the platform and kicked away the music stands.

They sat down. In two or three minutes my old man, in his Johnny Bull white uniform and his white

Continued at top of page 106



WHEN YOU GET A BARBASOL FACE

You've probably read hundreds of shaving cream ads in your time, and most of them written by experts, but here's one that's just plain talk.

The truth is, you can shave the whiskers off with any good cream, but you want more than that. You want a better shave . . . a smoother, softer skin . . . a Barbasol Face.

Being a superior cream, Barbasol gives you a wonderful shave . . . quicker, sweeter, cleaner. And then, because it contains certain beneficial oils, it soothes the skin and leaves it smooth as a baby's.

Compare this to old-fashioned methods that leave the skin tight and dry, an easy mark for wind and cold to chafe and roughen.

Why not try Barbasol for just ten days, anyway? You can take it for granted you'll get a wonderful shave, if you follow the directions. The real thrill comes when you see how much younger and more attractive you look when you get a Barbasol Face.

The large tube is 25¢; the giant tube, 50¢; the family-size jar, 75¢. Wonderful value at all drug stores. Try Barbasol Blades, too. Five for fifteen cents.

ALLIGATOR'S BRIGHT, NEW, AUTHENTIC

UNIVERSITY Coacher Raincoat

The popularity of this handsome new raincoat has spread across the country. And why not! It's the grandest, most practical raincoat that ever graced a campus—or boulevard—or avenue. With all its style and smartness it is downright sensible, too • • made in the waterproof, windproof and dustproof Alligator process in which no rubber is used. The University Coacher comes in dark green, yellow and black—and features an 85 inch sweep, fly front, ticket pocket, convertible collar and crisp brass buttons. See the University Coacher • • a great value at $7.50.

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MANUFACTURERS OF ALLIGATOR RAINCOATS AND GALECOATS

You Press the Middle Valve Down

Continued from pages 73-105

cap with the horse hair shaving brush dingus on it, walked up the middle aisle, carrying his short-coupled E-flat cornet under his arm.

He had a sort of military walk for a little fellow and you could almost see him counting to himself, one-two-three-four! one-two-three-four! hep! hep! hep hep hep! as he came up the aisle between the benches in front of the bandstand.

When he hit the steps the Amateurs stood up. When he got onto the platform he nodded and they sat down. Then they ran through the other contest number as slick and as smooth as you please. You could see that they were holding back.

Those Johnny Bulls out front almost ripped up the seats with their commotion when the Amateurs got through the first number—the noise was loud and long.

My old man let the boys rest for a minute before he started them again.

He stood in front of them, facing them, with his hands away above his head, that short-coupled E-flat in his left. The Johnny Bulls took off their hats and laid them on the floor. Then my old man made a little flourish with his hands and the band stood up. That's how they did it in England where everyone stands up whenever the *Hallelujah Chorus* is played.

They hit it a hell of a belt.

My old man turned around and put his horn into playing position. The band softened its Hallelujahs until they were almost a whisper. My old man started his obbligato on a note so damned high that it was way out of the range of even a short-coupled E-flat. He trilled around upstairs like a bird. All the time the band was in double piano but they kept adding a little more *forte* and a little more *forte* until they were playing good and loud and my old man had increased his volume until, way upstairs like he was, you could have almost heard him back in Philipsburg.

He started to sweat. You could see his jaws wiggle. Pretty soon, when he was way upstairs again and the band was in plenty of piano, it happened.

Those damned teeth came off their moorings and my old man's little close-coupled E-flat cornet let out a blat like as if it had broken wind.

My old man stopped the band right there. Waved them down. He took those store choppers out of his mouth and threw them so far no one ever found them. Then he marched over to the judges' stand and took off that gold medal and gave it to them.

He marched right back up on that bandstand and began all over conducting the band through the *Hallelujah Chorus* without putting the horn to his face. And it still sounded pretty good.

Be damned if the Amateurs didn't get second place anyhow.

Of course, all the Johnny Bulls didn't feel so good about it because they had been in the beer saloons all day bragging about my old man. Going home on the train that night my old man stayed with mother.

Monday morning he got up at five o'clock and went down into the cellar where his mine clothes were hung. He put them on while mother packed his bucket.

He stayed around the house more. The only times he went out at night were on Thursdays when he rehearsed the choir and on Sundays to play the organ in the Baptist Church. ⧺

The Old Battler

Continued from page 61

many guys and he never asked any carrying for himself, but he carried me when I was breaking up with this T. B."

And now the Gilt-Edge is exiting guys for the night. Ten o'clock, three hours earlier than usual and the place is dark and empty except for one small light and two guys in the storeroom. One guy is Tommy Root, an around-the-world hobo fighter, and pretty much a stranger. The other guy is Billy McCuan, Old-Stove-Up Billy, Pretzel-Legs Billy or Call-me-just-so-you-call-me Billy, but mostly Anisette-and-Absinthe Billy. Just the same, Billy once drew with a champion twice.

Tommy and Billy are down and out and they keep the place cleaned up for meal tickets, for a four-bit piece occasionally, and flops in the storeroom. They are brushing off tobacco crumbs from the blankets now and otherwise preparing to sack a little shut-eye.

Tommy is getting very gabby.

"Shut up," says Billy, "don't talk to me tonight."

For three hours there is plenty squeaking from the cots but not any snoring from the boys. Billy unwinds himself, gets up and says, "I'm going to get a bottle."

In maybe an hour, maybe an hour and a half, Billy says, "Shut up. Let me talk awhile. Anyhow shut up about Australia. And shut up about Arkansas and Tennessee where you had such nice corn cakes with more side-meat than you could eat, because I been down there and there ain't no Milk and Honey Route nowhere near. And in one of those states I flashed a $5.00 bill and they run me out of the state. They claimed I was a foreigner.

"And shut up mentioning that you think young Skip Turner has a thimbleful of colored blood, or the Gilt-Edge must break out its rubber blanket and Billy McCuan must go around with a dustpan and a tablecloth brush and pick up your knee caps and butt-muscles, your tongue and your heart. Another thing, although I'd die before I'd mention it, Billy McCuan got that bottle partly for his own use, so hand it over.

"But the main thing around here is, don't keep on using the Gilt-Edge's face towels to shine your damn shoes. Last February I had two brothers killed for doing that dirty trick, and our own family won't allow any markers on their graves.

"Another thing to shut up about is asking why Jimmy draws so much water around here at all times, and why guys is so extra respectful today. And as long as I want you to shut up about practically everything, shut up about asking what all about Maud. What do you mean, anyhow, what all about her. I told you once that she was his wife, didn't I? You got a working knowledge of the English language by this time, ain't you?

"Here, kill yourself, but leave me what will correspond to a drink.

"And shut up about asking me how long I knew the old battler. Twenty-seven years. And we trained together and we roomed together and we eat together and we catted around together ten, eleven years off and on. And I fought him five times, I suppose that's some of your goddam business too.

"Oh go on kill it, kill it for crysake's kill it. You don't suppose I got just one bottle, do you? Or do you? Thanks. You're swell. I never saw a guy yet, if he tried to gab all the time about Australia, that wouldn't sneak two drinks for one if he had a chance.

"They buried the old battler today. He's dead.

"One time the old battler and I quit fighting for awhile and charted us a flossy place to give private boxing lessons only. High class as hell it was. Cost five dollars to spit in our cuspidor. That kind of a place.

"That was funny. Afterwards, that was funny. Good joke on the old battler and me. We quit fighting, see, just got tired of training. We figure no more roadwork, our feet are wore off to above the ankle now. No more nothing, just tell guys, 'Do this.'

"We pay two months' rent, second floor, Paul Building. We were going to pay one year's rent, but we misjudged a couple goats at Moncrief Park, Jacksonville. But we still hold $2,200. We buy lotta stuff, partitions office room, reception room—oh, my yes it was that kind of a place—two rub rooms, two private-lessons rooms, exercise rooms, oh, everything. Buy swell furniture, office reception room. Buy two big mats, four small ones. Buy apparatuses all kind. Cost dough. But old battler and me, we don't care. Won't have to train any more. Just tell guys, 'Do this.'

"Everything's ready except big sign at entrance and steam bath cabinets. Steam bath cabinet guys want $800. We got $800 all right but we ain't going pay that much. Old battler and me, we shop around. One day we see a guy stuck up. Main stem. Daylight. Makes us nervous then to carry all our dough. Next morning in bed, old battler sits up.

"'Hey, Billy, I got a stunt. I show you. You get up and bring me over that rack with all our neckties on it, and I show you.'

"I says, 'Certainly, certainly, I'll get up and bring over that rack with all your neckties on it. Or else I'll get a man right away to do it for me. Or else I'll give you such a wham in the eye that your hips will get black and blue. Get up your ownself and get down that rack with all our neckties on it.'

"Old battler he gets up, gets the neckties and he says,

"'See, these old crummy ones what a bum wouldn't wear—mostly yours, but I'm glad now you're stingy and don't care how you look—see, we poke a big bill or two way up in the end. See, they stick there, and these lousy things of yours don't look any more lousy or different than they did before. Now see, if some sneak thief should come around it's a cinch he won't touch these greasy ragged old neckties—mostly yours.'

"Well, yes, thanks, I'll take a couple drinks on you, seein' I bought it. And now, you know what happened? Ha, you're pretty smart, you been sneakin' off to the theatre or readin' books or something. But that's right, some guy steals them. We lose 950 bucks. Big joke on old battler and me, for hadda get a couple fights and start training again, we hadda start training again after all.

"No jokes like that in Australia. No jokes like that in that baretoed state you gabbed so much about. They wouldn' have that much money. Their state capitol cost only 300 bucks.

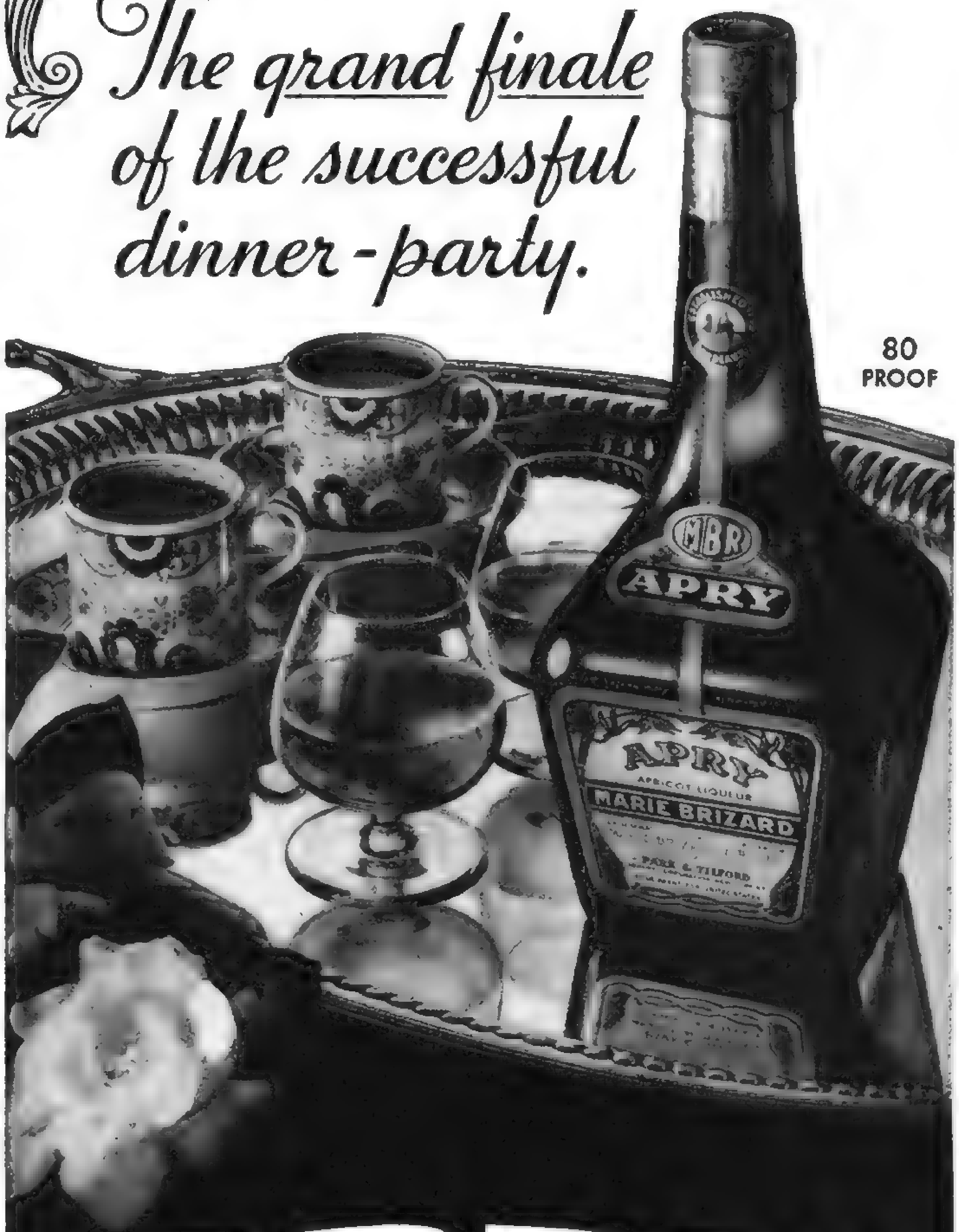
"That was a good joke on old battler and Billy McCuan. Hadda train again after all. No, that was no joke. Hadda train again for fights get back dough for steam bath cabinet guys and make us wait three weeks before we can tell guys, 'Do this.'

"Tomorrow I'll tell you better joke on old battler and me. Same steam bath cabinets, too. Guy locks us in steam bath cabinets all night. Steam on too. Just old battler's head outside. Just Billy McCuan's head outside, too. Nearly cook us to death. Guy nearly talk us to death.

"Fought him five times, fought him five times.

"Understand was buried. Dead, I suppose." #

The grand finale of the successful dinner-party.



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40 MONTHLY PRIZES TOTALING $3600.00
3 GRAND PRIZES TOTALING $1400.00

HERE'S an opportunity to try your skill. Study the cartoon on the opposite page. Can you supply a gag-line for it? Esquire is paying $5,000.00 in cash prizes to the persons who submit the best suggestions.

This contest runs for two more months—the first cartoon without title appeared in the October issue. This is the November cartoon, and there will be another in the December issue. $1,200.00 in cash prizes are being awarded each month to the persons who submit the best gag-lines for each of these cartoons. A total of $3,600.00. In addition, grand prizes of $1,400.00 will be awarded for the best entries of all submitted during the three months of the Contest. You may win two ways—a monthly prize and a grand prize.

Now then—see how clever you are. Write your gag-line for the cartoon on the opposite page and send it in on the coupon or a facsimile.

CONDITIONS

1. Gag-lines must not exceed 15 words.

2. Originality of thought, appropriateness, cleverness of idea and clearness of expression will count. Handwriting and decoration will not be considered.

3. Jack Benny, Fred Allen and Phil Baker have consented to serve as a Committee of Judges. Esquire reserves the right to augment this Committee, should any member of it be unable to serve. Entrants agree to accept the decision of the Judges as final. In event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. This offer is open to everyone except employes of Esquire-Coronet, Inc., and their families. It doesn't matter where you live.

5. Suggestions may be submitted on the coupons published for convenience or on a facsimile. Contestants may submit as many suggestions as they wish but each entry must be submitted on a separate coupon or facsimile. Name and address must appear on each entry.

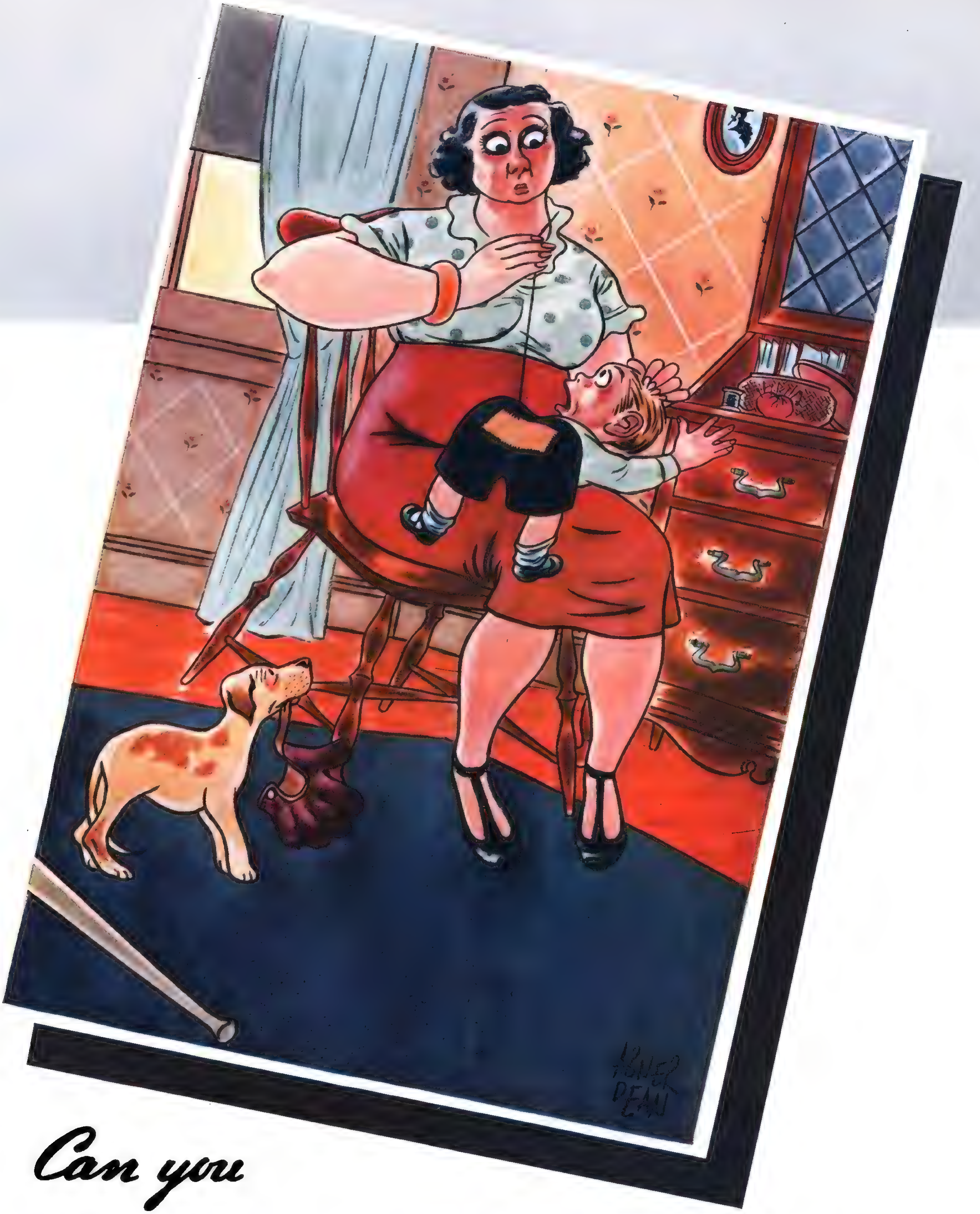
6. All entries submitted become the property of Esquire and may be used in whole or in part as the publishers see fit, without consideration. No entries will be returned. Acceptance of these rules is an express condition of each entry.

7. All entries for the November contest must be received by midnight, November 15, 1938; for the December contest, by December 15, 1938. Address entries to "Gag-Lines", Esquire, P. O. Box No. S, Chicago, Ill.

PRIZES

Monthly Prizes:			
5 First Prizes	$100.00 Each	$ 500.00	
5 Second Prizes	50.00 Each	250.00	
10 Third Prizes	25.00 Each	250.00	
20 Fourth Prizes	10.00 Each	200.00	
40 Prizes each month		$1,200.00	
Three Months' Prizes			$3,600.00
Grand Prizes:			
1st Grand Prize		$1,000.00	
2nd Grand Prize		250.00	
3rd Grand Prize		150.00	
			1,400.00
TOTAL PRIZES			$5,000.00

MAIL YOUR *GAG-LINE* ON THIS COUPON



Can you

SUPPLY A CLEVER GAG-LINE FOR THIS CARTOON?

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

"Gag-Lines," Esquire, P. O. Box No. S, Chicago, Ill.

Gag-Line for Cartoon in November Issue:__________________________________

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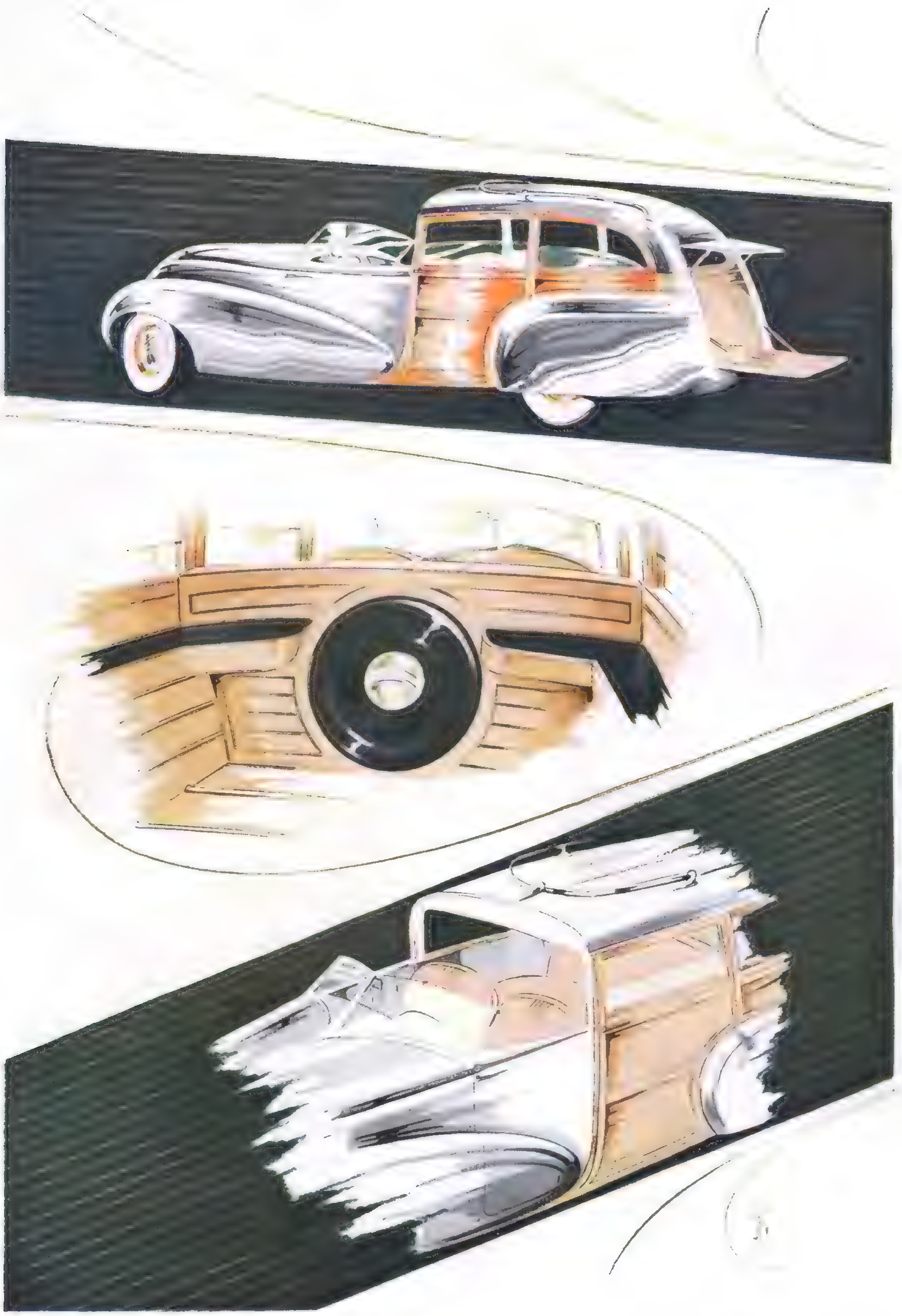
My Name is____

Address____

City_______________________________________State_________________



MEETING ALL TRAINS *by* ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY

Up until now the annoying axiom that you can't have your cake and eat it too applied as much to station-wagons as to the other major appurtenances of human existence. But that's all changed, as per the above sketch. If you've been torn between the desire to own a station-wagon that would sport all the swank of a town car and the necessity that it embody a basic rural ruggedness, you can now pull yourself together. Here is rugged swank personified. There's swank in the sleek hood, in the new Continental idea of continuing the front fender through the front door, and in the novel rear fender treatment. There's ruggedness in the body design and practicality in the provision for loading through the rear. Under the heading of all three qualities come the conveniently located spare wheel, the handy shelves for small packages, and the modernized ledge rail. But what good is a rear view mirror without a rear view?

The Denunciation

Continued from page 39

"What is that kind of tonic?"

"Quinine. Try one."

"Listen I don't drink very much but is a quinine very good for fever. I try little one."

"What did the doctor say about you John?"

"Is a no necessity see doctor. I am all right. Only I have like buzzing noises all the time in the head."

"You have to go to see him, John."

"I go all right. But he not understand. He says I have no papers to admit."

"I'll call up about it," I said. "I know the people there. Is the doctor a German?"

"That's right," said John. "Is a German. No talk English very good."

Just then the waiter came over. He was an old man with a bald head and very old-fashioned manners which the war had not changed. He was very worried.

"I have a son at the front," he said. "I have another son killed. Now about this."

"It is thy problem."

"And you? Already I have told you."

"I came in here to have a drink before eating."

"And I work here. But tell me."

"It is thy problem," I said. "I am not a politian."

"Do you understand Spanish, John?" I asked the Greek comrade.

"No, I understand few words but I speak Greek, English, Arabic. One time I speak good Arabic. Listen you know how I get buried?"

"No. I knew you were buried. That's all."

He had a dark good-looking face and very dark hands that he moved about when he talked. He came from one of the islands and he spoke with great intensity.

"Well, I tell you now. You see I have very much experience in war. Before I am Captain in Greek army too. I am good soldier. So when I see plane come over there when we are in trenches there at Fuentes del Ebro I look at him close. I look at plane come over, bank, turn like this (he turned and banked with his hands), look down on us and I say, 'Ah ha. Is for the General Staff. Is made the observation. Pretty soon come others.'

"So just like I say come others. So I am stand there and watch. I watch close. I look up and I point out to company what happens. Is come three and three. One first and two behind. Is pass one group of three and I say to company, 'See? Now is pass one formation.'

"Is pass the other three and I say to company, 'Now is hokay. Now is all right. Now is nothing more to worry.' That the last thing I remember for two weeks."

"When did it happen?"

"About one month ago. You see is my helmet forced down over my face when am buried by bomb so I have the air in that helmet to breathe until they dig me out but I know nothing about that. But in that air I breathe is the smoke from the explosion and that make me sick for long time. Now am I hokay, only with the ringing in the head. What you call this drink?"

"Gin and tonic. Schweppes Indian tonic water. This was a very fancy café before the war and this used to cost five pesetas when there were only seven pesetas to the dollar. We just found out they still have the tonic water and they're charging the same price for it. There's only a case left."

"Is a good drink all right. Tell me, how was this city before the war?"

"Fine. Like now only lots to eat."

The waiter came over and leaned toward the table.

"And if I don't?" he said. "It is my responsibility."

"If you wish to, go to the telephone and call this number. Write it down."

He wrote it down. "Ask for Pepé," I said.

"I have nothing against him," the waiter said. "But it is the Causa. Certainly such a man is dangerous to our cause."

"Don't the other waiters recognize him?"

"I think so. But no one has said anything. He is an old client."

"I am an old client too."

"Perhaps then he is on our side now, too."

"No," I said. "I know he is not."

"I have never denounced anyone."

"It is your problem. Maybe one of the other waiters will denounce him."

"No. Only the old waiters know him and the old waiters do not denounce."

"Bring another of the yellow gins and some bitters," I said. "There is tonic water still in the bottle."

"What's he talk about?" asked John. "I only understand little bit."

"There is a man here that we both knew in the old days. He used to be a marvelous pigeon shot and I used to see him at shoots. He is a fascist and for him to come here now, no matter what his reasons, is very foolish. But he was always very brave and very foolish."

"Show him to me."

"There at that table with the flyers."

"Which one?"

"With the very brown face; the cap over one eye. Who is laughing now."

"He is fascist?"

"Yes."

"That's a closest I see fascist since Fuentes del Ebro. Is a many fascist here?"

"Quite a few from time to time."

"Is drink the same drink as you," said John. "We drink that other people think we fascists, eh? Listen you ever been South America, West Coast, Magallanes?"

"No."

"Is all right. Only too many oc-toe-pus."

"Too many what?"

"Oc-toe-pus." He pronounced

Continued on page 112

NEW! Shaped to fit the hand, Shav Pak stays put, can't roll.
MODERN! The snap-on cover of the Bakelite container fits on base when in use.
CONVENIENT! The giant slab of imported Mansfield Shaving Soap has a broad surface which enables the brush to pick up soap quickly.
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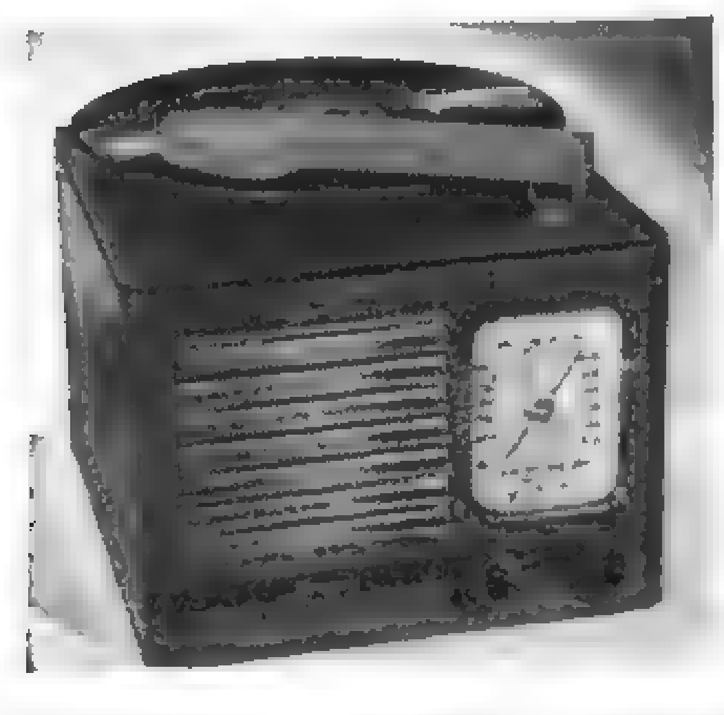

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The Denunciation

Continued from pages 39-111

it with the accent on the toe as oc-*toe*-pus. "You know with the eight arms."

"Oh," I said. "Octopus."

"Oc-toe-pus," said John. "You see I am diver too. Is a good place to work all right make plenty money only too many oc-*toe*-pus."

"Did they bother you?"

"I don't know about that. First time I go down in Magallanes harbor I see oc-*toe*-pus. He is stand on his feet like this." John pointed his fingers on the table and brought his hands up, at the same time bringing up his shoulders and raising his eyebrows. "He is stand up taller than I am and he is look me right in the eye. I jerk cord for them to bring me up."

"How big was he, John?"

"I cannot say absolutely because the glass in the helmet make distort a little. But the head was big around more than four feet any*way*. And he was stand on his feet like on *tip*-toes and look at me like this. (He peered in my face.) So when I get up out of water they take off the helmet and so I say I don't go down there any more. Then the man of the job says, 'What a matter with you John? The oc-toe-pus is more afraid of you than you afraid of oc-toe-pus.' So I say to him 'Impossible!' What you say we drink some more this fascist drink?"

"All right," I said.

I was watching the man at the table. His name was Luis Delgado and the last time I had seen him had been in 1933 shooting pigeons at Saint Sebastian and I remembered standing with him up on top of the stand watching the final of the big shoot. We had a bet, more than I could afford to bet, and I believed a good deal more than he could afford to lose that year, and when he paid coming down the stairs, I remembered how pleasant he was and how he made it seem a great privilege to pay. Then I remembered our standing at the bar having a Martini, and I had that wonderful inner feeling of relief that comes when you have bet yourself out of a bad hole and I was wondering how badly the bet had hit him. I had shot rottenly all week and he had shot beautifully but drawn almost impossible birds and he had bet on himself steadily.

"Should we match a duro?" he asked.

"You really want to?"

"Yes, if you like."

"For how much?"

He took out a notecase and looked in it and laughed.

"I'd say for anything you like," he said. "But suppose we say for eight thousand pesetas. That's what seems to be there."

That was close to a thousand dollars then.

"Good," I said, all the fine inner quiet gone now and the hollow that gambling makes come back again. "Who's matching who?"

"I'll match you."

We shook the heavy silver five-peseta pieces in our cupped hands; then each man laid his coin on the back of his left hand, each coin covered with the right hand.

"What's yours?" he asked.

I uncovered the big silver piece with the profile of Alfonso XIII as a baby showing.

"Heads," I said.

"Take these damned things and be a good man and buy me a drink," he emptied out the notecase. "You wouldn't like to buy a good Purdey gun would you?"

"No," I said. "But look, Luis, if you need some money—"

I was holding the stiffly folded, shiny-heavy-paper, green thousand peseta notes toward him.

"Don't be silly, Enrique," he said. "We've been gambling, haven't we?"

"Yes. But we know each other quite well."

"Not that well."

"Right," I said. "You're the judge of that. Then what will you drink?"

"What about a gin and tonic? That's a marvelous drink you know."

So we had a gin and tonic and I felt very badly to have broken him and I felt awfully good to have won the money, and a gin and tonic never tasted better to me in all my life. There is no use to lie about these things or pretend you do not enjoy winning; but this boy Luis Delgado was a very pretty gambler.

"I don't think if people gambled for what they could afford it would be very interesting. Do you Enrique?"

"I don't know. I've never been able to afford it."

"Don't be silly. You have lots of money."

"No I haven't," I said. "Really."

"Oh everyone has money," he said. "It's just a question of selling something or other to get hold of it."

"I don't have much. Really."

"Oh don't be silly. I've never known an American who wasn't rich."

I guess that was the truth all right. He wouldn't have met them at the Ritz bar or at Chicote's either in those days. And now he was back in Chicote's and all the Americans he would meet there now were the kind he would never have met; except me, and I was a mistake. But I would have given plenty not to have seen him in there.

Still, if he wanted to do an absolutely damned fool thing like that it was his own business. But as I looked at the table and remembered the old days I felt badly about him and I felt very badly too that I had given the waiter the number of the counter espionage bureau in Seguridad headquarters. He could have had Seguridad by simply asking on the telephone. But I had given him the shortest cut to having Delgado arrested in one of those excesses of impartiality, righteousness and Pontius Pilatry, and the always-dirty desire to see how people act under an emotional conflict, that makes writers such attractive friends.

The waiter came over.

"What do you think?" he asked.

"I would never denounce him myself," I said, now trying to undo for myself what I had done with the number. "But I am a foreigner and it is your war and your problem."

"But you are with us."

"Absolutely and always. But it does not include denouncing old friends."

"But for me?"

"For you it is different."

I knew this was true and there was nothing else to say, only I wished I had never heard of any of it.

My curiosity as to how people would act in this case had been long ago, and shamefully, satisfied. I turned to John and did not look at the table where Luis Delgado was sitting. I knew he had been flying with the facists for over a year, and here he was, in a loyalist uniform, talking to three young loyalist flyers of the last crop that had been trained in France.

None of those new kids would know him and I wondered whether he had come to try to steal a plane or for what. Whatever he was there for, he was a fool to come to Chicote's now.

"How do you feel, John?" I asked.

"Feel good," said John. "Is a good drink hokay. Makes me feel little bit drunk maybe. Is a good for the buzzing in the head."

The waiter came over. He was very excited.

"I have denounced him," he said.

"Well then," I said, "now you haven't any problem."

"No," he said proudly. "I have denounced him. They are on their way now to get him."

"Let's go," I said to John. "There is going to be some trouble here."

"Is best go then," said John. "Is a plenty trouble always come, even if you do best to avoid. How much we owe?"

"You aren't going to stay?" the waiter asked.

"No."

"But you gave me the telephone number."

"I know it. You get to know too many telephone numbers if you stay around in this town."

"But it was my duty."

"Yes. Why not? Duty is a very strong thing."

"But now?"

"Well, you felt good about it just now, didn't you? Maybe you will feel good about it again. Maybe you will get to like it."

"You have forgotten the package," the waiter said. He handed me the meat which was wrapped in two envelopes which had brought copies of the *Spur* to the piles of magazines which accumulated in one of the office rooms of the Embassy.

"I understand," I said to the waiter. "Truly."

"He was an old client and a good client. Also I have never denounced anyone before. I did not denounce for pleasure."

"Also I should not speak cynically or brutally. Tell him that I denounced him. He hates me anyway by now for differences in politics. He'd feel badly if he knew it was you."

"No. Each man must take his responsibility. But you understand?"

"Yes," I said. Then lied. "I understand and I approve." You have to lie very often in a war and when you have to lie you should do it quickly and as well as you can.

We shook hands and I went out the door with John. I looked back at the table where Luis Delgado sat as I went out. He had another gin and tonic in front of him and everyone at the table was laughing at something he had said. He had a very gay, brown face, and shooter's eyes, and I wondered what he was passing himself off as.

He was a fool to go to Chicote's. But that was exactly the sort of thing that he would do in order to be able to boast of it when he was back with his own people.

As we went out of the door and turned to walk up the street, a big Seguridad car drew up in front of Chicote's and eight men got out of it. Six with sub-machine guns took up positions outside the door. Two in plain clothes went inside. A man asked us for our papers and when I said, "Foreigners," he said to go along; that it was all right.

In the dark going up the Gran Via there was much new broken glass on the sidewalk and much rubble under foot from the shelling. The air was still smoky and all up the street it smelled of high explosive and blasted granite.

"Where you go eat?" asked John.

"I have some meat for all of us, and we can cook it in the room."

"I cook it," said John. "I cook good. I remember one time when I cook on ship—"

"It will be pretty tough," I said. "It's just been freshly butchered."

"Oh no," said John. "Is a no such thing as a tough meat in a war."

People were hurrying by in the dark on their way home from the cinemas where they had stayed until the shelling was over.

"What's a matter that fascist he come to that café where they know him?"

"He was crazy to do it."

"Is a trouble with a war," John said. "Is a too many people crazy."

"John," I said, "I think you've got something there."

Back at the hotel we went in the door past the sandbags piled to protect the porter's desk and I asked for the key, but the porter said there were two comrades upstairs in the room taking a bath. He had given them the keys.

"Go on up, John," I said. "I want to telephone."

I went over to the booth and called the same number I had

Continued at top of page 114

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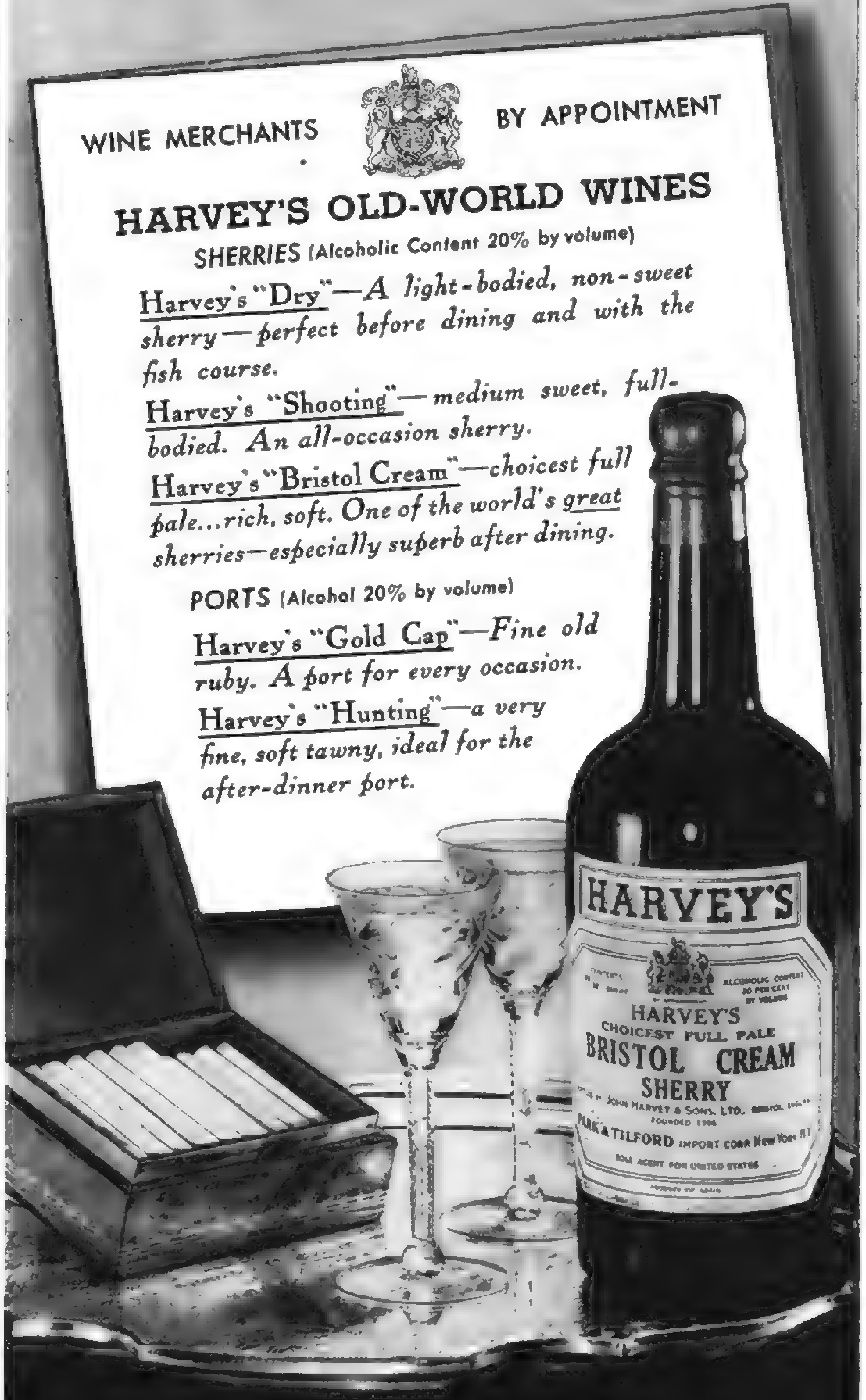

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The Denunciation

Continued from pages 39-111-113

given the waiter.

“Hello? Pepé?”

A thin-lipped voice came over the phone. “Holla. Qué tal Enrique?”

“Listen Pepé, did you pick up a certain Luis Delgado at Chicote's?”

“Si, hombre, si. Sin novedad. Without trouble.”

“He doesn't know anything about the waiter?”

“No, hombre, no.”

“Then don't tell him. Tell him I denounced him then, will you? Nothing about the waiter.

“Why when it will make no difference? He is a spy. He will be shot. There is no choice in the matter.”

“I know,” I said. “But it makes a difference.”

“As you want, hombre. As you want. When shall I see thee?”

“Lunch tomorrow. We have some meat.”

“And whiskey before. Good, hombre, good.”

“Salud, Pepé, and thank you.”

“Salud, Enrique. It is nothing. Salud.”

It was a strange and very deadly voice and I never got used to hearing it, but as I walked up the stairs now, I felt much better.

All we old clients of Chicote's had a sort of feeling about the place. I knew that was why Luis Delgado had been such a fool as to go back there. He could have done his business some place else. But if he was in Madrid he had to go there. He had been a good client as the waiter had said and we had been friends. Certainly any small acts of kindness you can do in life are worth doing. So I was glad I had called my friend Pepé at Seguridad headquarters because Luis Delgado was an old client of Chicote's and I did not wish him to be disillusioned or bitter about the waiters there before he died. #

Anatomy of the Screwbug

Continued from page 46

and beetles at five cents apiece. One payday this screwbug makes three dollars and eighty cents doin' nothin' but eatin' beetles. He claims beetles is better eatin' than soft-shell crabs. One of the prize screwbugs I am runnin' into is a guy he goes by the name Vergil. This here Vergil's a jack-of-all-trades but mostly he sticks to the trade of paintin'. Somebody claims Vergil has fell offn a scaffold once and cracked his skull open and has got silver wires inside his head to hold his brain in place, but that is hard to believe because if ever there was a guy which hasn't got no brain even in the wrong place it is this here Vergil.

The time I'm comin' up with Vergil we're workin' in this big lumber camp in western Oregon. For one thing Vergil figgers himself to be somethin' of a gambler and he tells me confidentially his theory is to enter as many poker games as possible over a period of weeks, all the time actin' dumb and losin' sums o' money in order to get the reputation for bein' easy pickin's. Then when all the wise birds is got him tagged for a dumb cluck he will turn around and take them for the works. It seemed to me like it would be no trouble for Vergil to act dumb. Well, the unfortunate part of it was poor Vergil got bounced out o' camp before he ever had any chance to put this theory o' gamblin' into practice. Vergil has got an order to paint up one of the big steam derricks but there ain't nary a quart o' paint left in the paint shed. Vergil is been distillin' alcohol out o' the paint by soakin' it through loafs of bread which he is bummin' from the commissary every day. The guy in the commissary ain't got the heart to see nobody, not even Vergil, go hungry, though he figgers what an appetite that bird has got! If Vergil is been hoochin' up on paint which he is soakin' through loafs of bread, no wonder he is a screwbug. This Vergil never had to fall offn no scaffold to get like he is.

Another guy I know, it's in the Fairington County, he sits in his cell all day long and rubs the ink offn old playin' cards. It is this jigger's idear which he claims he is read up in chemistry books that something in the ink of playin' cards is the same stuff out of which is made gunpowder. We ain't gonna go and contradict a guy which, no matter how goofy it sounds, and for all we know, maybe he has really read up in the chemistry books like he says. If somebody can come along and make gunpowder out o' old playin' cards, that is okay with us. But when we ask this screwbug what the hell he is goin' to use this here gunpowder which he is tryin' to make out o' old playin' cards for, he claims as soon as he gets enough of it he is goin' to blow up the whole damn county jail. After that nobody will give this guy no more old playin' cards even after we find out it will take as many as ten million playin' cards to make enough gunpowder to blow a cricket offn its feet.

I've known a screwbug which could eat fifty bananas without stoppin' and a shine that will let you hit him on the head with a baseball bat and I remember a screwbug that tried to fly with cloth wings and broke his neck jumpin' offn a cliff and a fighter by the name of Joe Mario I come across he use to dry lizards and make powder out of 'em and put the powder inside his boxin' gloves whenever he went into a fight. I don't know what good them powdered lizards done this Joe Mario because I never heard once that he ever win any fights. Another screwbug called Lucky carries ants in a sack around his neck

Continued on page 116

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Anatomy of the Screwbug

Continued from pages 46-114

and every once in a while them ants would get loose and Lucky'd be scratchin' hisself till it made everybody itchy jist to watch him. Nobody never found out why this Lucky carried them ants. If that ain't a screwbug then I don't know what time it is when the six o'clock whistle blows. I meet guys that don't drink no liquids because they will rot away the stomach and guys which use to get messages from the stars every night and guys that hear voices all the time and other birds that can tell you what's on God's mind.

As long as we're talkin' about screwbugs this here Fresno is one for the book. Fresno claims he is the inventor of the Fresno scoop and that he was found as a baby in a covered wagon by the chief of the Kickapoo Indians. This Fresno is a darb for tall stories because at one time or another it turns out that Fresno is found in a log cabin and raised up by Billy the Kid, that Ramona is his grandmother, and that he was found out in the desert by the old priests from the San Luis Rey Mission and that his great grandfather on his mother's side is none other than General Ulysses S. Grant. He knows where there is a rich gold mine back o' Sacramento. He knows where DeathValley Scotty's silver mine is because it was Fresno which tole Scotty about it. He's got information that will rock the stock market and has turned down three motion picture contracts to be a star. When we kid this Fresno and ask him why he don't work his silver mine or be a motion picture star he tells us it is easier for a rich man to go through the eye of a needle than to get into heaven, and that if he was rich he wouldn't be able to associate with us bums and he likes to associate with us bums. I never forget this Fresno.

Once I'm doin' a hitch in the army. There's a place to come across screwbugs! In our comp'ny we got a little fat Indian from Oklahoma. How they went and enlisted this little fat Indian is beyond me. He don't understand a damn word nobody says. It would take this little Indian four thousand years jist to learn the manual of arms. Nobody knows even if he can talk. There ain't anything nobody can do with this little Indian. The Company Commander jist kind of ignores this little fat Indian like maybe he don't exist. The lieutenant tries his best to do anything with him but fin'ly gives it up as a bad job. To the Top the guy is a big headache so after a while he don't pay much attention to him. Even the corporal in whose squad this Indian is gets disgusted tryin' to keep him in line. Nobody ever hears him even say Ughh! like the Indians in the movies. He don't know enough to go up to the pay table and get his money the end of the month much less come in out o' the rain. He is a soldier without an army. He looks so funny in that uniform they fin'ly decide to give him a discharge which reads on the top of it, "For the Convenience of the United States Gover'ment." When they give this little fat Indian his discharge and tell him he ain't no soldier any longer what do you think happens? This little fat Indian sits down and cries like a baby. He goes boo hoo hoo so loud it like to break everybody's heart in the outfit. They say nobody never hasn't seen an Indian cry. That is the bunk. This fat little Indian went boo hoo fourteen hours straight until the M. P.'s come along and escorted him offn the reservation.

For a real screwbug you should of met this bird Oscar Jupe. Whatever happened to Oscar Jupe I don't know, but we're workin' the berries around Walla Walla and this Oscar Jupe turns up. He is a small squirt about five feet nothin', a young guy but bald as a baby's cheeks. Right away he soapboxes around. "The trouble with the Commies and the Wobblies is," this Oscar Jupe says, red in the face, "the trouble with the Commies and the Wobblies is, they're a big bunch o' sissies. That's what I think of the Commies and the Wobblies. Now there is only one way," he says, "to improve conditions and that is to knock off everybody on the other side." Everybody laughs at this Jupe and somebody tells him he will have to knock off about ninety million people. "That is where you are dead wrong," says Jupe. "One guy could do it easy. All you would have to do is knock off the President and the Cabinet and the President of the Federal Reserve Bank and Morgan and Rockefeller and a couple other rich guys and the chief-of-polices of the big cities and so forth. This would scare the pants offn everybody and pretty soon they would all join up on our side. We could make it like a bounty on rabbits or gophers or somethin' the same as they do. Give maybe ten or twenty bucks a head for every rich guy was brung in, or jist the skins would do. Pretty soon—" Jist then, while this Oscar Jupe is soapboxin' so red in the face how to kill off the Cabinet and all the rich guys, a mouse runs up on this Jupe's shoe. First this Jupe turns white, then he turns every color of the rainbow. He lets out a wow and then he hotfoots it ashcan over teakettle out o' that camp and that's the last we ever see of Oscar Jupe.

Still and all, none of these screwbugs I been tellin' you about could hold a candle to old Willie Brazil. This Willie Brazil—Look, I think I hear my rattler comin' around the bend, boys. Sorry I ain't got no more time to tell you about Willie Brazil. There was what you would call a *real* screwbug. Yep, here she comes. Too bad we ain't goin' the same way. I'd like to tell you about old Willie. Well. . . . ⧺

The Elegant Art of Pub-Crawling

Continued from page 80

back room, studded with silver and pewter mugs, set with etched race horses and pugs, a few blackened churchwarden pipes and plush seats, peopled by a few furtive women, a racetrack tipster who crooked his finger elegantly, an expansive bookmaker exchanging odds and salutations with the barmaids, and a Salvation Army lass peddling her *War Cry*.

Such a dim parlor of subdued pleasure was a perfect place for anybody to consume stones of country ale and con such passages as these from Burke:

"If you like the company of artists, you will find it at the Six Bells and the Cadogan, in King's Road, Chelsea; or at the Fitzroy, in Charlotte Street, and the Swiss Cottage, St. John's Wood. Actors are not now seen commonly in bars as they were in the distant days when they wore coats with astrakhan collars and had all played Second Murderer to the the Old Man's Macbeth. But Rule's, in Maiden Lane, still keeps the theatre note. So does the Bedford Head, in that lane, and its rehearsal rooms are in constant use. In the astrakhan days, the Bedford Street Bodega, with its priceless cheese (it was free to all), buzzed with theatrical talk; indeed, all the bars of the Strand and its by-streets held this talk, and were filled with dark and stately figures who could not order a glass of your best bitter and a welsh rabbit without the air of plucking from the memory a rooted sorrow."

So that's how I started my last London pub-crawl that took in The Plough and went on to Scotch in the Club after closing hours. These Britishers and their closing hours kept me moving, and only once had I heard of a violation. That was ten years ago when some Americans working nights at Bush House on the lower Strand bribed the bobbies on the beat to keep a few back doors open so they could duck in after work. But once the city fathers heard of this they raided the places and caught a couple of cops with their helmets off and belts unbuckled. After that everything was battened down well before midnight.

The Early Closing Act started the ball rolling back in 1872, and though it was laughed at as "the slap-me-and-put-me-to-bed law" it was nevertheless rigidly enforced right up to the great war and then became even earlier. To cut down grain consumption or something, new local options lopped off a couple of drinking hours in the morning and in the afternoon besides. And that's where present-day English drinking custom differs sharply from ours, for you can't stay put in one bar for more than a few hours at a stretch. There isn't a chance to creep into your favorite corner, climb up on the stool and go on knocking them over until dawn parts you and the barkeep. Even in daylight working hours you've simply got to take time out for a little fresh air and crawl over to the next precinct to keep going.

During my first year in London my foot continually groped for the missing brass rail, and I missed the icy coldness, too, that distinguishes American drinks, for ice in bars was unknown. Almost everything to do with English drinking was strange. The ale pumps, four in a row, seemed as archaic as tallyho coaches, each handle topped with an ivory billiard ball which the barkeep grasped and worked up and down, in place of our brass turn-on taps. And there were no foam scrapers either, since "bitter," the ale or "beer" in greatest demand, had a light airy bead in place of the old foam, while aged specialties marked XXX and XXXX had no sparkle at all. But what I could least understand was the partitioning off of every bar into half a dozen separate rooms and hideyholes, each with its own window opening into the horseshoe bar and sometimes with sliding panels of ground glass to shut out even the barmaid. And, confusingly, the customers in each division paid a different price for the self-same drink. That difference, ranging from a ha'penny to tuppence, I soon found, depended on whether you sipped in public out front in the "ordinary," or privately, back in the "lounge." The same classy distinction existed here as on English trains, even the tube.

At Charlie Browne's place there was one big back room where a whole squadron of ship's models sailed the plate rail and the walls were lively with gaping shark's jaws, stuffed parrots, owls, monkeys, pictures done in cork, polished seal tusks with crude paintings on them, even African primitive sculptures lugged in from all over the world by curio-fancying sailors—and traded for drinks. That ancient mariner's museum held a sample of everything frayed or musty, the albatross was losing its feathers, the glass-eyed marmoset shedding, just as at Dirty Dick's rickety basement nearer the City, which capitalized on spider webs, dead rats and general frowsiness, as do the Sloppy Joe joints all over the world.

At Browne's, however, the long drinking tables and plain benches were scrubbed clean down to the grain, as in Bavarian beer-halls. They were pushed back sometimes to make knee room for a horn-piping sailor celebrating with one of the girl habitués. Some of the sailors played darts for drinks, a game of skill as old as archery itself, in which players heave needle-pointed darts at a padded bull's eye—but these have given way to pin games imported from America, and in place of low bar tricks like "hotfoot," there are endless match tricks, sugar-and-fly, snatch-the-cork and other cheats

Continued on page 118

A GREAT PIPE at a GREAT BARGAIN

Read why this amazing pipe OFFER is made possible

A large majority of men who *try* Briggs Pipe Mixture are sold for life. And why not? This great blend of choice tobaccos is time-mellowed *extra* long in oaken casks to give you the utmost in rich full flavor and winning mildness.

Genuine 1938 "Park Lane". Imported briar bowl exclusively processed and permeated with fine oils. A sweet pipe from first puff. Rubber mouthpiece matches grain of wood. Air-tight, safety lock. Removable triple-filter for cool clean smoke.

A CHOICE "PARK LANE" ITALIAN BRIAR "WORTH $3.50"—SAY PIPE EXPERTS

PLUS TWO 15¢ TINS OF BRIGGS PIPE MIXTURE

You get a genuine de luxe "Park Lane" at a fraction of the price you'd expect to pay. You get acquainted with Briggs . . . the friendliest tobacco that ever packed a pipe. Quantity of pipes limited. If your dealer cannot supply you, get off that coupon *now* . . . today! Money back if not delighted. This offer good in United States only.

ALL YOURS FOR $1.00

Enjoyment
Briggs
Briggs Pipe Mixture

HURRY! ACT NOW!

If your dealer cannot supply you, mail coupon.

THE SUPPLY IS LIMITED!

P. LORILLARD CO., Inc. E-38
119 West 40th Street, New York City
Enclosed is $1.00 (check or money order, for safety). Send me the special de luxe box containing 2 tins of Briggs and the genuine "Park Lane" briar pipe as advertised.
*Name*____________________
*Address*____________________

Copr., 1938, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

1776
Men used the straight blade
1898
—then came the guarded blade
1938
—and now the improved Schick Shaver (no blades—no lather)
$12.50
AC and DC

Why men, inevitably, will come to SCHICK Shavers

● Some men will use straight razors until they die. Others persist in shaving with safety razors. There are types of men who will try all kinds of shavers before they finally and inevitably come to the Schick Shaver.

Electric dry shaving is here to stay. It is destined to be as certain a part of our lives as radio and telephone. Die-hards may postpone the joys of dry shaving, but the day will come when practically every man who shaves will be freed from "blades, lather and scraped faces."

Why should men use Schick Shavers?

Schick patents, with eight more years to go, embody the vital principles of dry shaving—the absence of sharp cutting edges, cutting *underneath* a thin guard plate, a combing edge to pick up close-lying hairs and guide them into the cutting slots and shaving *without injury to the skin.*

Other shavers clamor for your attention with many claims. An engineer-lawyer summed them up for us in one sentence. In his opinion, "The closer they approach efficiency the nearer they come to infringing Schick." Cheap shavers come and go. "They have their day and cease to be."

But through it all, Schick who invented the shaver, Schick who created the industry marches on far in the lead with a single, unchanging purpose: To bring the pleasure and comfort of dry shaving to the millions at a price consistent with the fine precision of the machine and the service it must render.

The standard Schick Shaver is now $12.50

When the first Schick Shavers were sold, the price was $25. Later, this price was changed to $15. Now it is $12.50—all these steps being part of a plan made by Colonel Schick years ago. Look to Schick for new developments in dry shaving—for constantly improved and refined mechanism—maintaining and increasing leadership through bitter competitive conditions and a mass of mis-information on dry shaving. **For "Schick was first—Schick *is* first."**

SCHICK SHAVER

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco
In Canada: distributed by Canadian General Electric Co., Limited

Schick Dry Shaver, Inc., has no connection with the Magazine Repeating Razor Co., which manufactures and sells the Schick Injector Razor

The Elegant Art of Pub-Crawling

Continued from pages 80-117

to chisel drinks out of the unwary.

But usually each man paid for his own. There was no treating, and since each man carried his thick glass "pint" away from the small service bar to a table or some private corner with a ledge jutting out to rest it on, most of the imbibing was done in solitude and glum silence. The room was pretty bleak throughout the week and only became lively and filled with talk on Saturday night or when a ship paid off. But even then there was little song, for Sweet-Adelining brings raised eyebrows in almost any London pub. In less proletarian centers, of course, there was a clubby atmosphere—at the Half-Moon, and Raglan Arms things looked brighter than at the Ship and Shovel. The names alone were intoxicating—a regular zoo of Red Lions, White Harts and White Horses, with such variations as The Tiger, Black Bull, Fox and Goose and Sea Serpent, besides the well-known tourist spots, Cheshire Cheese, Mitre, Barley Mow, London Tavern and The Ship and Turtle which Edward Spencer, in his tasty *Cakes and Ale* nominates as the oldest tavern in London. Several of these swing a creaking sign over the door dating back to the sixteenth or seventeenth century and many have some heroic or symbolic head gilded on, such as Boar's Head, King's Head, Dr. Butler's Head, The Bedford Head, Nag's Head—so many heads, indeed, they suggest a wretched morning-after.

And these old landmarks are the kind celebrated for their "guessing the cheese" traditions. Generally they're equipped with original hardwood stalls as bare and barren as Pilgrim church pews, but there's always an aura to light them and whispering overtones of literary ghosts, Sam Johnson, Charles Lamb, Hogarth, Dickens, Thackeray, all of the great pub-crawlers flitting through.

Working on Fleet Street, right in the heart of the oldest inn section I naturally patronized Ye Olde Cocke, The Rainbow, Cheshire Cheese, and the lot, but the one I remember best was of later vintage, The Clachan, a peat-smoking, Scotch-tweedy affair with plenty of hot crossed scones, Rex Hunter, Patrick Thompson, pork pies and English in tortured thick accents you couldn't dent with a knife. It was just through the alley behind our office at No. 45 and whenever I looked out back and saw it open, my lips would automatically moisten and repeat a jingle of my Halstead Street youth:

> Up through the alley
> And over the fence
> I got the can
> Who's got ten cents?

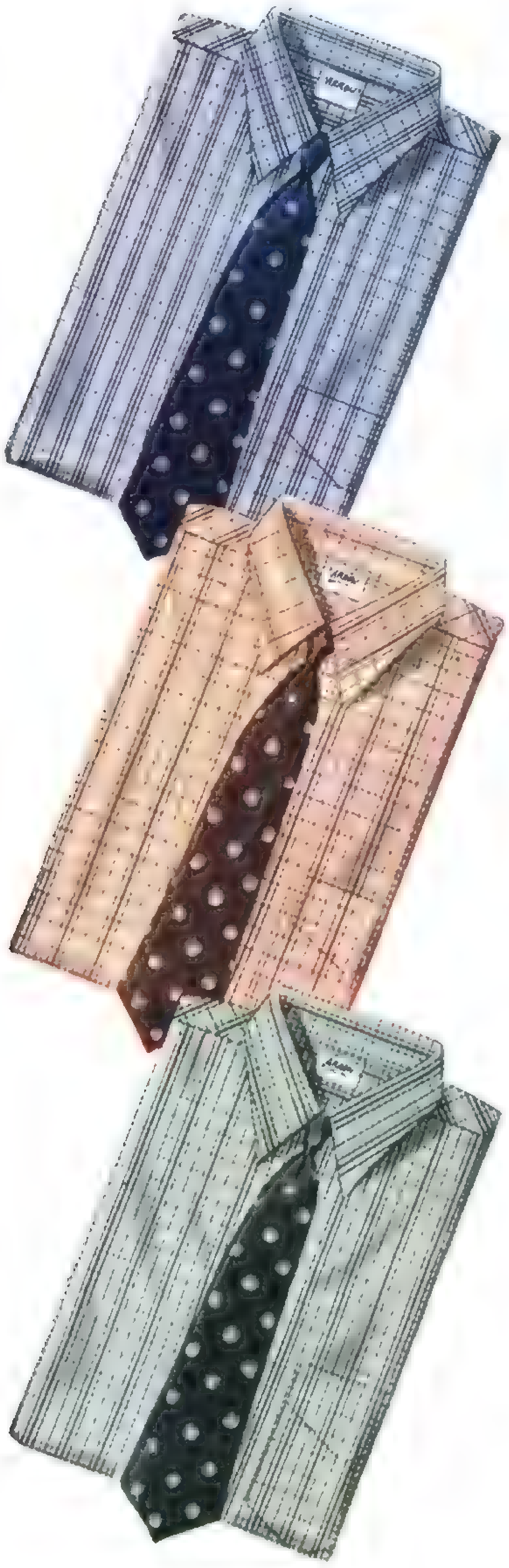
And another one I'll scarce forget was on Fleet Street just in front of The Clachan. I can't recall the name, but while I was there it was run by a nephew of the Lord Mayor of London who owned it. This young man was plump and formal as a Saint Paul's pigeon. He kept iced champagne on tap in a nifty upside down contraption that held the fizz in, and I wrapped my legs around his stools for hours, fascinated by tales of that prodigal Uncle who had been an ironmonger, or something in trade, and surely dropped his haitches as carelessly as his nephew did when he went on about those prehistoric trappings, sceptre, gold harness, God knows what elegance of Uncle's medieval office. And it was from this publican's window that I glimpsed the Lord Mayor owner once, trailing King George and Queen Mary in a glittering Cinderella coach and four, or maybe fourteen. For even an American can look at a King, but not without getting a little dizzy.

At that time I sublet a flat in Gray's Inn, so every night I stopped for the last one at historic White Hart on Bishopsgate, where a jovial keeper with a bent nose used to tell me how hard times were getting. On my last trip I stopped in to greet him. He wanted to know where I'd been all those years and when I said traveling he remarked he'd been traveling around a bit himself, out to Hampstead Heath on Bank Holidays, a bicycle tour to Harrow and even into Somersetshire.

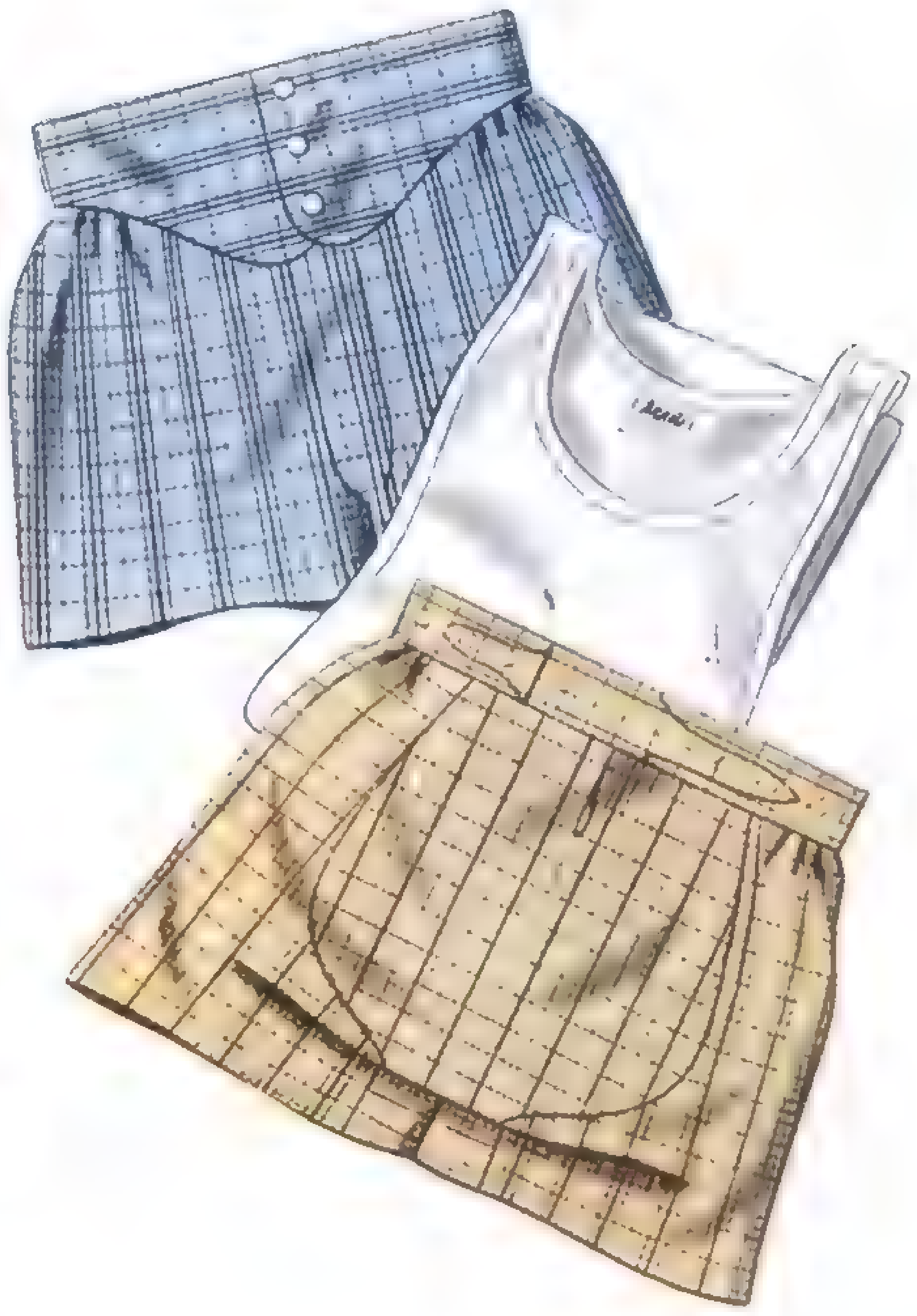
Outside of these three places, I liked best the genuine Dublin stout stands with all-Irish names, Mooney's, Ward's, Kelly's, names as common as the Tammany Hall saloons on Fourteenth Street before prohibition and Dewey. But in Burke's book I find some of the oddest pub nomenclature that escaped me: Blue Goat, Spotted Unicorn, Yorkshire Stingo, Magnet and Dew Drop, George and Vulture, Green Man, and The Mother Red Cap, most of them haunts of Drunken Barnaby, Prince of Pub-crawlers.

But one thing strikes me as peculiar in this book of Burke's: he keeps referring to steady customers who only drop in for a glass of lime-juice, ginger beer, barley water or lemon squash. I wouldn't pit my amateur status against his more-or-less professional point of view, for I haven't done nearly as much field work, but I can say that in the several hundred London pubs in which my feet have groped for that missing bar rail I never once saw anything even as light as a cincinnati or shandygaff slid over the bar, although occasional cockney mothers would ask the barmaid for a spot of water to mix with their gin, or put a drop of that gin in baby's milk bottle—the baby, of course, tucked up and fretting in a long line of dingy perambulators outside and, as I recall it, there was a twin pram to every fourth or fifth woman customer. ⧺

Arrow's Choice for October...Waffle Checks

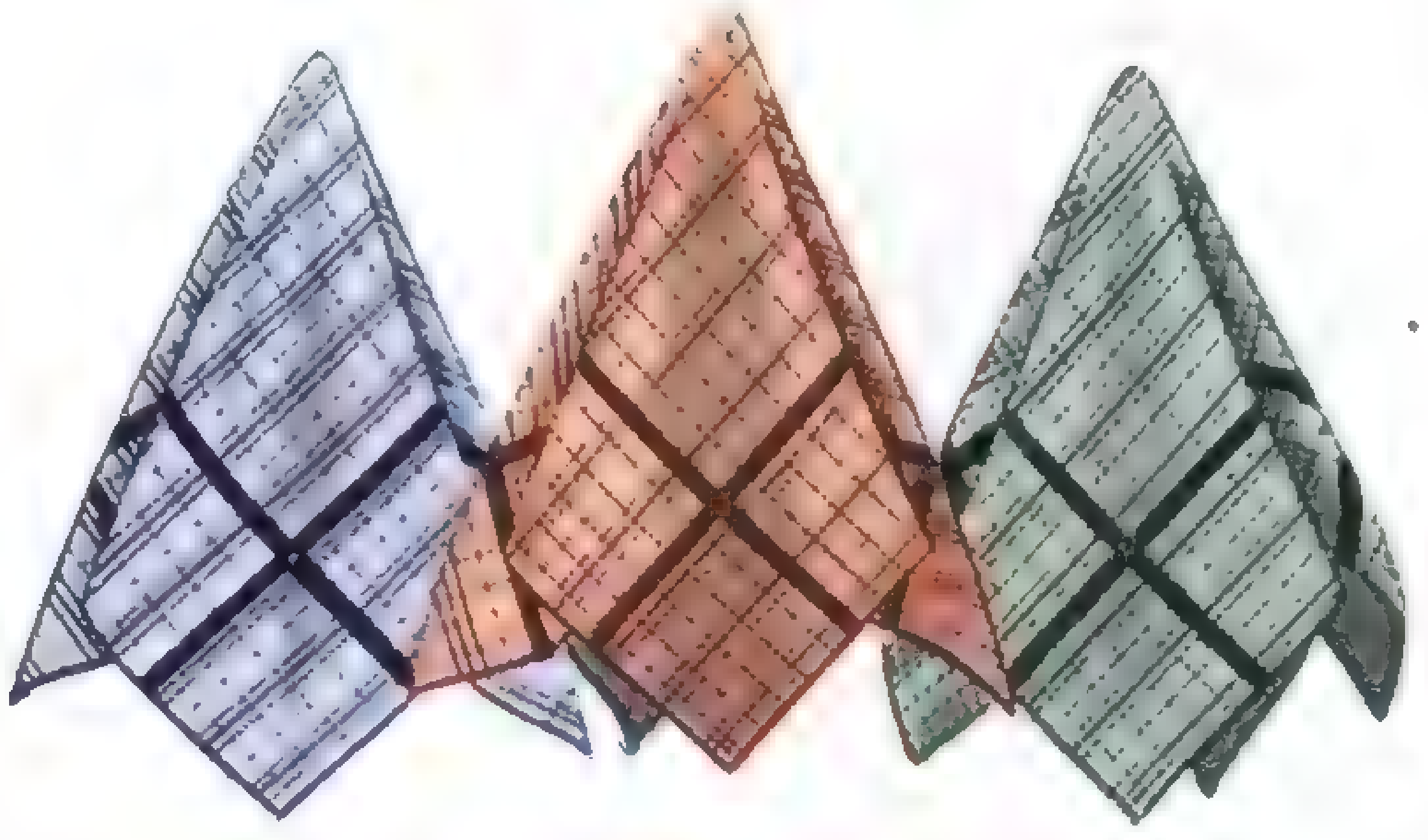


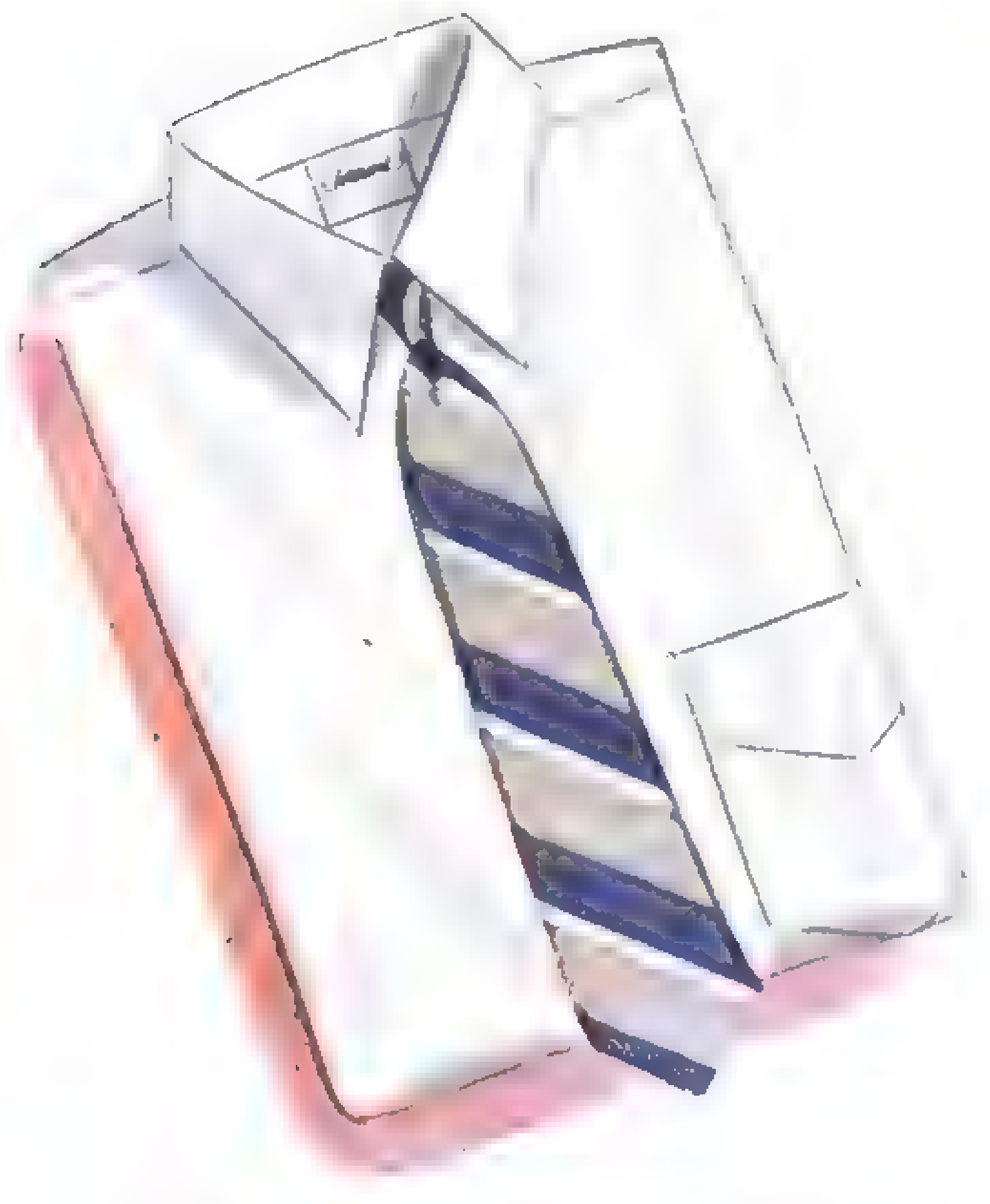
Warm colors blended with gray and white here shine forth in a pleasant new shirt design, the Waffle Check by Arrow. Sanforized. $2.50. Waffle Spot Ties, specially designed for the shirts, $1.50.



Vital Fact: there is no seam in the crotch of Arrow shorts. Result: nothing there to chafe you. In Waffle Check fabric, $1. Undershirts, 50¢ up.

Most notorious black-sheep in male get-up is the non-harmonizing handkerchief. So we design Waffle Check ones to go with the shirts. 50¢.



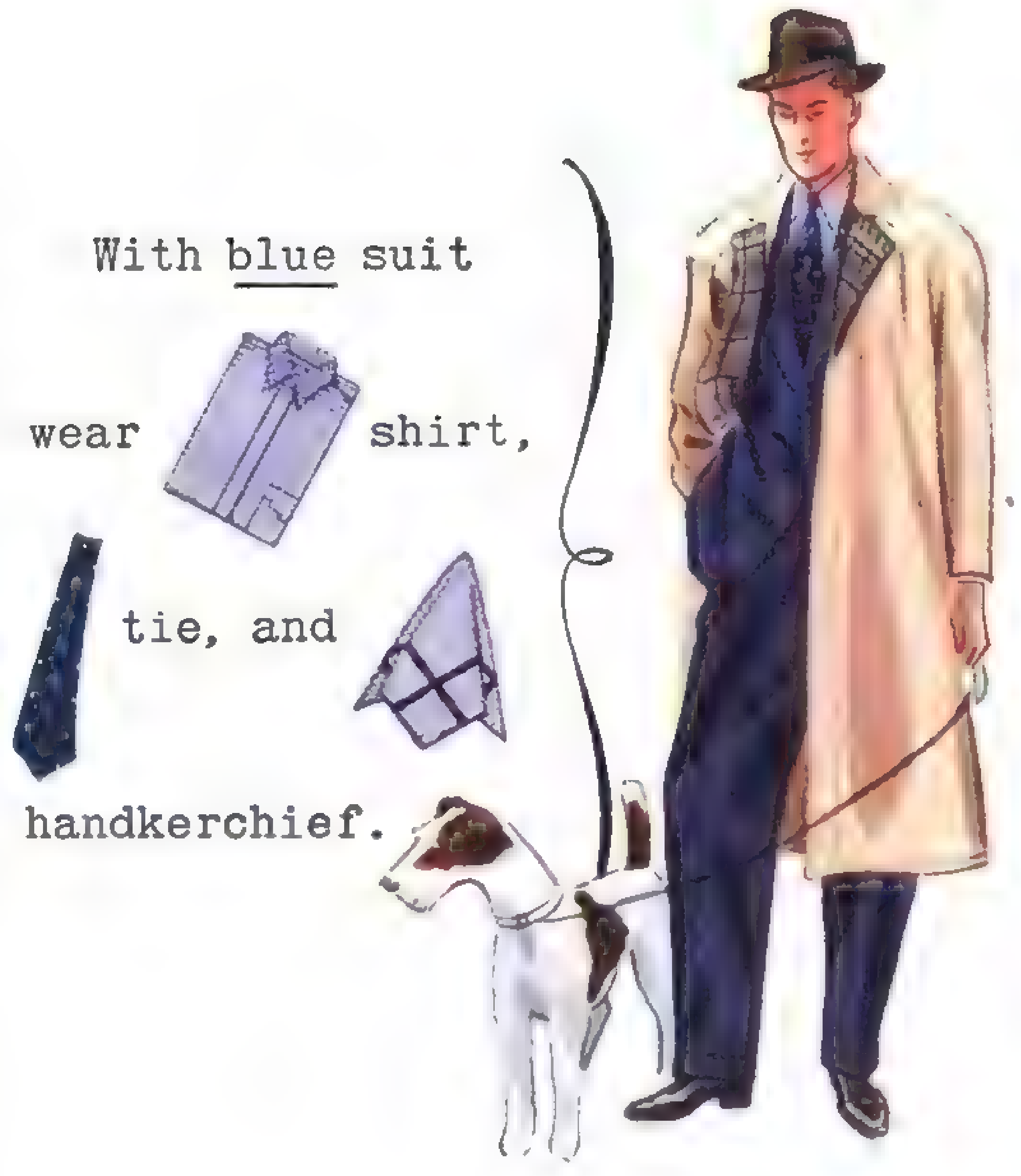


ARROW
SANFORIZED

If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow.

A delusion commonly harbored is that all oxford shirts shrink. One doesn't. It's Arrow Gordon. (Sanforized!) A new shirt if one ever shrinks. $2.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

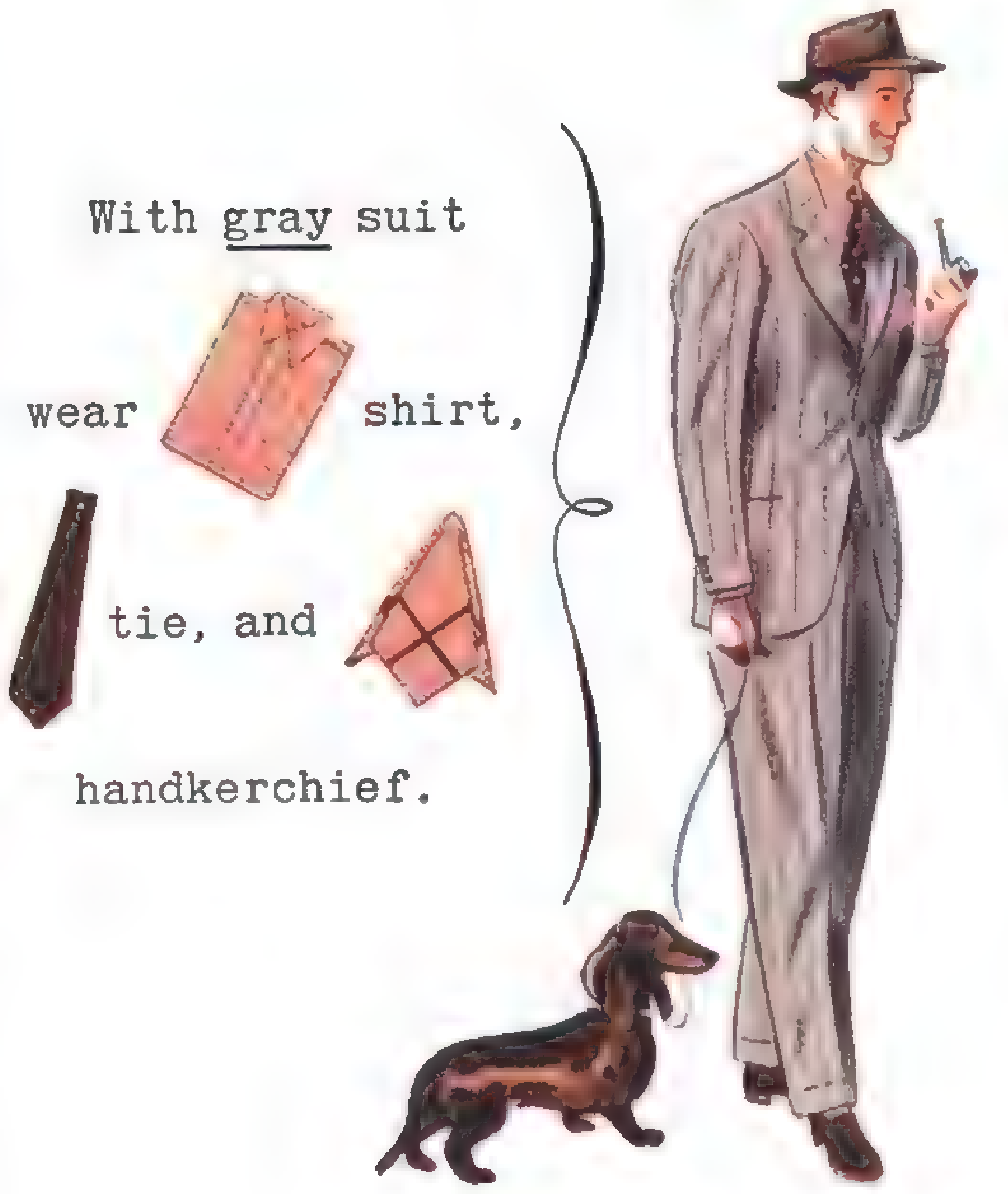


With blue suit

wear shirt,

tie, and

handkerchief.

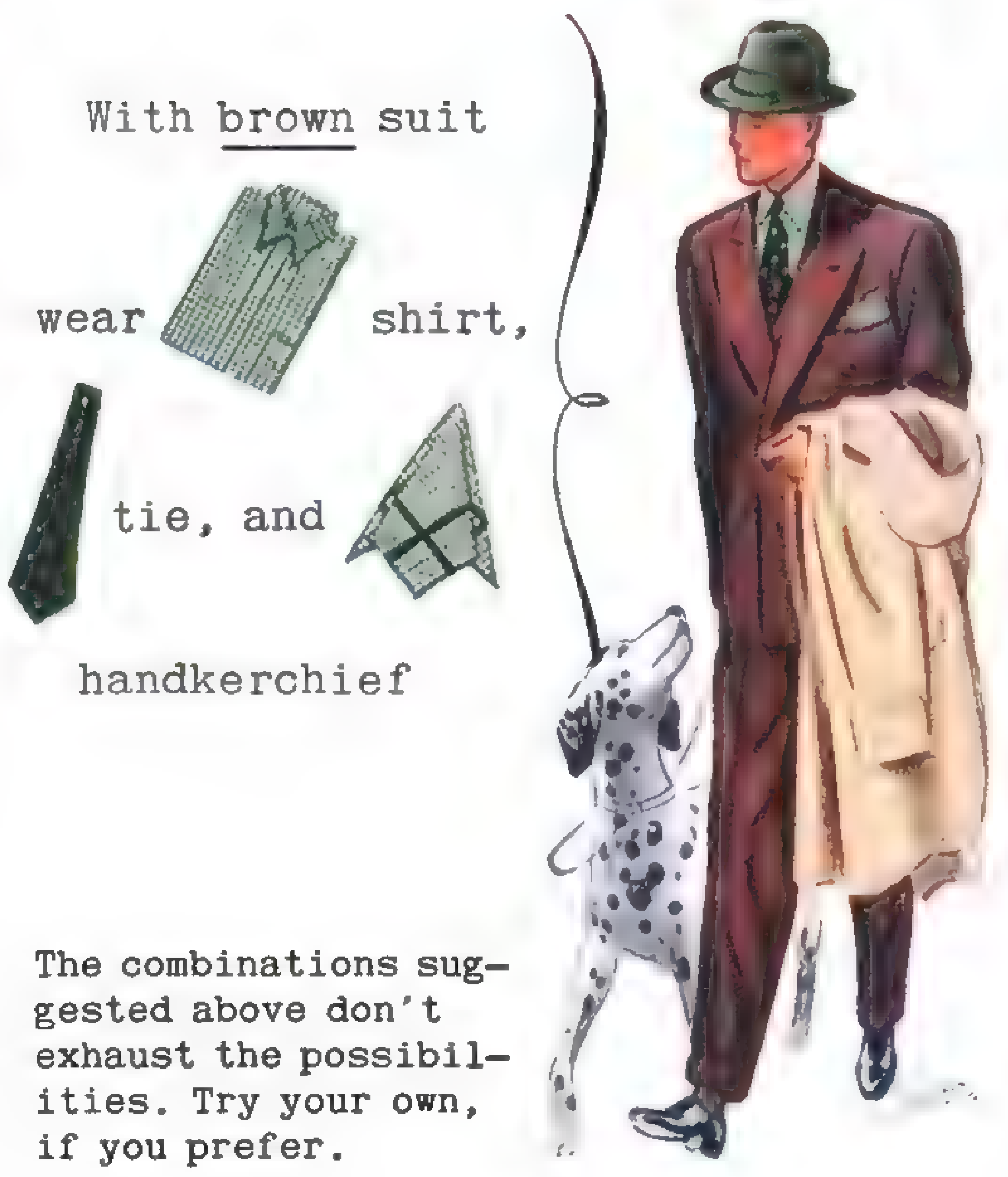


With gray suit

wear shirt,

tie, and

handkerchief.



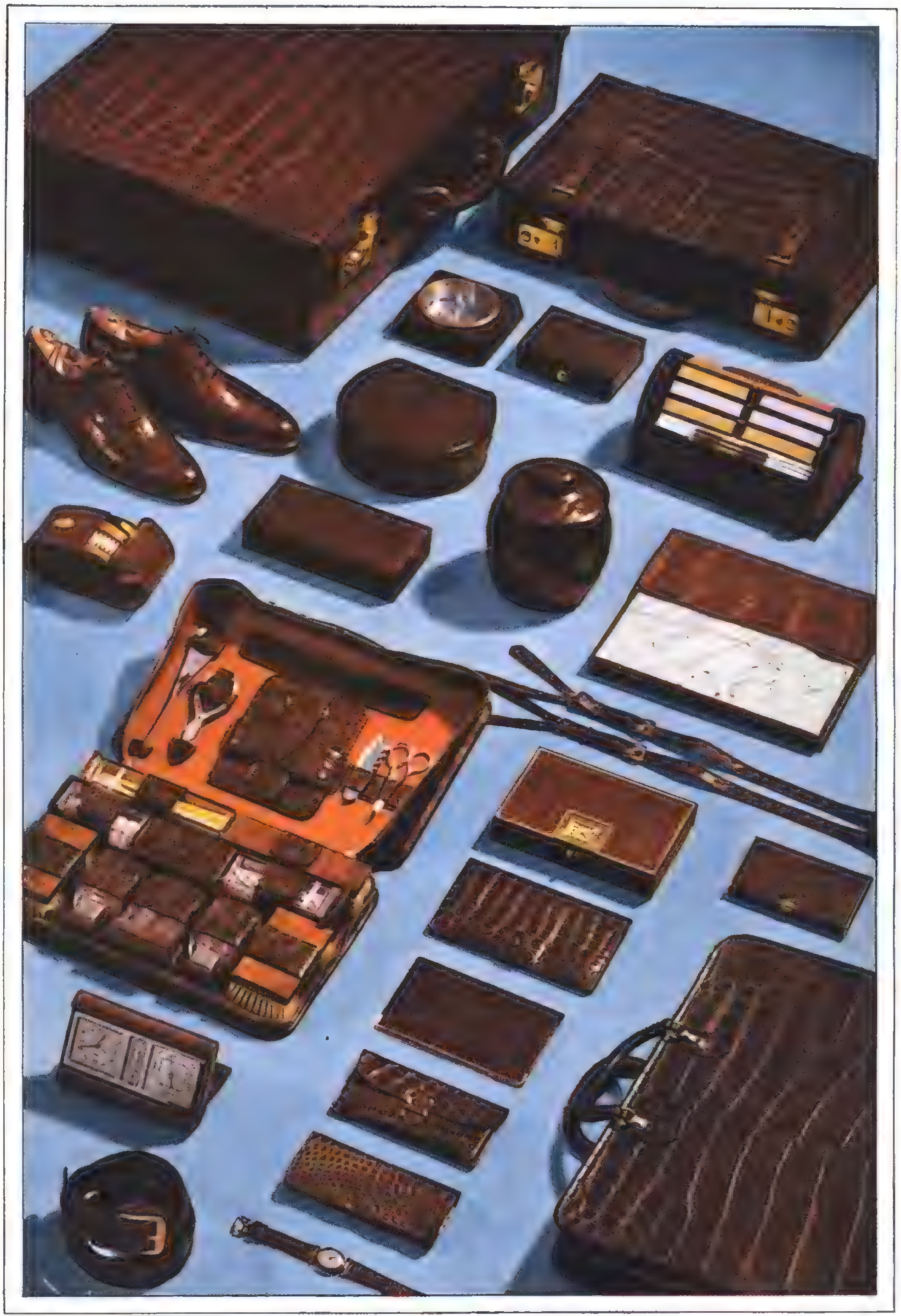
With brown suit

wear shirt,

tie, and

handkerchief

The combinations suggested above don't exhaust the possibilities. Try your own, if you prefer.



COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITING-FELLOWS

CRAZY OVER ALLIGATORS, ALLIGATORS

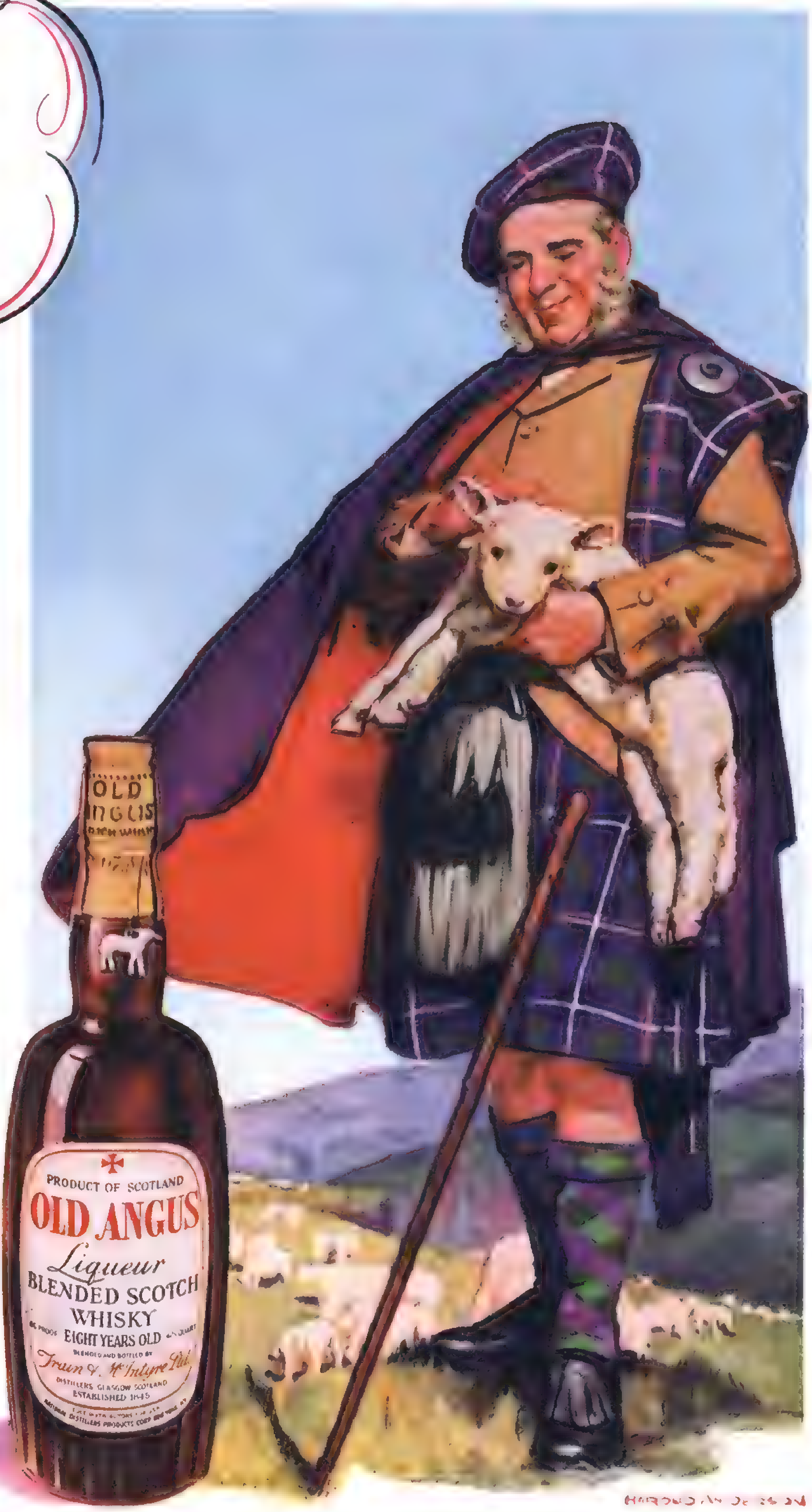
It would be nice and homogeneous to imagine that these things used to be one big alligator that basked in the sun in the Florida everglades or someplace. Or maybe they come from alligators that were all first cousins. Anyway, and this we know for a fact, they're all made out of various percentages of alligator leather. Reading from left to right and from top to bottom (sounds confusing but works out fine until you get past the suspenders) we have: a large suitcase, small bellows briefcase, ash tray with minute cross wires over top of tray, stud box, shoes, collar box, bridge set, military brushes in alligator container, cigarette box, alligator covered metal humidor, automobile map case, fitted dressing case, suspenders, cigarette case with clock, pocket cigarette case, passport case, wallet, envelope cigarette case, tobacco pouch, clock-barometer-thermometer combination, week-end bag, belt, wrist watch.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

No finer water flows—no richer barley grows than is used in the making of Old Angus

A NOBLE SCOTCH

"Gentle as a Lamb"


OLD ANGUS
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
OLD ANGUS
Liqueur
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
EIGHT YEARS OLD
86 PROOF
Train & McIntyre Ltd.
DISTILLERS GLASGOW SCOTLAND
ESTABLISHED 1845

Whether the secret be in the crystal mountain waters, the choice Scottish grain, the heathery peat or the generations of distilling and blending experience that goes into its making—the result, in Old Angus, is "a noble Scotch—gentle as a lamb". . . Try Old Angus. You will be delighted with its fine taste, its incomparable smoothness, its superb liqueur quality.

OLD ANGUS

Liqueur

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

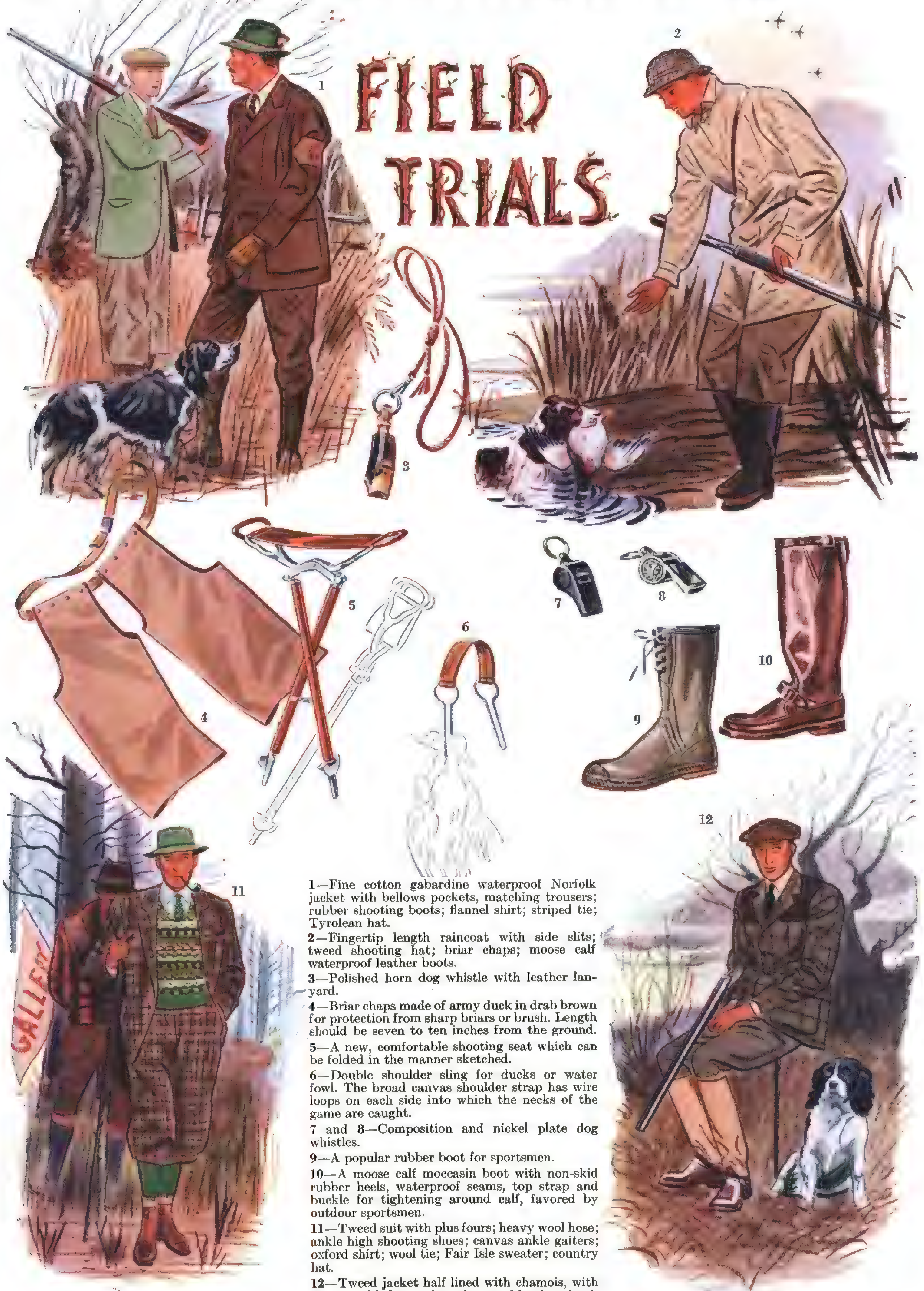
Your Guide To NATIONAL DISTILLERS *Good Liquors*

86 PROOF

Copyright 1938, National Distillers Products Corporation, Import Division, New York, N. Y.

COUNTRY FASHION SETTERS

FIELD TRIALS



1—Fine cotton gabardine waterproof Norfolk jacket with bellows pockets, matching trousers; rubber shooting boots; flannel shirt; striped tie; Tyrolean hat.

2—Fingertip length raincoat with side slits; tweed shooting hat; briar chaps; moose calf waterproof leather boots.

3—Polished horn dog whistle with leather lanyard.

4—Briar chaps made of army duck in drab brown for protection from sharp briars or brush. Length should be seven to ten inches from the ground.

5—A new, comfortable shooting seat which can be folded in the manner sketched.

6—Double shoulder sling for ducks or water fowl. The broad canvas shoulder strap has wire loops on each side into which the necks of the game are caught.

7 and 8—Composition and nickel plate dog whistles.

9—A popular rubber boot for sportsmen.

10—A moose calf moccasin boot with non-skid rubber heels, waterproof seams, top strap and buckle for tightening around calf, favored by outdoor sportsmen.

11—Tweed suit with plus fours; heavy wool hose; ankle high shooting shoes; canvas ankle gaiters; oxford shirt; wool tie; Fair Isle sweater; country hat.

12—Tweed jacket half lined with chamois, with all-around belt, patch pockets and leather shoulder pads; tweed knicker breeches; rubber boots with canvas tops; flannel shirt; tweed cap.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Big Woman-Executive

Continued from page 40

time, there is something I can tell you. *I'm bored!*

My business is department store. For eight hours, it's how much, how many, will we make that sales quota, mark-up mark-down, what's our competitor doing. It's an exciting job. I like it. It keeps me on my toes. But at six, I am willing to slam the door and leave it all behind.

Mary's business is travel. The gal however knows nothing about symbolism. Closing her desk (usually at seven)—is merely closing her desk. The day goes on in her conversation.

Dinner with Mary used to be something to run a red light to get home for. Front-page news to hash over. Politics in our mid-western city to discuss. Baseball scores and the horses that were running. (She was a genius at picking a winner.) Then our perennial problem: should it be season tickets for the symphony or that reproduction of a Cézanne (or a Hopper or a Renoir) we had been wanting.

But (ho-hum! I'm yawning again)—but things are different now. Tonight was typical. With the soup and the main course, I was treated to a post-mortem of Tuesday in the tours and cruises game. With the salad and dessert I was served a nervous prospectus of the day ahead. It was how much, how many, will she make that quota of bookings, rates-up, rates-down, why don't people travel, what is her competitor doing. The same stuff I've had all day. It's like caviar which is tops in the food line; but don't feed it to me three times daily and as a snack at midnight. Pass the macaroni-and-cheese, please.

My wife never *discusses* any more. She *states*. We have had two new mayors and a racket busting, but she doesn't know it. There was a mighty important football game here last season, but she had conferences. Toscanini came. I went alone. Mary was busy with a dinner for the traffic manager of her lines.

Now it seems to me—But hold on. We have another interruption. It's the disciple of Freud speaking. She urges me to be *per*-fectly frank and admit that what I really want is the little-woman type who will regale me at dinner with recipes for salad dressing with one egg, and scores of the afternoon bridge club. I can think of but one thing I want less than that. However, I'm grateful for the interruption. You have made my next point better than I could ever hope to.

With a woman, it's one extreme or the other. Moderation is a state unknown to her. It's either Mary beating her breast on behalf of Versailles and Capri—or it's the one-egg gal with a bow of baby-blue ribbon in her hair. Apparently there are no local stops between a lady vice-president and a clinging vine.

Women are extremists. When they decide to devote themselves to something, they devote themselves in a Big Way. For instance, take the old days when there was nothing for them to do but love. They made it the whole of life and weren't satisfied with anything less than possessing a man's soul. Somerset Maugham has one of his characters say that women loved all day long, but men only at times. Now that women have substituted business for love, they behave in the same way.

Men can compartment their lives: they have room for business, sports, music, art, reading, love. Women have room for but one thing at a time. It dominates and consumes them and they invest themselves, and it, with the most ridiculous importance. Humor? Successful business women have none.

Listen to that conversation going on in the living room this minute. Maybe it's not ethical. But if they don't lower their voices, can I help it? They know I retired yawning to the next room to give the typewriter a workout with two fingers.

Mary and a couple of other Big Women-executives are talking ponderously, tinkling the ice in their highball glasses. They are always "dead" at the end of a day, they will tell you, and have to have liquor for a pickup.

Mary: "I'm horribly worried. Business is off fifteen per cent over last year. I don't know what those men do with their time. I'm going to call a conference tomorrow. If everybody worked as hard as I do—"

Ailene, whose line is boxes: "If it weren't for me that place would be a madhouse. I often wonder what Stubblefield does anyway. If I made his salary—"

Susan: "Can you imagine the business world without women? I swear that every worthwhile thing started in the agency this year was started by a woman."

(Do you understand now why I wanted to page Rodgers and Hart and George Kaufman?)

"I said to John Middleton—"

"I said to Stubblefield—"

"I told Mart Rubens—"

So what? You would think that life and death hung in the balance. Cheer up, gals, the sun's going to rise tomorrow. Gibraltar will be there. The man in the Busy Bee window is still flipping his flapjacks. Relax. How about some more liquor?

But relaxing isn't part of their natures. They're off again. Listen.

"Certainly America has gone ahead of other nations in business. Why? I'll tell you. *Women.*"

"Some day somebody will write an industrial history of this country with the emphasis where it belongs."

"It's the feminine touch—"

There's a lull.

"Where's Jake tonight, Susan?"

Don't tell me they are going to let down their back hair now and

Continued at top of page 124

HICKOK
JEWELRY

BCA
BCA
HANS FLATO

Again Hickok stars with an array of brilliantly styled cuff links for wear with the popular French Cuff shirts. Smartly rendered in gleaming metals and colorful stones, these links have easy-on, easy-off Airline action . . . and Hickok's exclusive non-lose disc. At better men's shops and jewelers. From $1.50. Hickok, Rochester, N. Y.

They say she married him for his money!

DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU★

A BALD man may smile when you joke about the desert on his dome, but it's a tragedy to him and to the woman who shares his life.

Don't let this happen to you; guard the hair you have!

For hair once gone is gone forever, and with it goes the appearance of youth. Youth that attracts youthful women. Youth that makes the better jobs come easier.

Start now the twice daily use of Kreml. It removes every speck of dandruff. Massaged into the scalp, it is cleansing to the pores, stimulating to the millions of tiny vessels that feed the roots with life-sustaining blood.

In this way, Kreml helps to keep your hair in lustrous good health, and will prevent excessive losses, unless you are suffering with the disease known as alopecia areata, which requires special treatment by your doctor.

Kreml is also an excellent dressing for the hair, keeps it neatly in place the long day through, yet it is neither greasy nor sticky. Your hair looks *naturally* lustrous, not plastered-down and "sheiky." Ask for Kreml at your druggist's. Call for it in the barber shop.

Women, too, find Kreml a wonderful beauty aid. Besides lending glamour to the coiffure, it is especially beneficial after permanents, relieving the hair of its brittle dryness, giving it a soft alluring sheen. Ask for a Kreml treatment at your beauty parlor.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. It's made from an 80% olive oil base, cleanses thoroughly and leaves the hair easy to manage.

★Kreml is effective in stopping excessive falling hair—except, of course, in cases where the trouble is caused by the disease alopecia areata, a condition which requires medical treatment.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF—CHECKS FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Big Woman-Executive

Continued from pages 40-123

be women? It's an episode like this that makes you ponder on the strange alchemy originating in the laboratory of Big Business.

"Jake?" Susan is speaking. "Oh—oh he didn't come home tonight." Then after a minute, continuing: "I'm trying to be broad-minded. I told him to go on and make an ass of himself and get through with it. I must admit that at first it was rather a shock. I had always thought if either of us stepped, it would be I. And my god, the type he picked! You'd think his standards would be—why, she's a perfect bird-brain! Oh he'll be back. Honestly, girls—*honestly*, I'm not worrying."

Pardon me. Am I laughing? #

Ladies Prefer Brunets

Continued from page 43

podge bundle "brunet," or "blonde," or "green-eyed red-head."

The job of making up a set of scientifically assorted bundles which may justifiably bear the same labels is much more difficult. I used two methods—case studies and laboratory tests of both sexes. In analyzing case histories my plan was to discover how differently pigmented people went about doing the same things: making love, making money, fighting, playing, working. You would be surprised, at least I was, at the consistent differences between the motives, habits and personality traits of the various hair and eye color types when approached from this angle. Then I brought men and women to the laboratory, showed them motion pictures of stirring episodes and measured the bodily changes caused by their emotions: blood pressure, breathing, electrical resistance of the skin due to sweat and changes in their grip tension due to sudden, uncontrollable feelings. To insure a fair comparison I always tested a man and a woman of different pigmentation types simultaneously.

Other tests were made in real-life situations: grief, love making, sudden fright, reading stories, meeting attractive persons of opposite sex for the first time, arguments, games, watching dramatic incidents and viewing nude individuals of the same and opposite sex. Altogether I have secured more than twenty million individual measurements. The enormous task of correlating these figures is not yet completed but the trends and range of variation are so definite that results can be reported with confidence. There *are* distinct personality patterns which accompany different hair and eye color types; and while these patterns are by no means complete in detail, I know enough about them to explain what each sex prefers in the other and why both sexes prefer blue-eyed brunet people.

Women are not, as is popularly supposed, the most submissive sex. They are more compliant than men, yes; but their supposed sexual submission to males is mostly fake. The four primary emotions, as I describe them, are: *dominance* and *compliance; submission* and *inducement*. The first pair compose our so-called "Instinct of Self-Preservation." Any inanimate thing that opposes us and is weaker than we are, we *dominate;* if it be stronger (as a railroad train rushing at a person on the track), we *comply*, that is, get out of its way. The second pair compose our sexual and social "instinct." A person who is more persuasive than we are, we *submit* to by following his suggestions; a person who is more yielding or susceptible to influence than ourselves, we *induce*, or persuade to do what we suggest.

My experiments were designed, first of all, to test the relative amounts of submission and inducement which men and women exercise toward each other. I discovered that men expressed great pleasure when submitting to women, that is, while being aroused and controlled by them in the sexual relationship; and very little when inducing, or attempting to arouse a submissive woman. This does not include, of course, the pleasure which men take in asserting their egos, boasting of their accomplishments, or overcoming opposition. That is dominance, a trait in which men excel.

Women, on the other hand, expressed almost twice the pleasure in inducing the opposite sex, (alluring, "vamping" men) and much less pleasure than men in submitting to sexual attraction. Which coincides with common experience if you think about it. Women work at attracting men, men at being attracted. But because men are dominant, women play up to this masculine trait by pretending to submit; playing the weak-woman, worshipful role. This actually is compliance on the woman's part. Women have far more compliance than men; some types have three times as much.

Here, then, is the classic sex drama: a man submits to a woman's superior inducement, the woman complies with the man's superior dominance by pretending to submit to him. The combination is a devil's masterpiece of deception and self-deception. You have to know the real plot of this sex play before you begin to understand what a woman actually prefers in a man, and also, what a man is really looking for in a woman.

Explaining their preference for brunet men, thousands of women told me that dark males are "more exciting."

Now just what does a woman mean by "exciting"? I asked that question, too, of men and

Continued on page 126

Paul Jones
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Frankfort Distilleries Incorporated

LOST: every trace of sweetness.

FOUND: a whiskey with the same crisp quality of DRYNESS you've always prized so highly in the finest champagnes and sherries.

Paul Jones

IT'S DRY*

*Paul Jones, you'll find, is a truly DRY whiskey—deep-flavored and mellow—yet utterly lacking in sweetness. Get acquainted with this superb American whiskey *today*—at your favorite liquor store or bar.

Paul Jones is a blend of straight whiskies—100% straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville and Baltimore

...aids to good grooming... rich in novelty, smartness and craftsmanship...including varied styles in collar holders and Elbo Links... and the amazing Stem-Winder Key Chain that opens when you wind it, enabling you to remove any key, instantly. Ready for your selection at jewelers', department stores and men's shops. Collar Holders $1 up. Stem-Winder Key Chain $1.50 up. Links $1 up.

SWANK PRODUCTS, INC., ATTLEBORO, MASS.

Ladies Prefer Brunets

Continued from pages 43-124

women. Seventy-eight per cent of the men who answered did so by boasting of their conquests. Men have the peacock idea of themselves. Their psychological plumage, they seem to think, allures the female and reduces her to palpitating worship of his lordship's charms. Not all men are asinine about it, of course. But behind their studied modesty the psychologist discovers a private conviction that women become their slaves by virtue of superior male inducement. Nothing could be more contrary to fact. Bernard Shaw, with his customarily annoying insight, perceived the truth and told it in that irritating drama, *Man and Superman*, the Super part of it, of course, referring to a persistent female bent on capturing her male victim.

Because women operate like magnets and not like grappling irons, the average man fails to discover the fact that he, and not the coy Diana, is playing the part of prospective prey. But that's the way it is: a man attracts a woman, is "exciting" to her, in direct proportion to his willingness to be drawn helpless against her magnetic bosom.

For consider, now, the virtues of brunets. Dark-haired men are more susceptible (passionately submissive) toward women than their blond brothers in the ratio of 10:7. Blond men, compensating for a subconsciously acknowledged weakness in peacock strutting ability, make almost twice the effort essayed by brunets to persuade the opposite sex. And what do they get for it, from women? A scornful, second-class rating in love charm. Male inducÑveness isn't what a woman wants.

All a man needs, to excite the average female, is a masculine appearance and the willingness to live up to it. A woman rates him exciting in proportion to his ardor in being led. And that is where brunet males, unafraid of the consequences, shine like the noonday sun. A swashbuckling, he-man rejection of female charms by a seemingly passionate brunet like the late Valentino or the extremely present Robert Taylor is the best male technique of all. Because such a man is susceptible to women but pretends not to be, women extend themselves to capture him. While there is sex, femininely speaking, there is hope.

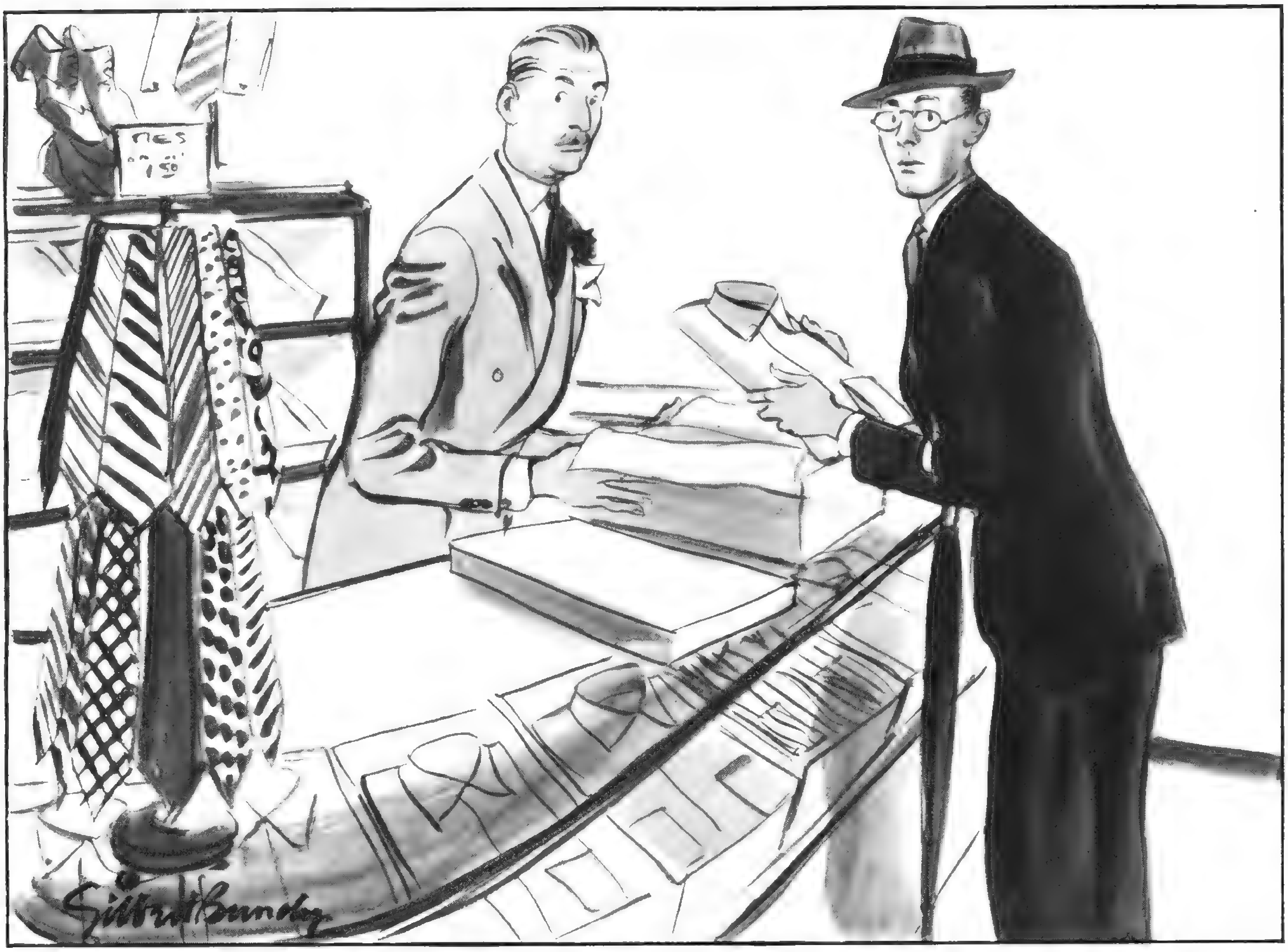
So much for the masculine allure of dark pigment. What of the female lure, the universally popular brunette? Here we have a different personality picture with precisely the same result. Brunettes have nineteen bodily response units of inducement as against the average blonde's twelve. Brunettes are only half as compliant as blondes. That means just this: brunettes work twice as hard to attract men and get a third more fun out of stooping to conquer. Blondes may yield supinely to masculine desires if they choose; a brunette will not comply that way, she insists upon keeping one jump ahead. If she takes a man it is because she makes the fellow realize he is supremely blessed. The dark woman plays opposite to her brunet counterpart. She knows quite well, in her own private soul, that she can submit passionately and, therefore, human nature being what it is, she can afford to take a long vacation from surrender and play her male catch tantalizingly until he is weak enough to come up over the side without resistance.

A typical brunette is not afraid to let a man think he is ruling her provided he stays hooked. It is only when he wriggles loose or threatens to break the line that a dark girl's fury reveals its hidden presence. One of my laboratory subjects, a languorous, soft-eyed Spanish lady, buried a paper knife in my assistant's chest one night when she discovered that his interest in her did not extend beyond testing her emotional reactions. Let blondes bribe men to stay, brunettes sniff scornfully. A man must stay or fight if he rings by accident a brunette's bell.

There are, masculinely speaking, two kinds of blondes. One type compensates for a secret lack of confidence in her man-catching ability by using cowgirl tactics. The other doesn't. The typical blonde inferiority feeling is an introverted sort of thing hard to appreciate. It does not relate to looks. Blondes are great admirers of their own faces and figures, usually with ample justification. Many blondes like to undress as much and as often as the occasion warrants. They enjoy the feeling of being on exhibition. In experiments where men's and women's reactions to a nude woman of their own social group were being tested no blonde made serious objection to acting as stimulus; brunettes for the most part refused with finality. There must be some adequate reward for a brunette to reveal her physical charms; blondes do it for fun. The blonde feeling of inadequacy has to do, not with bodily attractiveness, but rather with the girl's social behavior. It is a kind of innate timidity. She feels, within herself, that she can follow the man's lead but cannot lure him lightly but firmly to a desired destination. She lacks inducement power.

The blonde who compensates, substitutes dominance, sometimes a singularly rough and ready variety—broad jokes, digs in the ribs, hilarious and tomboyish good-fellowship. You remember Texas Guinan, originally a blonde with her "Hel-lo, Sucker!" and Greta Garbo who made her first hit in pictures by tackling her screen lover across a kitchen table, throwing him for fourth down and scoring with a resounding smack before he could get his second wind. That is what I mean by cowgirl tactics. Some men like it. They think that kind of a blonde is

Continued on page 128



By golly, Elmer, we hope you choke . . . and we think you will!

US: Elmer, you really ought to know better, buying a shirt like that!

ELMER: *Hey, what's the matter with you? That's a good-looking shirt.*

US: It's a good-looking shirt *now.* But wait till it goes to the laundry a few times. You know what will happen to it?

ELMER: *No. What?*

US: The cuffs will disappear up your sleeves like cards up Houdini's. The collar will get smaller and smaller. And *you,* Elmer, will either choke to death or give the shirt to your wife for dust-cloths.

ELMER: *Now wait! I thought of that. Look, it says right here "pre-shrunk." How about that, hey?*

US: Think back, Elmer. Remember that shirt you gave to the ashman last week? Remember it said "pre-shrunk," too?

ELMER: *Hey, I believe it did. Say, what's a guy going to do about this business of shrinking, anyway? Give up wearing shirts?*

US: Certainly not. All you have to do is look at the shirt and be sure that, somewhere on it, it carries the words "Sanforized-Shrunk."

ELMER: *What's so wonderful about Sanforized-Shrunk shirts? I bet they shrink like the others.*

US: You lose, Elmer. The Sanforizing process is unlike any other, and we have 195 patents to prove it.

The very *most* any Sanforized-Shrunk fabric can shrink is a measly 1%, *by Government standard test!* That's a shrinkage so small that Sherlock Holmes himself couldn't detect it. Incidentally, Elmer, that 1% figure has been confirmed in print by Good Housekeeping Magazine.

ELMER: *Gee, that sounds swell. But aren't just the higher-priced shirts Sanforized-Shrunk?*

US: Not any more. Many different makes, at many different prices, are now Sanforized-Shrunk, from inexpensive work shirts to the finest oxfords.

ELMER: *But they don't carry shirts marked "Sanforized-Shrunk" in this store.*

US: Then try another . . . Wait, what's your hurry?

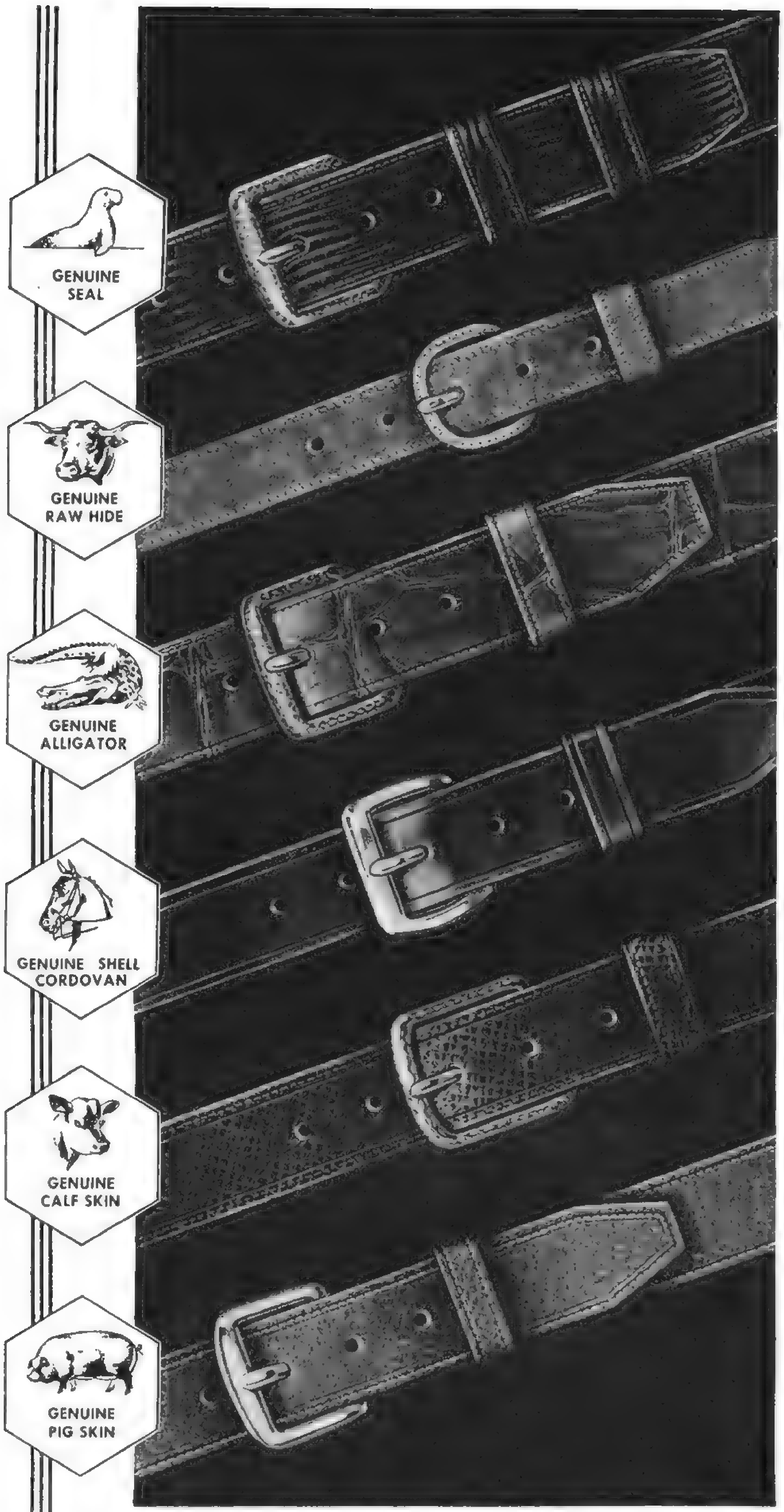
ELMER: *I gotta go give my wife fits. I just remembered she bought that last "pre-shrunk" shirt!*

"And Elmer! Yoo-Hoo! Tell your wife—"

Shrinkage troubles are over for her, too! Tell her to look for the words "Sanforized-Shrunk" whenever she buys anything made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon:

- *Women's Dresses*
- *Nurses' Uniforms*
- *Men's Shirts, Slacks*
- *Men's Work Clothes*
- *Children's Garments*
- *Slip-Covers and Draperies*

To be sure of permanent fit . . . look for the words . . . Sanforized-Shrunk



A few of the many handsome . . . fine Belts stylecrafted by Paris at $1 to $5.

Tops for your trousers

Here you see a smart selection of six major achievements in belt stylecrafting . . . done superbly in the manner you'd expect of Paris. They're "tops" for your trousers . . . because they're fashioned to stand above the usual . . . in style . . . long wear . . . comfort . . . value. And since that's what you want . . . that's what you get . . . in Paris. At your dealers now . . . or he can get them pronto!

A. STEIN & COMPANY
Chicago New York Los Angeles Toronto Buenos Aires

BELTS STYLECRAFTED BY
PARIS

Ladies Prefer Brunets

Continued from pages 43-124-126

funny and an all-around good guy. When it works, this sort of blonde performance is peculiarly irritating to brunettes. But if it doesn't, the dark, come-hither girls have the last laugh because compensating blondes have nothing left in their repertoire when their slapstick act fails.

Blondes who do not compensate quite so naïvely may keep men at arms-length across the footlights as does Helen Hayes, attracting them distantly by dramatic skill and popular adulation. A blonde who compensates may pull the cold and distant technique as Garbo now does—a beautiful statue who tantalizes by refusing to come alive.

If a compensating blonde wants money rather than love she becomes fickle, treacherous and an incorrigible gold digger. She complies freely with a man's demands but only so long as he in return gives her what she wants. A blonde of this type may desire sensual pleasure rather than money. If the husband of such a one does not give it to her she may substitute suddenly for her easy compliance the dominance of a Ruth Snyder sash weight. Or, if her husband is also a blond, she may egg him on to counter attack, a situation which has created a state of relentless marital war for thirteen years between a couple who came to me recently for advice.

Contrast with this the blonde who makes no attempt to compensate for her lack of inducement but submits sweetly and affectionately to a man she loves. I know a pair of golden-haired love birds who bill and coo so incessantly that their friends no longer invite them to parties. They wouldn't come anyway; they are perfectly satisfied to sit at home holding hands, dull but affectionate, sister-and-brother absorbed in a double ego whose parts even they cannot distinguish. Such is the variety of blonde who cannot lead and does not try, avoiding sexual initiative and shunning love competition. There is no sweeter, sincere or more loyal woman on earth than a blonde of this type; though some men may find her a bit boring.

Three blond people out of four have blue eyes, but only one brunet person in four has the blue, transparent, pigmentless iris which proved such a general favorite in this survey.

Men told me that girls with blue eyes are more "innocent," more "sincere" and less "affected." Women said that blue-eyed men are "more sincere," more "forceful," "less selfish." They said other things, also, about blue-eyed people but the comments I have reported were oftenest repeated. It seems all the more remarkable that people have such laudatory notions about blue-eyed traits—one might expect the favoritism for the brunet type to carry over in the popular mind to the naturally associated brown eye color.

My emotions tests indicated these linkages with eye color:

Blue-eyed people have more *compliance* than *dominance;* and much *submission* compared with their *inducement.*

Brown-eyed people have more *dominance* than *compliance;* and less *submission* compared with their *inducement.*

These characteristics make blue-eyed people more easily influenced, more responsive to the wishes and demands of other human beings than brown-eyed people. The popular impressions of "sincerity" and "unselfishness" may be derived from a somewhat confused interpretation of these traits. But the essence of it seems to be that blue-eyed individuals have less resistance to others than brown-eyed persons and they owe their general popularity, probably, to that fact. Brown-eyed traits, however, add definite strength to the blond and redhead personality patterns whether other people like them or not.

About redheads—they are the extremists both in preference ranking and emotional response. Reds of both sexes ranked lowest in the general vote. Yet some of the world's most popularly acclaimed men and women have had red hair, as for example, Sarah Bernhardt, Sinclair Lewis, and Elizabeth the "virgin" Queen of England. In my tests reds of both sexes showed less than one-third as much *compliance* and *submission* as any other type. They revealed more *dominance* than blonds and brunets put together and more *inducement* than any other type. Here we have a remarkably unbalanced personality picture—an aggressive, persuasive, head-strong, yet easily toppled-over sort of individual. A person who does not comply with traffic gets badly battered. He rises, if he gets up at all, too weak and confused to find his way home. In this condition reds are as docile, amiable and lovable as little children. The redheaded temperament is all right if you don't take it too seriously.

I once announced a lecture subject to a college class in what I innocently believed to be a facetious vein. "I am going to talk next Friday," I said, "about Blondes, Redheads and Normal People." A redhead in the front row leapt to her feet ferociously.

"Do you mean to tell me," she cried, "that having red hair makes my temper hot? I will not listen to such nonsense! Redheaded people's tempers aren't any worse than yours!" And she stalked haughtily from the room. But she was there on Friday with a redhaired boy friend from another class. Both of them took notes very earnestly and without protest when I summed up my conclusions this way:

"Blondes prefer gentlemen, men prefer brunettes and all redheads prefer a fight." ⵂ

Stop—BEFORE YOU SMOKE ANOTHER CIGAR

RADIOGRAM

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TIME

Every Lover of Cigars, Everywhere,

YOU CAN *NOW* ENJOY THE LUXURY OF ROBT. BURNS CORONAS at 10c EACH

That's headline news for every smoker with a discriminating taste for a fine cigar.

Many months ago we determined to provide the man who loves a good cigar and who knows one when he smokes it, with a cigar unprecedented in our industry.

We proposed to furnish at *ten cents* a Robt. Burns Corona, uniting luxury features which have for years made the word and shape, CORONA, pre-eminent among particular and exacting smokers.

Many an expert said we could not do it. We, ourselves, were not sure. But we were sure that we were going to try.

So we manufactured the Robt. Burns Corona and placed it on sale at chosen, strategic outlets. It was frankly an experiment. We watched it with a vigilant eye.

Now the returns are in—the facts checked. The answer is a conclusive triumph for our factories. Able to market the Robt. Burns Corona at ten cents, we have now put it on sale from coast to coast.

If your most convenient dealer has not yet stocked it, inform him that he can now obtain this peerless ten-cent cigar.

The aristocratic CORONA shape suggests rich surroundings. Its prestige in clubs is supreme. The world over, it is famous among men of wealth and high place.

Words can say no more. You must see the Robt. Burns Corona—smoke it—to discover a new smoking pleasure.

At Last... Here is the celebrated Corona Shape—symbol of top class in cigars—last word in smoking—now within your reach at a modest price. It combines *four luxury features:*

1. Choice Havana Filler—100% Havana Leaf
2. Select Shade-grown Wrapper
3. Skilled Craftsmanship, inside and out
4. Recognized Classic Corona Shape

All for **10¢**

Robt. Burns *Corona*

Featuring The World's Most Famous Cigar Shape

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ALLEN-A LIFE GUARDS

LICK
4 O'CLOCK
FAG—
AND HOW!

GIVE YOURSELF A BOOST WITH
ALLEN-A LIFE GUARDS!

Allen-A Life Guards are today's choice of men who demand staying power. Campus and business big shots have to hit hard and keep quick on their feet . . . all day, and half the night if need be. They simply can't let Four O'Clock Fag put them on the sidelines.

That's why so many of them have put off old-fashioned underwear and put on Allen-A Life Guards. For this smart underwear is exclusively new and scientifically different in construction. Knitted into this spring-needle fabric is Lastex . . . to give you just that mild and pleasant lift you need round the tummy and groin.

Life Guards come in briefs, shorts, longs, with companion shirts (sleeveless or cap-sleeve). All weights and mixtures.

Knit-fit for a king, they guard your health, comfort and vitality.

If your favorite dealer can't supply you, sing out to us in Bennington, Vermont.

"Allen" for the maker's name—"A" for first and finest quality.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, BENNINGTON, VERMONT

KNITTED-IN LASTEX SUPPORT GUARDS YOUR VITALITY

Man Who Walked Through Glass

Continued from page 67

his gown; let it slip to the floor. In one quick motion he strode to the mirror, arms outstretched before him. His body seemed to melt, inch by inch, into the glass. Where his flesh touched the cool, shining surface, a faint ripple appeared to pass over the glass; no more. Before my eyes, Guimple faded into the mirror. A pink heel was the last part of him to disappear—then I was staring at my own open-mouthed reflection in the glass. Guimple walked around from *behind* the mirror to face me triumphantly.

"!*Ees*," he said.

I felt an urge to find my things and get out of his damned apartment—*fast*. But stronger than that was the desire to know what the hell Guimple was doing—and how he was doing it. I studied him carefully. Something about him was not quite right. Something—was indefinably *different*. With a start, I realized what it was. Guimple's hair! It was parted on the wrong side!

"My God, man!" I exploded. "You're reversed!"

"?Desrever," he repeated curiously.

"Your hair," I told him. "And —and your *heart!* It's on your right side!"

For I could see, now, the faint pulsing of that organ—on the side where it shouldn't be.

Guimple studied himself wonderingly.

"Ynnuf s'taht," he said. "Fi—"

"If you must talk," I said, "for heaven's sake go through the mirror again. I can't understand your looking-glass chatter."

Hastily he darted through the glass again. This time I had an edge-on view of the double mirror. I could watch one part of Guimple disappearing into the glass as the rest of him emerged, unscathed, from the other mirror. I saw, too, the way his flesh seemed to *embrace* the cool flatness of the glass; leaping toward it with a sort of insensate eagerness, parting from it with the slow reluctance of a farewell kiss. There was something distantly obscene in the unholy affinity existing between his body and that cold surface. Something I could feel, but not explain. A tiny chill coursed up and down my spine.

"What do you think?" emerged Guimple breathlessly. "Do you think I—"

"I don't know what to think," I said dubiously, "except that the whole thing is screwy. Listen—if the ring can stop your hand from going through glass, why doesn't the plating behind the mirror stop you, too?"

"I don't know. I don't know anything about it," complained Guthrie Guimple. "I wish I did. It's all very confusing."

"Confusing, hell! It's preposterous!" I told him.

He buried his face in his hands. A trite way to describe his action, but I know of no other words.

"I know it," he whispered hoarsely. "I'm a freak! Nobody on earth has ever walked through glass before. Now *I* can do it—and I don't want to. What shall I do?"

"If I were you," I advised, "I'd consult a physician. I'd consult a whole *raft* of physicians. I'd go up before the whole damned Medical Board. Guimple—you've got something there. But I'll be cursed if I know what it is!"

"They'll poke me," said Guimple in a gray voice. "They'll poke me and push me and question me. They'll put me under X-rays and fluoroscopes. They'll put me on special diets and take blood-tests. They'll wrangle and fuss and fume —and I'll be Exhibit A. They'll want to put me away in an institution, or stuff me and put me in a museum. No! I won't see any more doctors. One was enough. I won't be a freak! I *won't!*"

"Then the next best thing," I offered, "is to try and forget about your—your trait. Don't do anything to remind yourself that you can walk through glass. You say it came on you suddenly?"

"Overnight."

"Then maybe it will go away overnight, too. For it *must* go away, you know. It's contrary to every law of physics. Yes, that's what *I'd* do. I'd try to forget all about it. Ignore it entirely."

Guimple raised tragic eyes to mine.

"It's more than just a trait," he croaked. "It's a—a habit! I wake up in the middle of the night and think, 'Is it really true? I wonder if I really *can* walk through glass? Or was it just a dream?' And then I get out of my bed and walk and walk and walk . . . in and out of mirrors, windows, glass doorpanes —anything made of glass! I can't resist the temptation to—"

He shuddered and looked away from me. Then,

"I lied to you," he confessed dully. "I told you there was no sensation to speak of. But there is. A marvelous *soothing* sensation. A feeling of infinite peace . . . infinite contentment. It is as though the glass were my love, and I its lover. But I can never *know* my love completely. For there are only those brief, shallow panes to walk through . . .

"Sometimes I think that if I could find one great chunk of glass large enough to contain *all* of me at once, instead of these flimsy little shells that touch only a part of me, I would move into it. Live there for ever and ever and ever . . ."

I looked away, shamed by the secret desire reflected in his eyes.

"You think glass is nothing?" he babbled excitedly. "You think there is only gray emptiness in the depths of glass? Well, you're wrong! There is a *world* within the cool shallows. A world that no man has ever seen—except me! I have caught glimpses of it . . . fragmentary glimpses, tantalizingly wondrous, in the thin panes I've walked through. A beautiful world with

Continued at top of page 135

ITALY
MARTINI

When it Pours—

CHEERFULNESS *Reigns* INSIDE

THERE'S a lot of sunshine in a bottle of vermouth—it seems as if you could taste it. Do you think that's imagination?—well, try a glass. Try it straight (chilled) so you can get the full spicy, bitter-sweet flavor—and you'll think of vineyards and herb farms under the warm Italian sun. Try it straight and you'll *find out what makes a cocktail taste good.* You'll realize why vermouth is enjoyed in every country on the globe—the great appetizer before meals, and one of the most universal of drinks.

Straight or in a cocktail it will make your lunch or dinner look more inviting. With soda, it's the conservative drink for a long evening—vermouth is versatile! But make sure you taste it straight—for vermouth, one of Europe's oldest drinks, is the newest drink of America! We mean Martini & Rossi, of course—it's the standard.

SOLE AGENTS FOR U. S. A., **W. A. TAYLOR & CO.,** NEW YORK

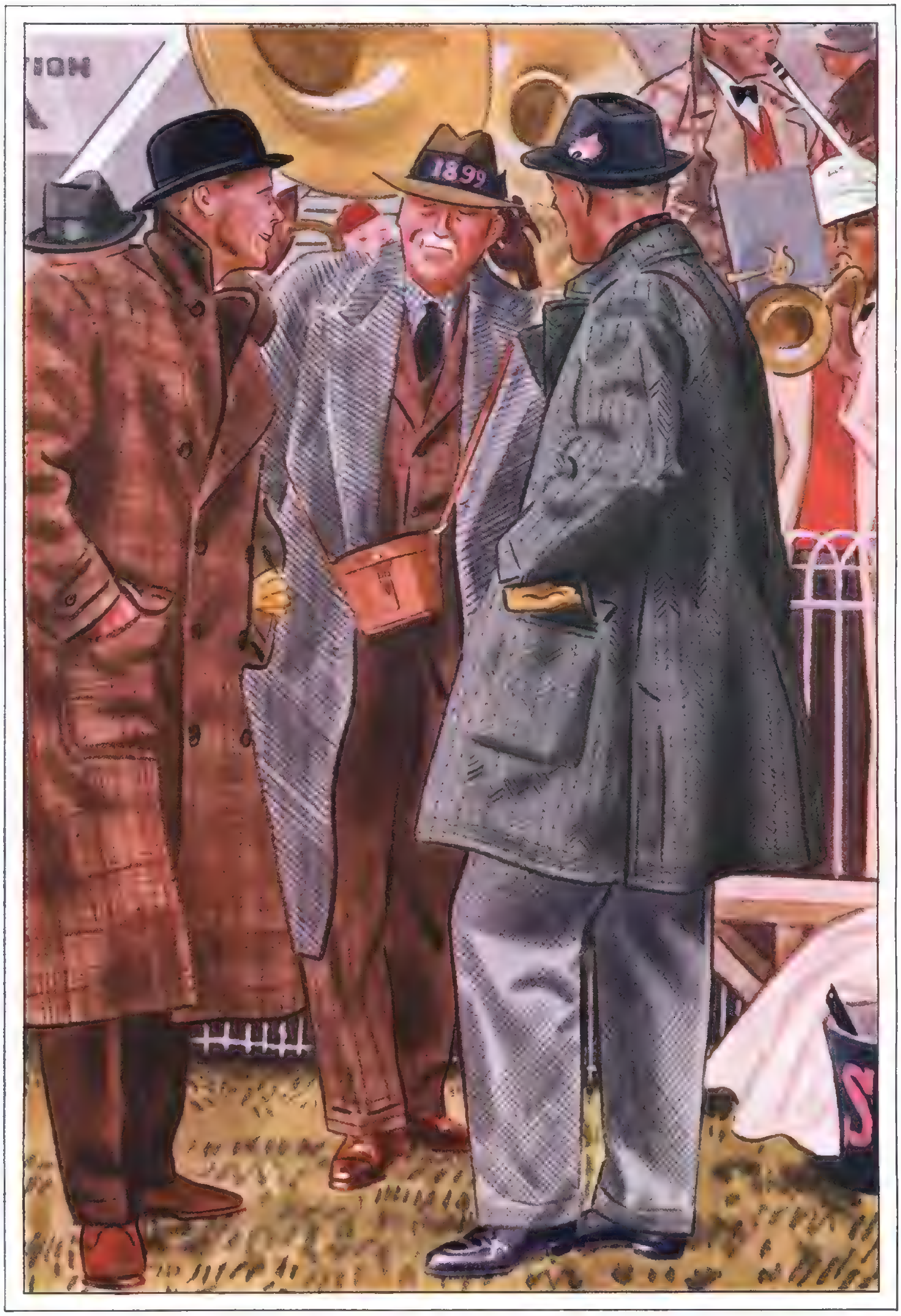
ITALY
MARTINI & ROSSI
DRY
MARTINI & ROSSI

Alcohol by vol.
Italy, 15.95%
Dry, 18%

3 MOODS IN 1 BOTTLE
(Either Bottle)

1. 🍸 Be gay—have a Manhattan or Martini.
2. 🍸 Be moderate—have vermouth straight. Served chilled in cocktail glass.
3. ▯ Be conservative—have vermouth and soda. Mixed like a highball, using vermouth instead of whiskey.

MARTINI & ROSSI
THE INTERNATIONAL NAME FOR **VERMOUTH**

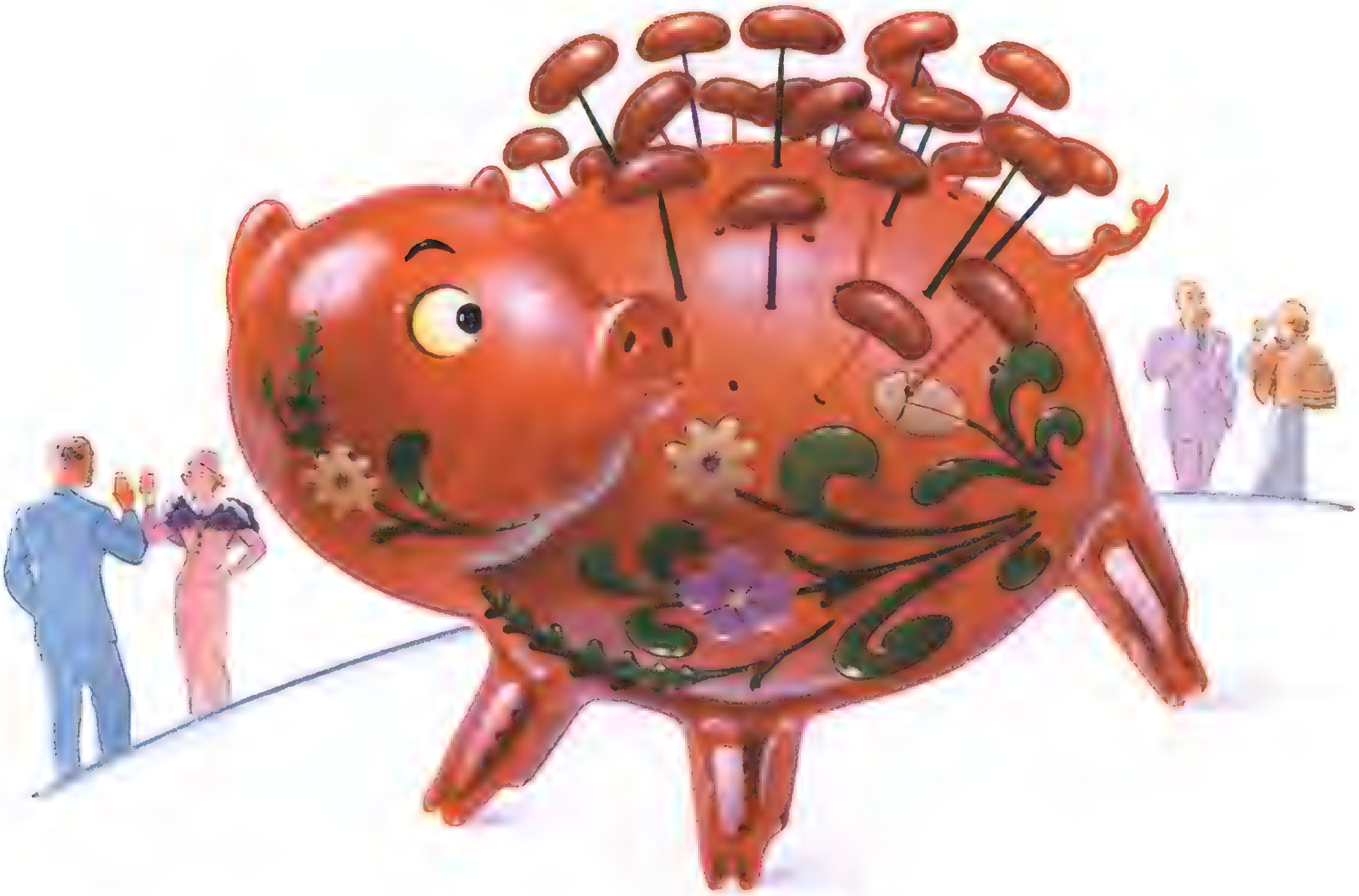


HUDDLE OF BETWEEN-HALVES QUARTERBACKS

THEY look mighty official, standing out there on the sidelines instead of sitting in their seats where they belong, but we'll bet none of them knows what the score is. Anyway, the man at the left is wearing a heavyweight tweed overcoat, brown diagonal worsted suit, bowler hat, comfortable reverse calf monk front shoes, and yellow string gloves. The man at the right wears a fingertip length Scotch tweed coat in the field model, tweed suit in a grey pincheck effect, rough finish hat with tweed band and plume, green wool scarf with red spots, Norwegian brogue shoes, and heavy buckskin gloves. Both outfits are of the semi-sports type, ideally bridging the gap between town and spectator sports wear for those who go direct from their offices to the game. Meanwhile, you're wondering how we're going to squeeze in a description of the outfit of the guy dated 1899. That's what we'd like to know.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

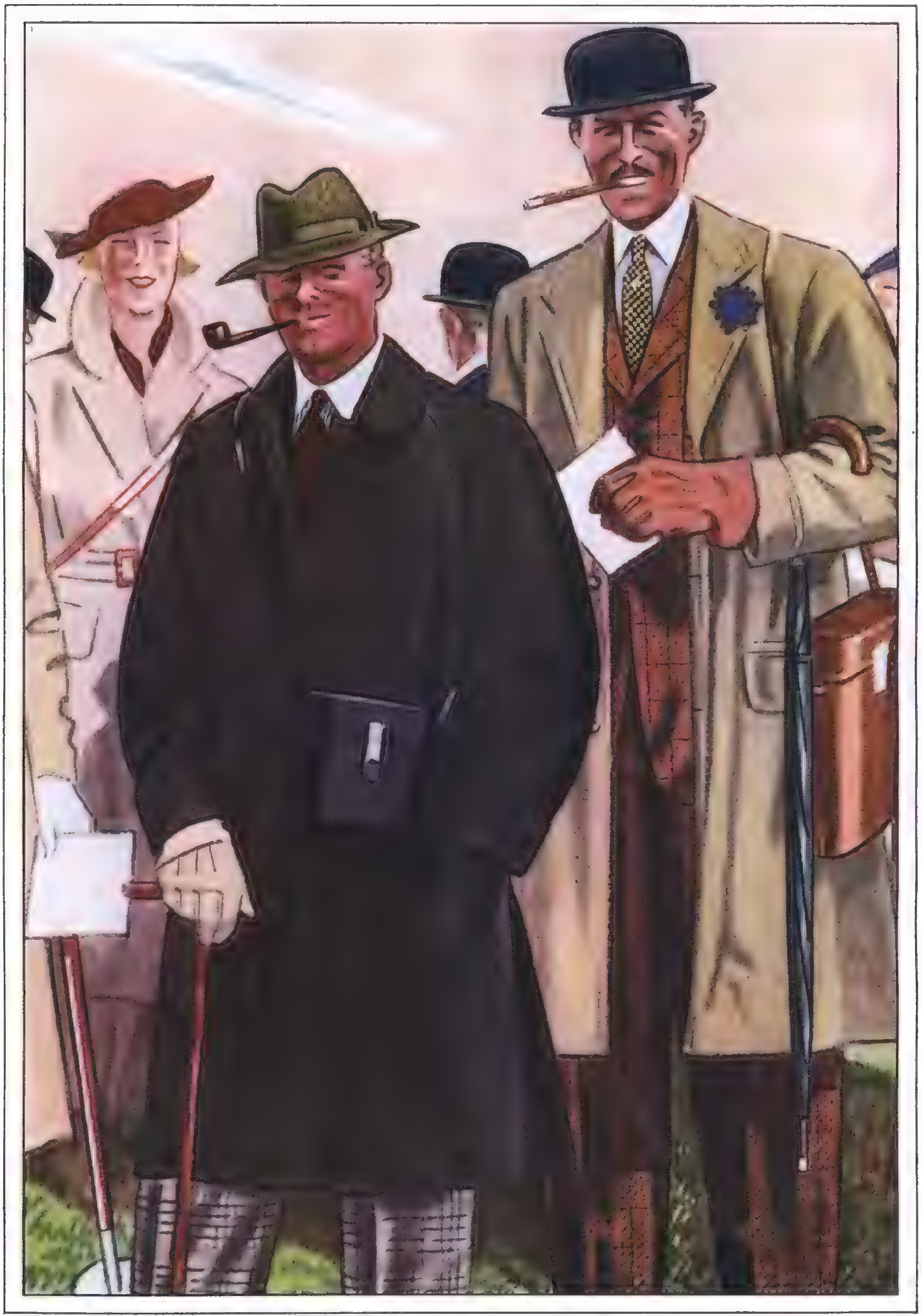
Look around at cocktail hour



and see how many people are now asking for whiskey and White Rock. That's because it's a real appetizer with a dry, keen, *mineral* spring tang.

White Rock

on the alkaline side



PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE AT BELMONT PARK, L. I. BY LAWRENCE FELLOWS

PHOTO FINISH IN THE STANDING BROADGRIN

SMART men are wearing smiles at all the fashionable race tracks this season. Don't be silly! If we knew how it's done do you actually think we'd be hard at work telling you that the man at the left is also wearing the popular knee-length field coat of West of England cloth? That it has raglan shoulders, military collar and long side vents? Or, for that matter, that the suit is a single breasted model in a bold grey Glen Urquhart plaid? Nope, not on your life. This brings us to the accessories, which include a pebble grain green semi-sports hat, striped broadcloth shirt with white stiff collar, tweed silk tie, and pigskin gloves in the new oatmeal color. The man at the right wears a knee-length covert coat, cut full in a button-through style, a brown diagonal cheviot suit with blue overplaid, soft shirt of blue end and end madras, white stiff collar, checked tie, rough finish bowler, and red capeskin gauntlet gloves.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Man Who Walked Through Glass

Continued from pages 67-130

gleaming cities, towering halls, sparkling rivers, people—"

"*Guimple!*" I said sharply. The crawling light flickered once in his eyes; died out. He stared at me dully.

"I'm sorry. Forget what I just said. It really doesn't matter. I guess I'll make out—somehow. You're going now?"

"Yes," I said, "I'm going now."

He saw me to the door. We shook hands with an acknowledged finality. I knew I would never come back, and so did Guimple. But I was impelled to say one more thing before leaving.

"Give it up, Guimple," I begged him. "Keep your ring on your hand. Always!"

He smiled wanly.

"Good-bye," he said. "And—and thank you. For believing."

Then the door was closed . . .

* * *

I never saw Guthrie Guimple again. But I did see his name once more. Several months later, when I was back at my post as City Editor of a small midwestern daily. I was covering the lobster watch one night, when Chet Browne, our telegraph editor, tossed me a flimsy from the CP wires.

"Get a load of this," he said. "Here's one for the books. This guy must have been nuts!"

The report was datelined from that large observatory in California. You know—the one where they're mounting that huge new telescope with the twelve-foot mirror?

"Swift action on the part of observatory guards," it read, "today thwarted a supposed attempt to destroy the gigantic telescope now nearing completion here. Special officers Kelly and Monoghan, discovering that one member of a touring party had remained behind in the observatory room, returned in time to prevent any damage intended to the delicate mirror.

"While the culprit was not apprehended, a pile of discarded clothing bearing the name of one G. Guimple of New York City was found at the base of the telescope. California police are seeking a nude madman in the vicinity of the observatory, and arrest is expected hourly . . ."

* * *

"What do you think of that?" growled Browne. "Say, why the hell would any nut want to wreck that 'scope? Why, scientists will learn plenty through that thing when it's finished. They'll find new stars, new suns, perhaps even new worlds—"

"New worlds," I said, a curious sort of horror creeping over me. "Perhaps a beautiful new world with gleaming cities, towering halls, sparkling rivers—"

"Huh?" snorted Browne. "What's 'at?"

"Nothing," I told him. "Nothing at all . . ." #

Big Brother to Booters

Continued from page 52

makes for distance and accurate kicking. The ball is simply and easily dropped from the hand to the foot in position for the type of kick desired, already aimed, and then the foot contacts the ball without smashing it and, in proper timing, then swiftly propels the ball to the point of its release. The length of the follow-through determines the distance of the kick. For a thirty-yard kick, it would be approximately one foot of follow-through. For fifty yards, three feet of follow-through. The speed of the kick is controlled by the swiftness of the follow-through."

Within the past few years, Mills has demonstrated this System of plotting kicks to hundreds of colleges, prep schools and high schools, the American Coaches' Association and such professional teams as New York Giants and Chicago Bears. In every instance, practical demonstration of his System of Controlled Kicking has always resulted in a return engagement for individual instruction.

Among the many colleges which have accepted the Mills System are Pennsylvania, Harvard, Dartmouth, Columbia, Purdue, Yale, Army, Navy, Northwestern, Syracuse, Notre Dame, Missouri, Princeton, Colgate, Amherst, Brown, Lafayette, Mississippi State, North Carolina, Cornell, and a host of others. Those prep schools which have been benefited by his methods include Phillips-Exeter, Hill School, Choate, Kent, Taft, Williston, Canterbury, St. Mark's and over one hundred and fifty high schools in the East. Even Sing Sing Prison invited Mills to tutor the Varsity punting candidates there.

Being a big brother to booters is purely a hobby with Roy Mills. He considers it a sort of release from the constant worries of other people's problems which his legal practice involves. As far as football is concerned, Mills is an amateur in every true sense of that much misused word. In all his years of instructing coaches and players in the fine art of kicking, he has never asked nor accepted a dime for his services. He will not even take expense money for trips less than a hundred miles from his home in Scarsdale, New York. When Roy does go over a hundred miles, he only asks to be paid for the oil and gas consumed in getting to the appointment.

A true sportsman, Mills sends his own check for tickets to see games in which teams which he has coached gratis are participating. To the credit of most colleges, Mills' checks are usually returned with the requested tickets. Over the face of his checks invariably are scribbled "Your money is no good nor will it ever be here at

Continued on page 136

BOTANY TIES ARE *Naturally* WRINKLE-PROOF

Here are the facts about the Botany Tie. Check them when you shop for neckwear:

1. The Botany Tie is tailored of a special "live" fabric that smooths out when hung up overnight.
2. The Botany Tie is constructed and tailored in such a manner as to retain resiliency in the whole of the tie.
3. The Botany Tie knots and drapes perfectly, and the knot will not slip, because the fabric is wrinkle-proof naturally...requiring no artificial processing.
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5. The Botany Tie is economical, because it will outlast the ordinary tie, at whatever price. $1

If you can't locate a Botany dealer...write us and we will direct you.

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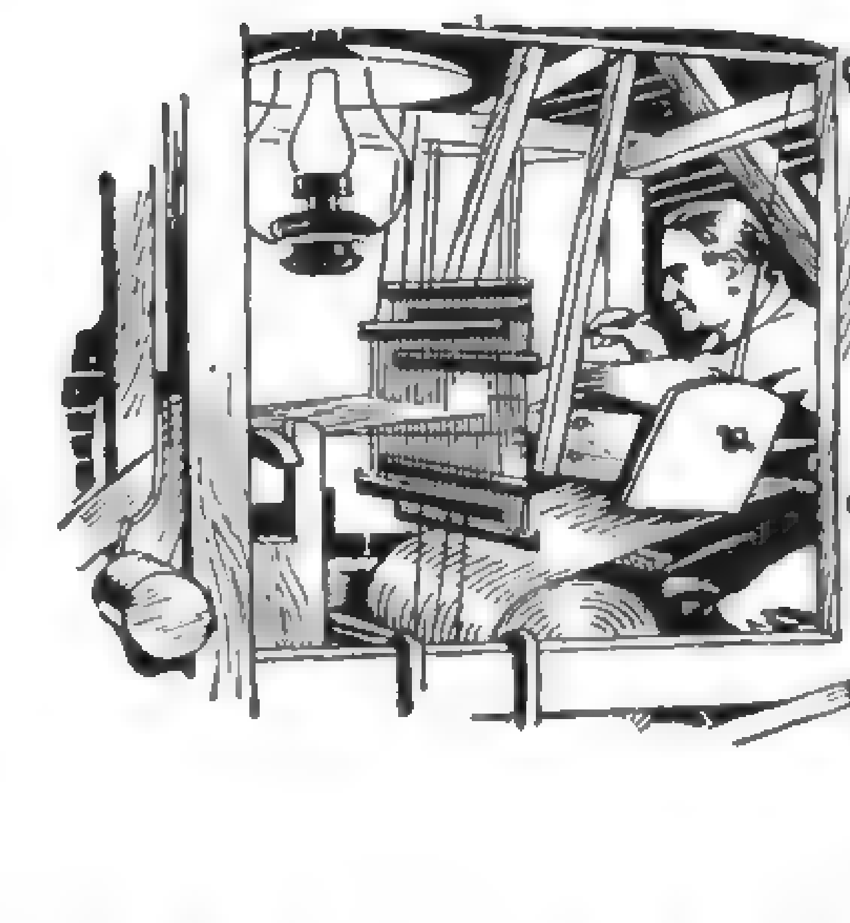

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Big Brother to Booters

Continued from pages 52-135

———— College," or "What's the idea, Roy? We should be sending you checks" and similar friendly cracks.

Instead of going after a coach's job, Mills does his utmost to help a mentor in distress. His only reservation is that he will not tutor any team before it plays his alma mater, Princeton, unless Fritz Crisler objects. The Princeton coach is pretty good about this and never protests. In 1934, Mills instructed the Yale Kickers. In that year's Yale-Princeton contest, the Princetons did not get a single good runback. The Yales, coached by Mills, successfully protected their lead of one touchdown by repeatedly punting out of bounds. This drubbing by the Yales was the only defeat the Princetons suffered that season. And for once in his life, Roy was not his usual genial self.

A very personable gent, Mills mixes well in any company. Patient, kindly and co-operative, he is soon a prime favorite everywhere he goes. Coaches, as well as players, like and trust him immediately. Little, Columbia; Harlow, Harvard; Harmon, Pennsylvania; Pond and Neale, Yale; Major Sasse, formerly of the Army and now at Mississippi State; and Snavely, Cornell, are just a few of the legion of mentors who rate Mills tops both as a close friend and an able instructor. His pupils, among whom have been Frank Carideo, Notre Dame; Kim Whitehead, Yale; Don Kellett and Frankie Murray, Pennsylvania; Len Macaluso, Colgate; Bill Clarke, Navy; Jack Buckler, Army; Cliff Montgomery, Columbia; and Alabama Pitts, Sing Sing; hail him as a benevolent padre.

A few seasons ago, I was in the Pennsylvania dressing room after a victory over Cornell which was due largely to Frankie Murray's cleaving of the coffin corners. Everybody was around Murray, clapping him on the back and loudly congratulating him. Mills entered. As soon as Murray spotted him, he rushed up, threw his arms around Mills and shouted to the whole dressing room: "Here's the man who really deserves the credit."

Murray proceeded to tell the crowd why. The Sunday previous to the Cornell game, Murray, accompanied by Harvey Harmon and Mark Townsend, drove from Philadelphia to Mills' home in Westchester. It was a terrible day—storming and snowing. When the Penn contingent arrived at the Mills' domicile, Roy was cozily seated at his fireside reading the Sunday papers. Nevertheless, he put on his football togs, went out to a near-by school field, shoveled away enough snow to permit a kicking demonstration.

Then for hours on end, Roy put Frankie Murray through an intensive quick kicking drill with special emphasis on dropping them in the coffin corner.

The Mills' idea of plotting kicks is not exactly new. National acceptance of it is. For some twenty years before the collegiate coaches recognized the practicality of Mills' kicking theories, he had pioneered his System among the schoolboys in Westchester County. I first saw evidence of his teachings some fifteen years ago in a local high school game. Even at that time, Roy Mills was a bit of a county celebrity, for his Mount Vernon High protégés were repeatedly kicking their teams to championships. Despite Roy's continued success with the schoolboys, the collegiate crowd paid little or no attention to his System of Controlled Kicking until one of his former Mount Vernon High pupils, Frank Carideo, Notre Dame, began startling the football world with the amazing accuracy of his punting back in 1929-30.

Even then the critics at first were inclined to attribute Carideo's superb kicking skill to natural ability. No less authority than the Great Rockne described his stellar punter as "a born kicker." However, Carideo pooh-poohed such opinions and always named Roy Mills as the man who taught him how to "kick 'em where they ain't."

"I was anything else but a born kicker," Carideo once told me, "when Roy Mills took me under his wing at Mount Vernon High School. I lacked natural balance and had defects aplenty in my style of kicking. Mills worked with me long and late—even far into the night. I can remember many an evening when Roy had to strike matches to see how I was handling a kick. Before he was through with me, I knew how to kick a football—from any part of the field and on any kind of a field, wet or dry. He would take a ball, douse it for hours in a bucket full of mud and water. Then, he would teach me how to handle it. I never liked this part of my Mills' schooling, and during my career at Notre Dame, I never had to play on a really muddy field. That is, not until my very last game which was against the Army in 1930 on the marshy Soldier's Field in Chicago. A lot of folks thought that my accurate punting of that muddy, water-logged ball that day was sheer luck. It wasn't, thanks to those long sessions with Mills. There isn't anything about booting a ball which Roy hasn't studied and doesn't know."

Having seen his stalwart Cadets foiled many times by Carideo's fancy foot feats, Major Sasse, then coaching Army, ferreted out Mills in the Winter of 1931 and invited him to the next spring practice. When Mills arrived at West Point, the first thing he offered to do was to make a spot-kicker out of the Major. Sasse didn't think that was possible. During his own Cadet days, Sasse had been a lineman and never did

Continued on page 138

ARE YOUR FEET

Cry Babies?

If you can't keep your mind off your feet . . . if they clamor for relief from morn 'till night because shoes do not fit, are not comfortable, healthful, *then your feet are cry babies.* But don't despair. Bring them up right in Wright Arch Preserver Shoes. Exclusively for men, these superb shoes are fashionable clear through from smart styling to fine leathers. And they are more.

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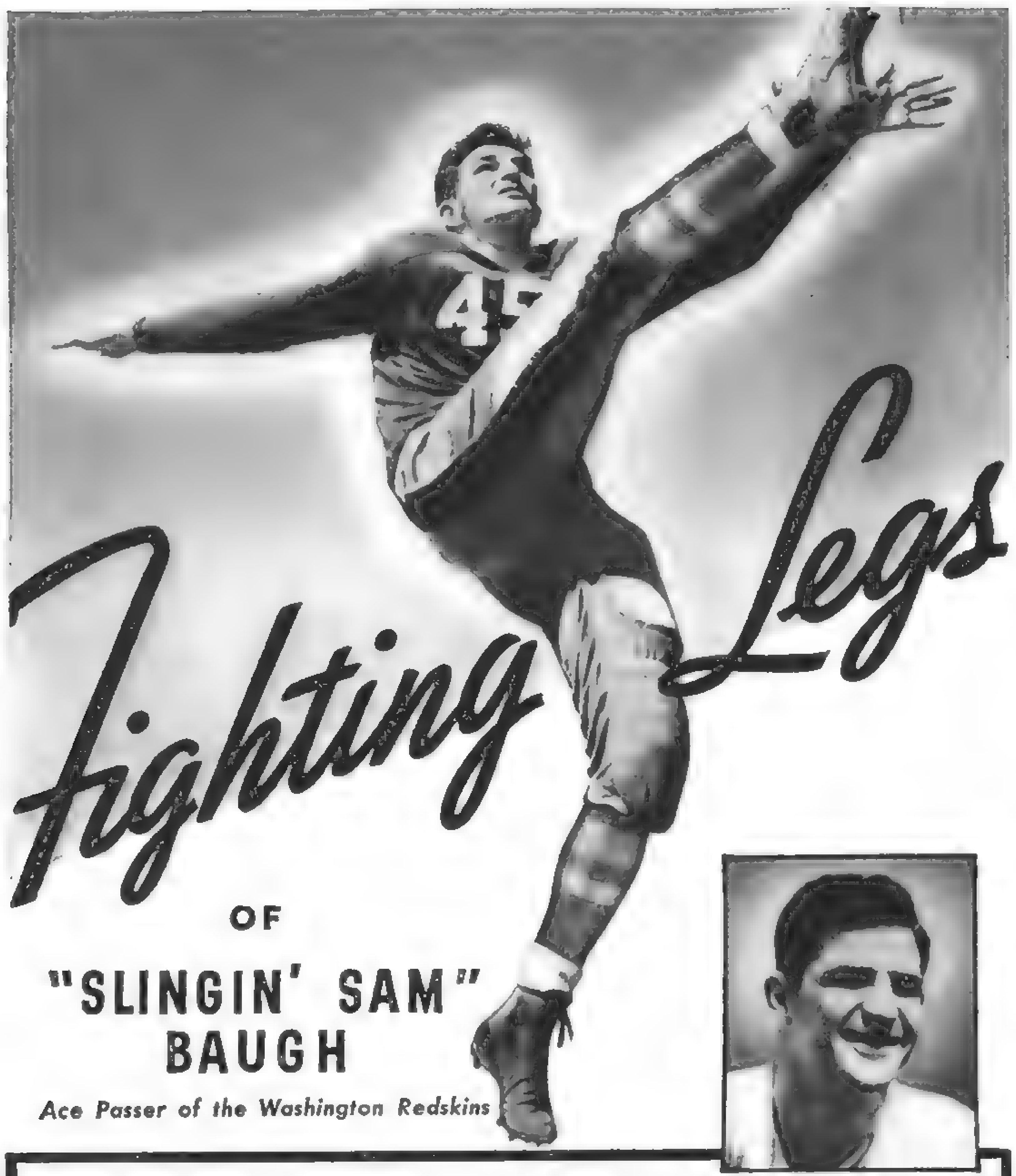

OF

"SLINGIN' SAM" BAUGH

Ace Passer of the Washington Redskins

HE KEEPS 'EM TOUGH, SPRINGY AND FAST IN

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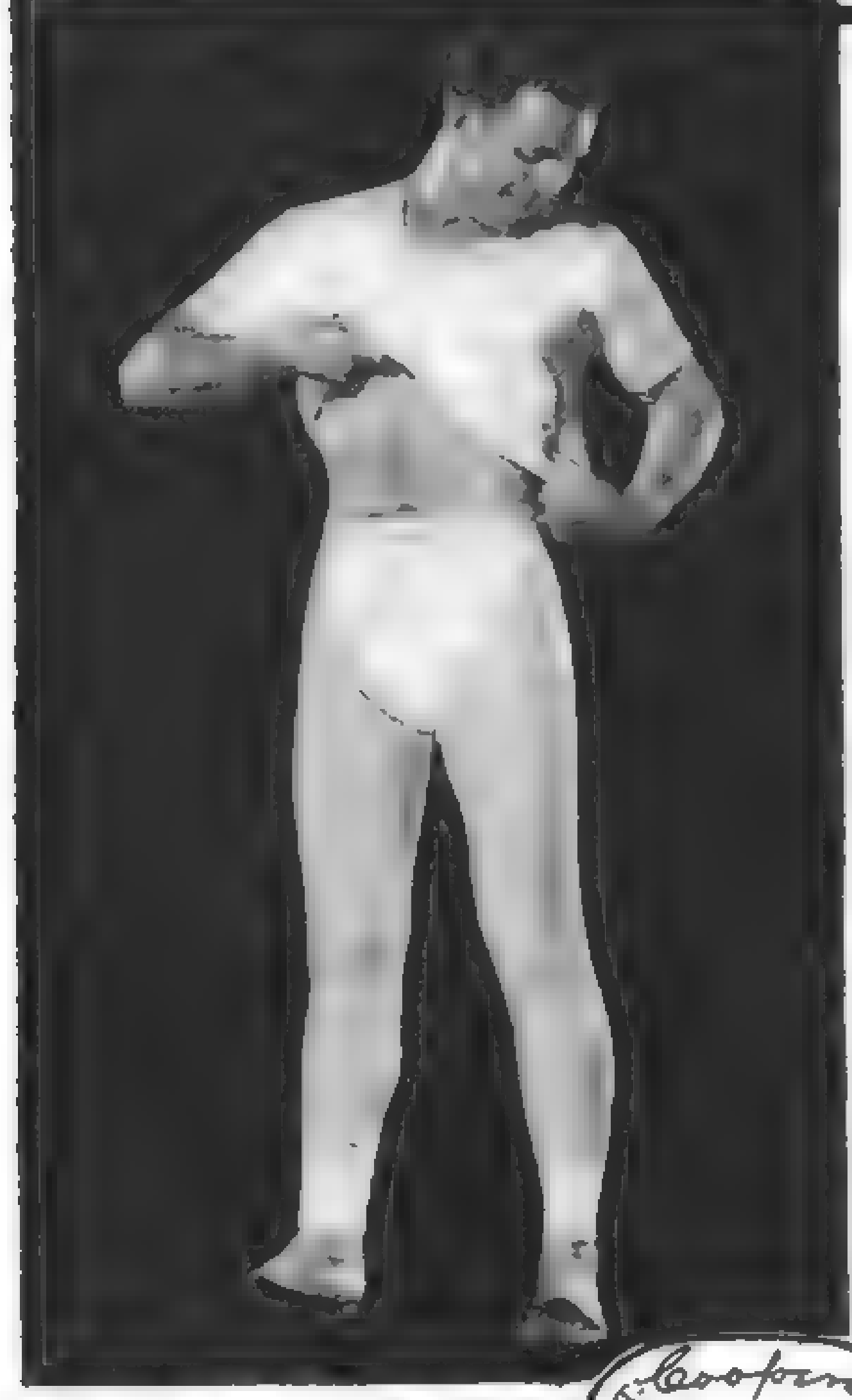
IT'S THE UNDERWEAR THAT ENDS SQUIRMING



Sammy Baugh says: "You can't play football on weak legs. And you get weak legs from repeated and continuous chill due to lack of protection. I wear Jockey Longs not only because they prevent the fatigue and gradual weakening of the leg muscles that come from leg-chill, but also because they provide restful support."

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You need no longer fear taking your *hot house legs* out in the cold. Jockey Longs will keep them warm. Jockey provides mild support, too, and ends the discomforts that cause squirming. No-gap front opening held positively closed. No bunching, no bind, no buttons. Accept only Jockey, originated by Coopers—the only underwear providing squirmless comfort with leg protection and correct styling. In all weights. Contoured shirts to match. At good dealers everywhere. If yours doesn't have Jockey, write us.

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Cotton, light weight .... 75c up

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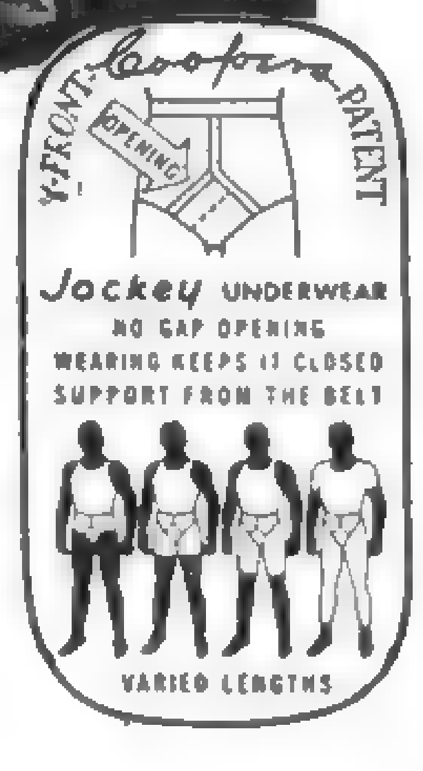

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Big Brother to Booters

Continued from pages 52-135-136

any punting. Roy persuaded him to try his foot at it, anyway. Before the first lesson was over, the Major was calling his own spots and dropping kicks on them. Thereafter, Sasse just could not get Mills up to West Point often enough.

The following season, the Major commissioned Mills as the kicking advisor for the Army. The 1932 Army eleven, re-enforced with Mills' System of Controlled Kicking, worried Yale, Harvard and Navy plenty. Short, angled, sizzling Army kicks bounced wildly by surprised receivers, en route to the coffin corners. After watching how the Cadet kickers Fields and Butler bottled up the Blue, Crimson and the Navy, the collegiate world finally realized that punting as an effective offensive weapon had tremendous possibilities.

Like Carideo, Major Sasse was not backward about naming Roy Mills as the Army's miracle man. After that 1932 Army season, Mills kissed his leisure good-bye. Since then, with the exception of a few weeks in the summer, he spends every week end at some college or prep school delving into punting problems. Several years ago, Mills incorporated his thoughts about booting in a book entitled *Kicking the American Football*, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. His purpose for so doing was that he could use it as an excuse to get out of many invitations for personal appearances. Mills reasoned wrongly. Instead of warding off invitations, his tome increased them a hundred-fold.

Somehow, either from his book or newspaper stories, the erroneous impression has been created that Roy Mills actually conducts a school in Controlled Kicking. Frequently, the Mills family find upon their doorstep in Scarsdale, youngsters who have come to enroll. Often the lads have journeyed from remote points with bag and baggage and tuition money. Mrs. Mills, a charming, motherly person, never lets Roy turn these boys away without giving them attention.

Leroy N. Mills was born and reared in Mount Vernon, New York. He is the son of the late Judge Isaac N. Mills. After preparing at Williston Seminary in New England, Mills went to Princeton and played on the Freshman team in 1901. Oddly, the world's greatest kicking authority never played Varsity football. In his Sophomore year, a condition in mathematics made him ineligible and the Summer after, he got married and went to law school. Today, Mills has his law office in Mount Vernon and is a familiar and popular figure in the Westchester courts. He is a past President of the Westchester Bar Association.

In his hobby, Mills is very thorough and businesslike. For instance, he keeps a card index or a case history of every one of his pupils. Said cards include full particulars of every pupil such as his weight, height, age, balance record, sense of direction, whether he smokes, is right- or left-footed or handed, a good or poor student or a good or bad dancer, *et al.* Mills believes such data are pertinent for him to have about a boy before he can teach him to punt accurately. Incidentally, on the dance question, all collegians say that they are either fair or poor dancers. Cadets and Middies are not so modest. According to Mills' cards, every Army and Navy man seriously thinks that he dances as well as Fred Astaire. Another interesting bit revealed by these cards was that included among the Mills' pupils are the youngsters of some of football's most renowned oldsters. The sons of Charley Brickley, the old Harvard star and regarded by many as the greatest booter of all time; Ted Coy, Yale; Dr. Joe McCracken, Pennsylvania; and Major Charles Daly of Harvard and Army, have taken instructions under the Mills' System of Controlled Kicking.

Besides his Kicking System, the other hobbies of Roy Mills are trout fishing and raising dahlias and chrysanthemums in his garden. An inveterate pipe smoker and a sparkling conversationalist, Roy is a welcome addition to any male gabfest. Possessed with a razor-edged sense of humor, he likes a good story and knows how to tell one.

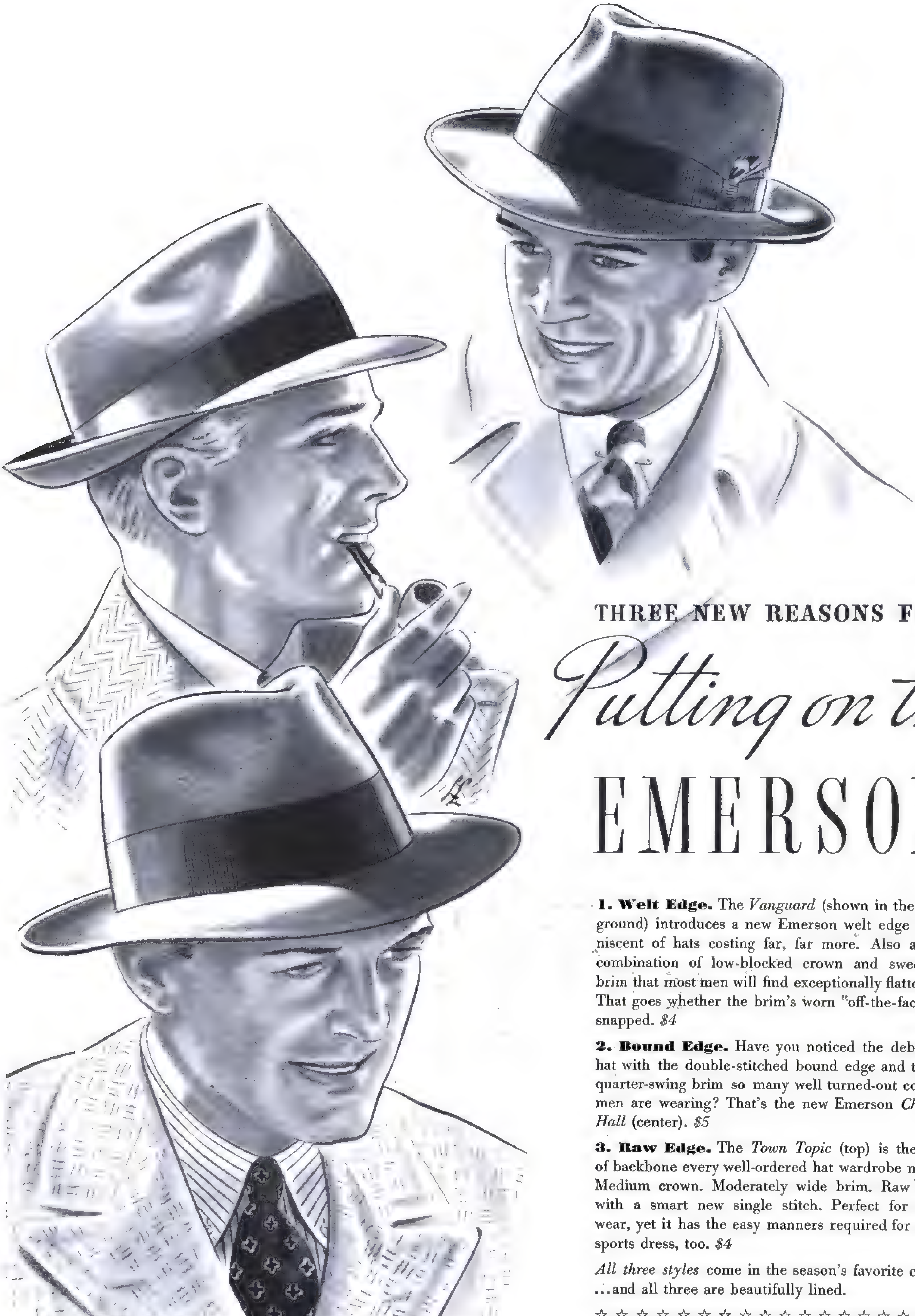
On his trip to coach the Sing Sing Varsity, Mills was accompanied by Vic Kennard, the former Harvard player. Upon their arrival within the prison, the pair were greeted by the Sing Sing coach whose name appropriately was John Law. Shown to their dressing room, Mills and Kennard found it a large bare room with no lockers. A few hooks on the wall served in place of the customary lockers. While Mills and Kennard were changing to their football duds, a number of hardboiled-looking inmates strolled in and out of the room, for there were no locks on the doors.

After they had changed and hung up their street clothes, Mills and Kennard inquired, rather embarrassed, of Law about checking their wallets, watches and other valuables.

"Just leave them in the pockets of your street clothes. They'll be perfectly safe there," assured Law who was a former Notre Dame player and had long been engaged in Prison Welfare Work.

Naturally, after the kicking session with the Prison Varsity squad, Mills and Kennard double-quicked back to the dressing room and their valuables. Much to their surprise, they found them intact—exactly as they had left them.

"Why Roy, at Harvard" roared Kennard, "we *had* to have lockers." ⧺



THREE NEW REASONS FOR

Putting on the EMERSON

1. Welt Edge. The *Vanguard* (shown in the foreground) introduces a new Emerson welt edge reminiscent of hats costing far, far more. Also a deft combination of low-blocked crown and sweeping brim that most men will find exceptionally flattering. That goes whether the brim's worn "off-the-face" or snapped. *$4*

2. Bound Edge. Have you noticed the debonair hat with the double-stitched bound edge and three-quarter-swing brim so many well turned-out college men are wearing? That's the new Emerson *Charter Hall* (center). *$5*

3. Raw Edge. The *Town Topic* (top) is the sort of backbone every well-ordered hat wardrobe needs. Medium crown. Moderately wide brim. Raw edge with a smart new single stitch. Perfect for town wear, yet it has the easy manners required for semi-sports dress, too. *$4*

All three styles come in the season's favorite colors ...and all three are beautifully lined.

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You Can't Teach That Here!

Continued from page 45

parent and led to the idea that some relationship must exist with lower forms . . ."

Such nonsense as that was eliminated by the obliging publishers. Special textbooks were brought out for high schools, with all reference to evolution deleted. The book that won out in Tennessee and was given adoption by the state Textbook Commission was *New Biology* by Smallwood-Reveley-Bailey, published by Allyn and Bacon.

Teacher after teacher of biology in Tennessee high schools brought that book to me in triumph.

"It teaches evolution in as clever a way as could be devised," is the summary of their comments.

A Nashville high school teacher discussed the matter frankly.

"How do we teach evolution here? Why, I tell my instructors this: 'Just teach *science*, that's all. The pupils are not dumbbells. They'll get it. You don't have to run afoul of the law.' Here's a biology class in session. Go in and hear how it's done."

The lesson did not pertain to "development"—as evolution is now known in Tennessee and Arkansas—but the lady teacher graciously went over her methods, after class was dismissed.

"Here's our text. It was worded to avoid our law, as are all our science books. The word evolution does not appear. But we can follow this chapter on "Animals and Plants of the Future" and stay within the law, unless we wander into free comments. That's where the danger lies."

Under the heading of that chapter is the topic "The Family Tree of Animals," and here's the way the subject is treated:

"Animals and plants from generation to generation tend to vary, sometimes slightly, sometimes widely. This seems to be a characteristic of protoplasm. Man may observe these variations or mutations and preserve such as he desires by propagation. Variations or mutations may occur where man does not observe them, and these may be preserved by nature if they aid the species in survival or they may be lost if they retard or handicap the species in survival. . . ."

The text is accompanied by a chart showing the eras of plant and animal life, the Eocene, Oligocene, Pliocene, and all the rest, with illustrations presenting skeletons of various animals in comparative attitudes, one picture showing similarities in the foot of a gorilla and the foot of a man, which is as near the danger-line of illegality as the evolution bootleggers care to go. There is a discussion of "Primates" which concludes:

"The marvelous discoveries of fossil men which you have just studied reveal that some of the earlier men were so different from modern men in bodily proportions that scientists describe them as belonging to other species." This is considered as brilliant a rewriting of the subject to get around the law as appears in any of the current texts.

In Arkansas the textbooks are adopted locally, and each science book has its own method of presenting evolution. In Fayetteville I was shown by Professor B. R. Walker, principal of the high school, the triumph of them all, *New Physiography*, (D. C. Heath), which has a chapter on "Development of Life." Here is an excerpt: "The greater brain capacity of the mammals and their greater activity entitled them to the dominating position, and we are not surprised that the great reptiles of the Mesozoic era were succeeded in the Cenozoic era by great mammals, which ruled the land and sea while birds dominated the air. . . . These are the *facts* concerning the history of plants and animals. They began as microscopic forms, of few species with simple structures and little intelligence. They have developed into the flora and fauna of today with man as the 'lord of creation.' "

But to return to our science teacher in Nashville.

"Of course we feel safe so long as we stay within the discussions as outlined by the texts," she points out. "But the students are too wise. And too inquisitive. Just the other day one of them asked,

" 'Can't you teach evolution and still reconcile it with a divine creation?' I could, and sometimes I'm tempted to try it. But you never know. That boy may have been sincere, and he may have been a plant from one of the fundamentalist societies. Any teacher they didn't like could be easily fired that way. It's a nervous tension you have to endure."

Pretty well expressed, at that. It's not the torture of the medieval rack, where ardent Christian purists purified the souls of sinners (those who disagreed) by pulling their bodies slowly apart. It's more refined. It's a threat which hangs constantly over the heads of every teacher of science in every state-supported school in Tennessee and Arkansas. But it slowly pulls apart any inclination a teacher may have to impart the facts of organic evolution!

At Knoxville a young assistant in the Department of Anthropology and Zoology in the University of Tennessee put it this way:

"You may go along for a year and nothing happens. Then suddenly, the parents of some student appear in your office. 'What do you mean telling my boy that there's a connection between man and the animals?' they will demand. The fat's in the fire. In some lecture on comparative anatomy I've let something slip. I'm tempted to yell, 'Just how, you boobs, could a guy teach comparative anatomy in a university if he didn't make comparisons?'

"But I can't do that. I calm 'em

Continued on page 142

THE SUN *announces the* 1939 NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR ISSUE

Saturday
APRIL 29
1939

THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR OPENS
SUNDAY, APRIL 30, 1939

THE Sun started planning this World's Fair Issue nearly 2 years ago. So every detail and idea to be embodied in it is the result of careful study and development.

The Sun's 1939 New York World's Fair Issue will be an outstanding edition, presented in the spirit and tempo of the Fair itself. For instance,

IT WILL BE MOST TIMELY!

Publication date is Saturday, April 29, 1939—the day before the Fair's opening week. What could be more timely?

IT WILL BE COMPLETE AND AUTHENTIC!

The 1939 New York World's Fair will be covered in its completed state and in its actual setting and background. Buildings, exhibits and all the spectacular highlights of the Fair will be shown exactly as visitors will see them. The Sun will use actual photographs throughout, not drawings or preliminary visualizations.

IT WILL SERVE AS A VALUABLE GUIDE TO THE FAIR!

The Sun's issue will be a handbook to attractions, exhibits, places to rest, eat and drink, dance, etc. It will also advise as to how best see the Fair and the easiest ways to get there by various means of transportation.

IT WILL CONTAIN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENTS OF THE WORLD'S FAIR EXHIBITORS!

What sponsors of the displays and exhibits have to say will be of vital interest to every World's Fair visitor.

IT WILL BE AN ATTRACTIVE SOUVENIR!

The Sun's 1939 New York World's Fair Issue will be referred to time after time during the life of the Fair and will be most suitable for preservation as a permanent record and souvenir.

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NEW YORK

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You Can't Teach That Here!

Continued from pages 45-140

down with the explanation that what the student understood as 'connection' must have been 'comparison,' and that no harm was intended to their religious principles. I get 'em out of there. But it gives a man—a scientist—a low feeling."

Several teachers slyly gave me a tip-off on one method of beating the law. The approved texts have deleted evolution. "But just go to the library of the State Department of Education. Ask to see the approved library list, and get an eyeful."

At the capitol I hunted up the library department. It's an eyeful, all right. There a charming young woman gives you access to the books approved for use as reference works in libraries of the state schools, including the teachers' colleges and the high schools. You may find, to your horror, that David Starr Jordan's *Evolution and Life* (Appleton-Century) is allowed; as is Edith May Phillips' *Evolution*, which presents a discussion of the teaching of evolution in schools and colleges!

Also included are John Merle Coulter's *Evolution*—described as a brief, authoritative exposition of the subject; Darwin's *Origin of Species* and *Descent of Man*; Vernon L. Kellogg's *Evolution*—with a library blurb calling it "valuable to those who are interested in evolution, and who have not the time to devote to larger and more complicated works on the subject." Many others appear on the list, including Van Loon's *History of Mankind*, which the young librarian tells us caused so much alarm in the State Department that they took it off the list for awhile, and then quietly put it back again.

"You mean that high schools and colleges may keep these books on their shelves?"

"Certainly. Students with inquiring minds may be referred to them, if the teacher knows these students are 'safe.' "

"But these books are illegal. Why don't the fundamentalists hop all over them?"

She smiles sweetly. "They haven't found out about them yet!"

Evidences of positive rebellion are found in the University at Knoxville, and at its medical college, located at Memphis. Dr. Blank, who promised to give me the lowdown if his name were not to be used, exploded as follows:

"That damned law! You ask me if it interferes with our teaching of science. No! We pay no attention to it. Er—that is, we go right ahead with our teaching, but we don't stick our necks out. We don't want to go to jail. After all, it's the high schools where the greatest danger is. Why isn't the damned thing repealed? I'll tell you: because the Tennessee politicians think everyone is as dumb as they. And—" (with a deep sigh) "they may be right, at that."

In the office of another veteran professor I was shown the texts used in the university courses.

"Only one college textbook publisher changed the wording to suit the law," said the professor. "The title of the book had the word 'evolution' in it, and they deleted that. We go right ahead with the standard texts, requesting our instructors to have a care how they teach, so as not to lay themselves open to possible prosecution."

On his table are the textbooks and reference works in zoology, anthropology and comparative anatomy used. A fair sample is *Animal Biology* by Wolcott (McGraw-Hill), with Chapter LXXII headed "Evolution of Animals." This chapter is adorned with Darwin's picture and goes right to town with such statements as "Comparative anatomy furnishes numerous evidences of evolution. . . ."

At the College of Medicine in Memphis an eminent teacher sits where he can look out of his door at the score or more students in their first years of the long grind to become M. D.'s, earnest young fellows hard at work dissecting the human bodies on the long tables. The constant smell of formaldehyde has not robbed him of a sense of humor.

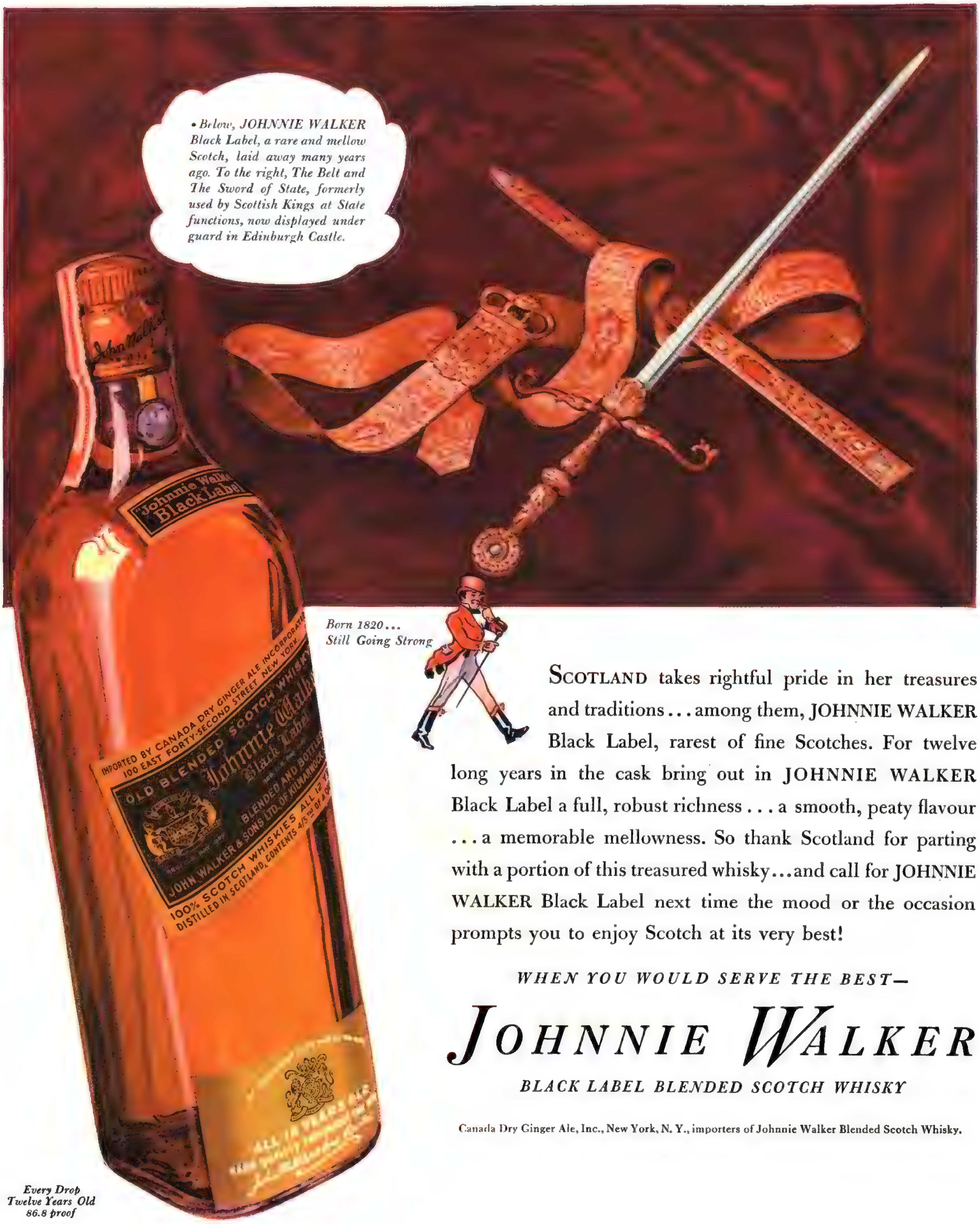
"Sure, we abide by the law. We just go ahead and study and learn. We never discourage a medical student's attempts at research. Here are our books, all of 'em teaching evolution as a matter of scientific truth, and there are the laboratories. When a man goes through this course he doesn't care to argue theology. And besides, do you think any anti-evolutionist would come snooping into that dissecting room?"

Other faculty members at Memphis are not as well fortified. One of them explained that after all it is easier to find substitutes for the word evolution than to find a new job. You can talk about the "recapitulation theory" and about "ontogeny and philogeny" with comparative safety, he said. "But if we come squarely up to the subject, and some student with a gleam of triumph in his eye asks me 'How do you explain that?" I answer 'Well, in some other states I could explain it, but here I'll refer you to such-and-such a reference text."

It was a fundamentalist organization that brought William Jennings Bryan to Nashville to make his famous speech before the Legislature that whipped through Mr. Butler's law in that 1925 session. It just happened that when Scopes was arrested over in Dayton, that organization was holding its national meeting in Memphis. "Here's our test case! Get Bryan for the prosecution," they said. Once the victory was won, leaders announced that henceforth each preacher of Tennessee should give forth a sermon against the evil of evolution each year. One of the

Continued on page 147

The years add Lustre to these Treasures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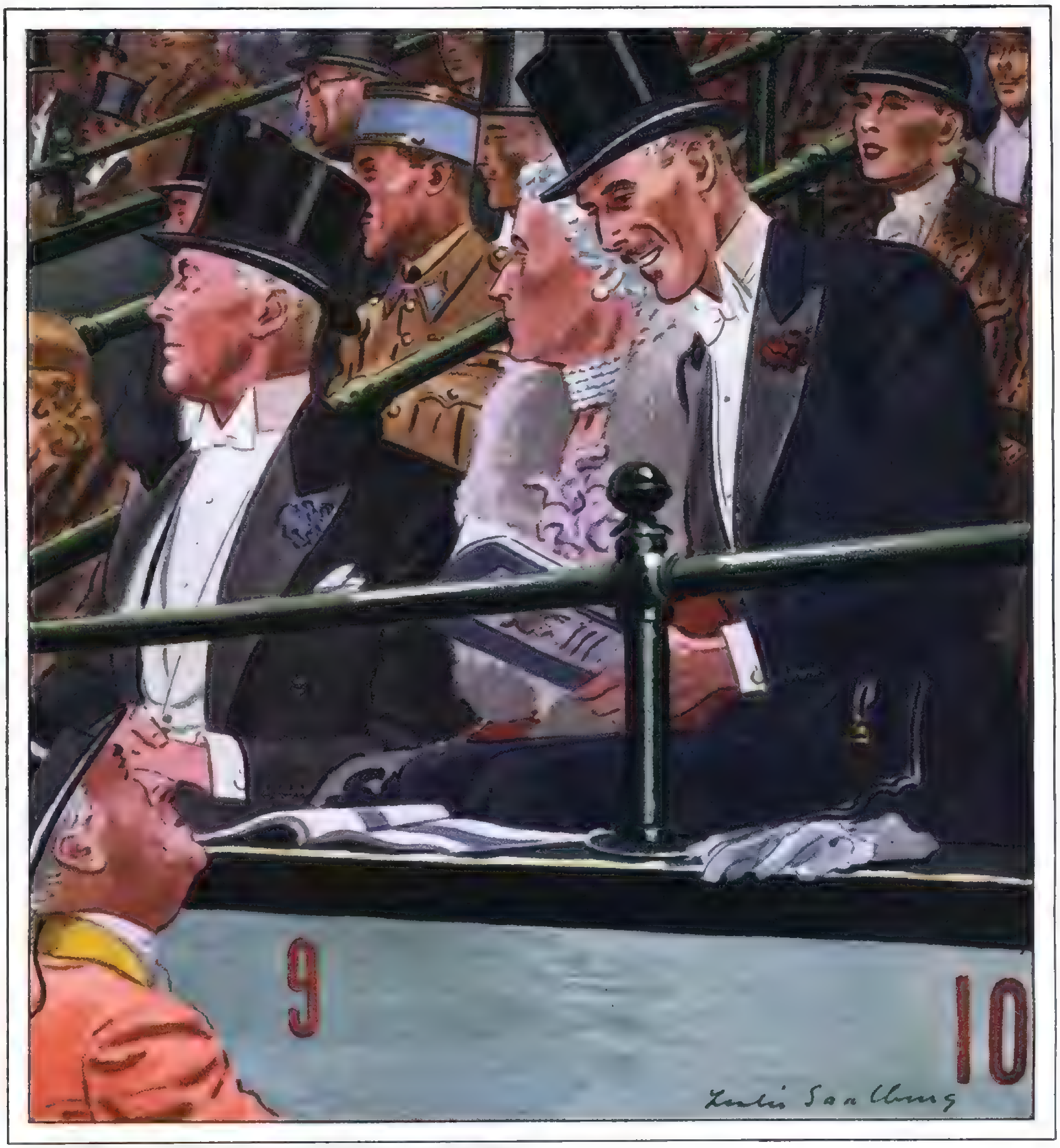

PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK BY LESLIE SAALBURG

ALL-STAR CAST: THE FORMALITIES OF 1938-39

It is a fallacy to assume that formal fashions do not change much from year to year. They do—not abruptly but gradually and insidiously, which makes matters worse because you're apt to go out of date and never know it until your best friends tell you. This close-up of two examples of the modern tailcoat comes straight from the feed-box—the National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden, which marks the opening of the formal season. The man at the right wears a midnight blue worsted tailcoat with dull ribbed black silk lapels, silk covered buttons, and false cuffs. It has no breast pocket and is cut so that the tails extend a fraction of an inch below the bend of the knee. The man at the left wears a black tailcoat with bone buttons and breast pocket. Two points of differentiation between the tailcoats are that the one at the left has wider lapels and shows more of the shirt and waistcoat than the other. Incidentally, instead of opening on the traditional night after election day, the Horse Show starts three days earlier this year, thereby officially inaugurating the formal season that much in advance.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

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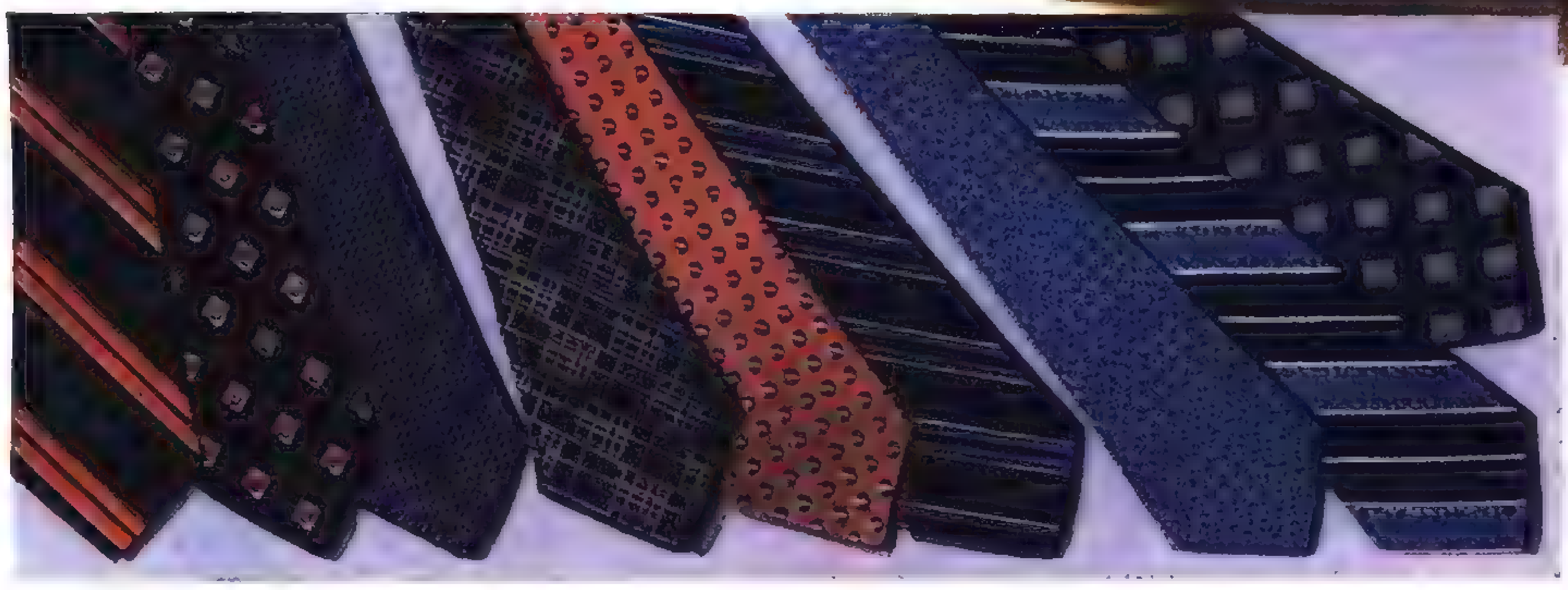

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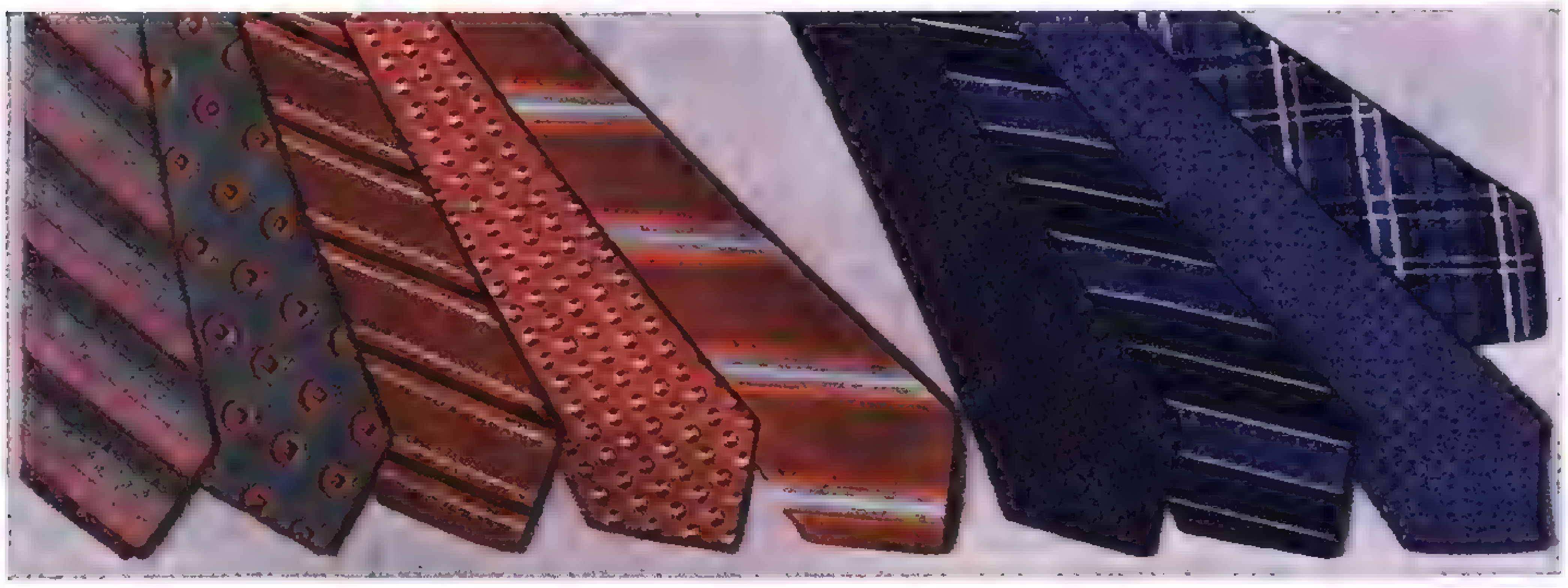
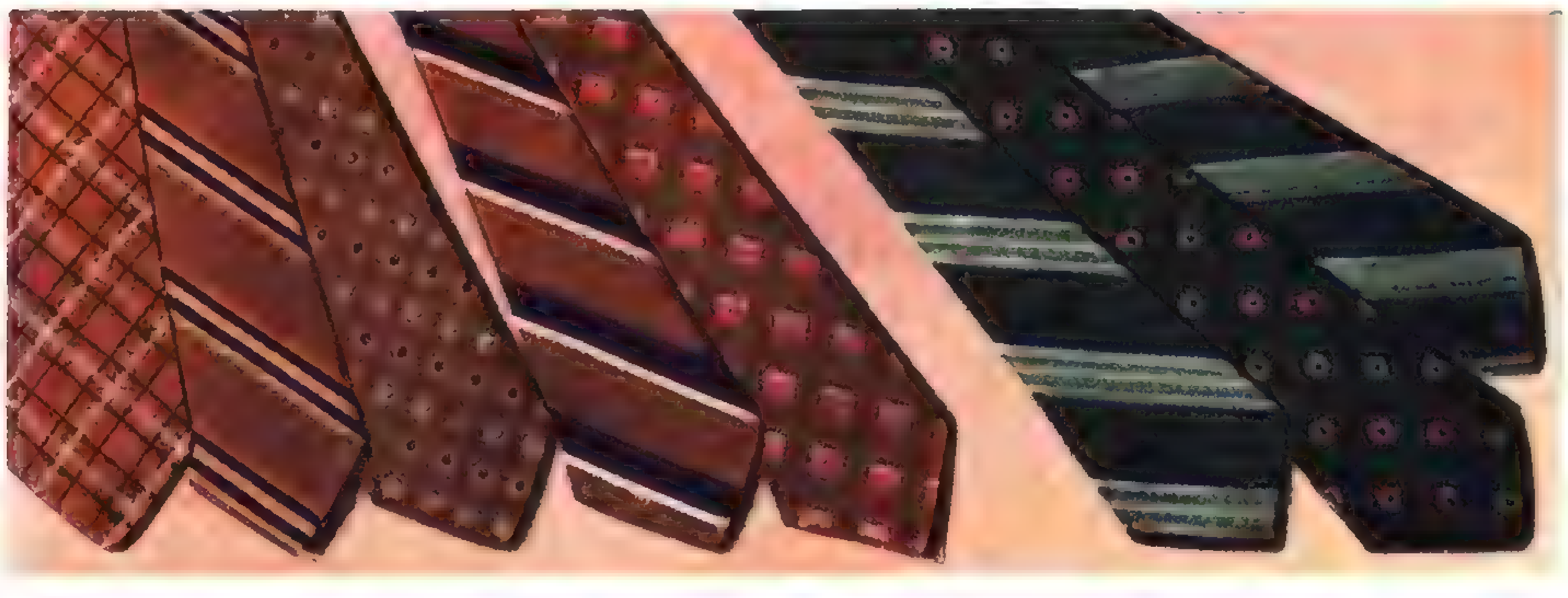


For your grey suit —Illustrated above for wear with grey shirts and blue shirts are: Silk Tweed, Print Weave, Mellorep and Multifold—ranging in price from $1 to $2.50.



For your brown suit —Recommended for wear with tan and with green shirts, the ties shown above are: Silk Tweeds, Ardsley Twills, and Sandrifts—priced from $1 to $2.50.

False notes in color can be just as unpleasant as false notes in music. In this respect, some neckties are frequent offenders; they look good on the counter, but become disappointments around the neck. However, there's one sure route to harmony. Choose your neckties at McCurrach's Necktie Bar.

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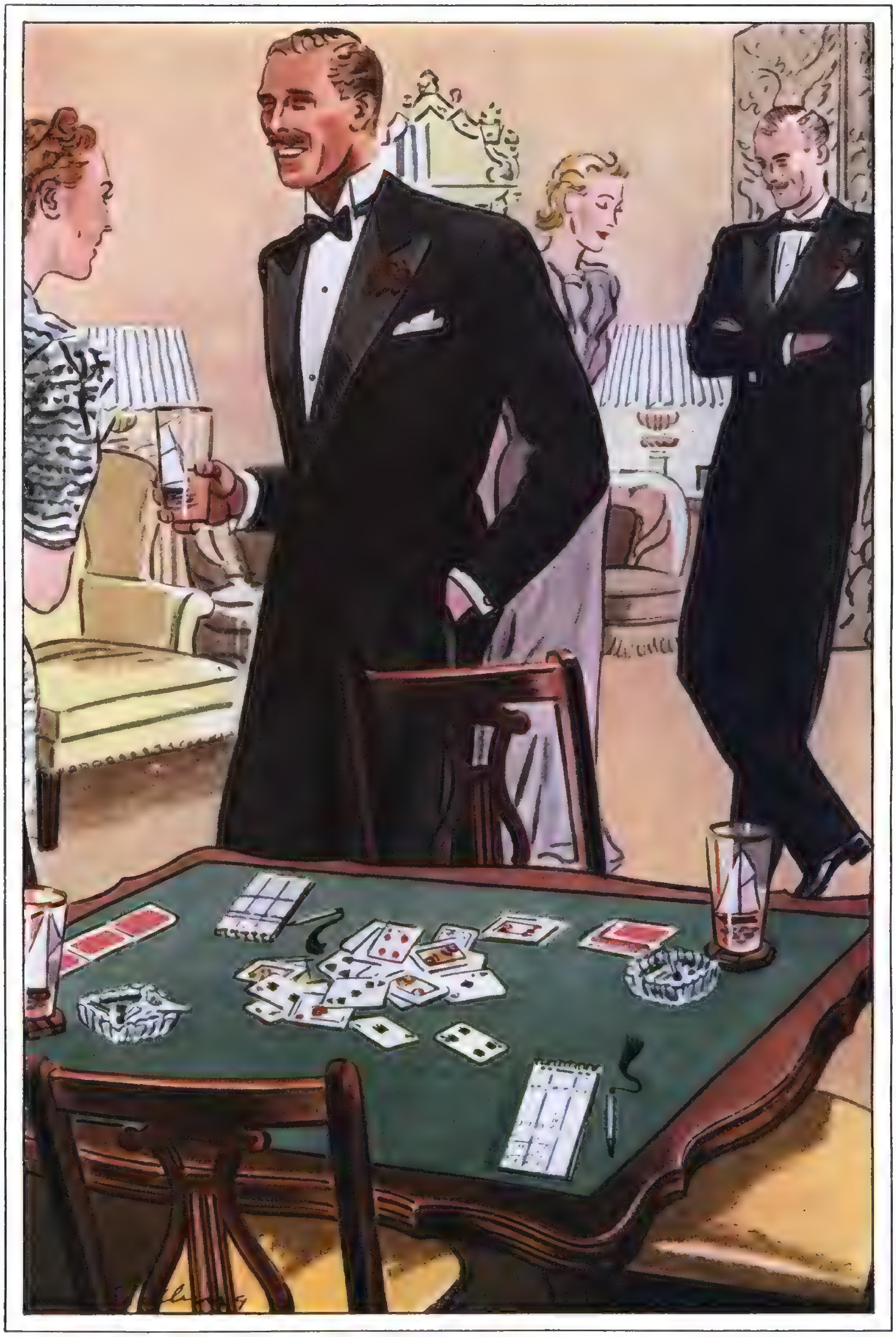

BLACK TIE, AND ALL THAT GOES WITH IT

Five-suit bridge may be no diversion of yours, nor four suit either for that matter, but since it's just window dressing for these two versions of what to wear when the black tie is indicated there's no reason for giving it a second thought. The man in the foreground wears the single breasted peak lapel dinner jacket in black (midnight blue would be equally good), supplemented by a black backless waistcoat, starched two-stud open front shirt, wing collar, semi-butterfly tie, gold studs and cuff links, clove red carnation, and plain white pocket handkerchief. The other dinner jacket is the popular double breasted model in midnight blue with satin lapels. It is worn with a soft dress shirt, turnover collar, and black bat tie. With the dinner jacket, the collapsible opera hat, black Homburg or black Lord's hat are correct—but never the derby. Regulation patent leather oxfords or pumps are right for footwear.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

You Can't Teach That Here!

Continued from pages 45-140-142

foremost Baptist pastors of Memphis still follows the custom.

When the initiative petition wrote the Arkansas law in flaming letters on the statute books, rebellion was outspoken and immediate on the part of a young English teacher at the university. He announced publicly that he was outraged, and would make a test case by teaching evolution, if he had to use one of Huxley's essays for the lesson. It took most of the faculty and the Fayetteville fire department to get him hushed up, and the next year he removed to other halls of learning. President Futrall summoned his teachers and had this understanding with them: Science teachers, go ahead and teach science; if you're arrested in line of duty, the university will stand back of you. The rest of you keep your mouths shut.

Another distinguished teacher and author in that institution hews right to the line of unfettered instruction. He breathes his defiance by using as text the *Outline of General Zoology*, by Newman (MacMillan) which has a section devoted to evolution. He is a tremendously popular professor.

No attempts have been made to repeal the Arkansas law, for no politician has cared to buck the fearful strength of the fundamentalist vote. But the real rebellion in Tennessee broke out in the legislative session of 1935. A young law student at Vanderbilt University, J. Cecil Anderson, got elected to the assembly and announced that he proposed to take Tennessee off the intellectual blacklist. The fight over his bill to repeal the anti-evolution law was hot indeed, but the vote went 67 to 20 against him. I went to see Mr. Anderson to get his explanation.

"My attempt failed because the members felt they would be hurt politically by voting for repeal of the law. They hadn't forgotten Bryan and couldn't understand that that bill was not a blow at the Bible. As one member remarked in his speech against my bill, 'If it was good enough for W. J. Bryan, it is good enough for me.'

"The greatest detriment done by this law is that we leave the impression with citizens of other states that we are backward. This is a false impression, as recognized by the late Mr. Darrow in his book *The Story of My Life*. But as one old judge here once remarked, 'There are two things you can't fool with: the constitution of Tennessee and a woman's virtue.' I suppose that is true of our Monkey Law."

The Honorable Mr. Butler, author of the law, expressed the matter in a letter to me: "The people are pretty well united for this law. Some highbrows and big newspapers are opposed to it. It will never be repealed until the majority of the Legislature are infidels."

And if you don't believe Mr. Butler, go to Dayton and consult the Honorable Walter White, present member of the Legislature from that county.

"No. It won't be repealed. It's a good law—because it brought the whole question of evolution to the front, and forced these teachers to stop teaching evolution as a fact."

But a stronger authority yet declares the law will remain. At Nashville I was told to consult Mr. Tom Hunter, member of the Legislature in the last session, now an official in the State Department of Education. Mr. Hunter is a courteous gentleman of the old school of Tennessee politics.

"Repeal the law? Why, let me tell you, sir, how that anti-evolution law was passed. When it got through both houses, Governor Peay called me in. 'Come in here, Hunter,' he says. He showed me the bill. 'Shall I sign her, or leave her?' he asked me. 'Governor,' I says, 'Governor, sign her.' 'Why?' he says. 'The common people elected you the governor of this state, and the common people want this bill!' I says.

"Now do you think any governor 'ud sign a repeal of this bill, putting himself as agin religion, an old infidel?"

At Little Rock, an official of the State Department of Education curtly commented: "Why stir up a quiet issue?"

More considerate was the principal of a small high school tucked away in the picturesque Ozark hills. He was sitting placidly in his tiny office, his feet propped up on the table before him. After some cautious conversation he inquired what publication wanted to know about such things as the anti-evolution law. I mentioned that Esquire might be interested.

He pondered this matter a moment, spat out the window into the clear Arkansas sunlight of an early spring day, and said:

"Hell, go ahead and say what you please. Nobody ever heard of that magazine!" ⧺

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Credit to Mr. Wiman

Continued from page 84

ican musical shows have aspired for years. I can't quite believe that Mr. Wiman has hit that same high mark in his two succeeding musicals; the same Rodgers and Hart worked on book and lyrics, but succeeded chiefly in the songs, in *Babes in Arms;* and they took a Hungarian original which the movies had been unable to adapt and made a sweet show of *I Married An Angel*, but the combination of all the elements, each at its highest point, doesn't occur every spring.

Among the elements, and by no means incidentals, are settings and choreography. In recent years Mr. Wiman has chosen Jo Mielziner for the first, and George Balanchine for the second. Each is the freshest and most individual talent in his field and each has done some of his best work in the Wiman productions—which means that they have had a lot of freedom, a lot of sympathetic encouragement, and, probably, intelligent requirements to fulfill.

Balanchine, in particular, coming from an effort to bring fresh ideas of ballet to the Metropolitan Opera House, created in *Slaughter On Tenth Avenue* (in which Bolger was fabulously grand) the best American ballet presented so far—better a hundred times than any American ballet that is done in the serious (and stuffy) mode.

Among the qualities I mentioned just above, I noted "high spirits," one which I didn't think belonged in the earlier make-up of the Wiman method. It is palpable in all the productions since 1936, but it first came notably into evidence in the farce which stands just as high in its field as *On Your Toes* stands among musicals. That farce was *She Loves Me Not*, which Howard Lindsay adapted from a novel by Edward Hope Coffey and directed for Wiman and Tom Weatherley (a frequent co-producer).

The muddled years which have passed have made it hard to recall the elation, the confidence, the general gaiety of 1933 with the depression over for good and liquor coming in and blue eagles set to scream and everything as merry as a political victory; for the first time in three years people were a little lighthearted. And if anyone now should say that it was all done with mirrors and was a false dawn and—after another few years of what's going on now—that that interval of gaiety never existed at all, but was a propagandist's mirage—if they say so, one piece of solid fact will remain to prove that we were gay. That is *She Loves Me Not* which was a mad farce exactly in the spirit of the time. That was not done with mirrors, but with a stage on two levels, with scenes scattered all over the place, and somehow managed to work in the disappearing bootlegger, the oncoming Communists, the politics of the United States, and all points south. Taken as story it was a trifle; looked at for acting it offered some ingratiating performances; but as a production it had such pace and drive, it was so tidily put together, it shifted so admirably from tone to tone, that the total result was perfection in its kind.

That makes twice that one producer has touched the highest spot, and I am pretty sure that if he had done as much with a tragedy or a problem play, he would have special honors and would be invited to make speeches on the future of the theatre at summer schools.

Actually men like Mr. Wiman may have a lot more to do with the future of the theatre than their more serious confrères—they keep it alive, which is at least a small contribution to its future. Jed Harris once said that every ten years or so, someone feels that the theatre needs a bit of a speed-up, and if he succeeds in giving his shows the extra jolt, he is hailed as a master of the theatre; George M. Cohan did it in his time and, said Mr. Harris, "that's what I did with *Broadway.*"

Now farce has always been fast (at least in America); the requirement there was not for more speed, but for more sense in the speed; and *She Loves Me Not* had that extra element. You can't say, then, that Mr. Wiman revitalized any part of the theatre; only that he brought two forms to absolute perfection.

Because those forms were farce and musical, the achievement isn't considered important. Maybe it isn't; but it gave a whale of a lot of pleasure. All in all, Mr. Wiman's offering of pleasure was enjoyed by a couple of million people, not counting those who got the pleasure at second hand in the movies. Men have been pretty well received who never gave a tenth as much.

Could anyone else have done as much with the same material? They tell me that Mr. Wiman has a good method of production, which consists largely in keeping out of the way of his expert collaborators until dress rehearsal; which would imply that all he does is choose the right people at the start.

This doesn't entirely make sense to me, because at the same time they tell me that he is always at

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the theatre, is constantly conferring with the director or the lighting expert or the composers—and does all his own casting. It doesn't make sense for another reason: he manages to give the same essential quality to productions in which different sets of experts are engaged. Since he is not driven by grim necessity to produce, and produces only a few shows a year, you can correctly assume that he does what he wants to do, with the people whose work he most admires.

He may not get exactly what he hopes to get and he certainly has opened a show knowing that it had bad spots; but the implication behind each show is "Here's something I like—and I think it is easily good enough to be worth your money at the box office."

If the essential quality of all those shows were tiresome, you would blame the producer; since the essential qualities are admirable, the producer gets the credit, including the special credit of selecting the right men to do the work for him.

From personal observation, I can add that Mr. Wiman is slender, fond of light conversation, and has an attractive wife and some children; he doesn't look forty-two, and one at least of his daughters is genuine grown up; from notices in the papers I gather that he has a place in Bermuda; I think he is a Yale man, but for good or evil, you wouldn't know it. So far as I know, he likes the theatre better than he likes anything else. That may explain why he does so well by it. #

Get Off My Chest

Continued from page 74

doctor ask a number of searching and pessimistic questions. Jump up and down for him to start the old circulation. Say "Ah." Let him tap your knee and flash lights in your eyes. If he doesn't make you feel your true age I'll eat that coy little hat with the flowers on it.

I am, etc.

* * *

To Mr. Samuel Moony:

Sir: You are a nice fellow, and I know you're very important in something or other intellectual. You always greet me very politely, and then forget me and fasten your attention on an imaginary object about six inches over my head. It must be, I suppose, a graph with logarithmic trend lines, weighted for volume. No doubt it is fascinating to you, but its existence over my head is very disconcerting to me. I was particularly alarmed the other evening when apparently it moved around and down, near my left ear.

Although you say "Yes, yes" occasionally, I am sure you are aware of me only as somebody in the same room with you, making vocal sounds. I have thought of recalling your attention by displaying a Neon sign with a remark about the weather in red and green, or by firing a pistol, but these measures seem a little extreme. Perhaps a yodel would get through. Yoo-hoo!

I am, etc.

* * *

To Mr. Hamilton Flint:

Sir: You always look exceedingly well, but unlike most people you don't want to be told so.

Your conversation is mostly (1) what you ate last night, (2) how you slept, (3) how you feel now, and (4) why. There are variations involving possible tonsillectomies and appendectomies, hollow teeth and thinning hair, but you stick pretty much to the digestive tract. You think bananas cause you to swell up, and you would cross the street to avoid meeting an onion. I have heard so much about your digestion that you might as well have a glass front. I can follow the even progress of your meals down your alimentary canal almost to the delta. And you have taught me a professional vocabulary which, if I cared to use it, might get me by on Park Avenue as a practitioner of internal medicine.

You are a pleasant, ruddy, healthy specimen, and I don't mind discussing your internal workings. Indeed, I enjoy it, because I am so at home with the topic. But I have noticed other people fidgeting, and I make bold to suggest that you develop one or two reserve subjects, such as books, the theatre, Aztec history, or how to rid a Scottie of fleas.

I am, etc.

* * *

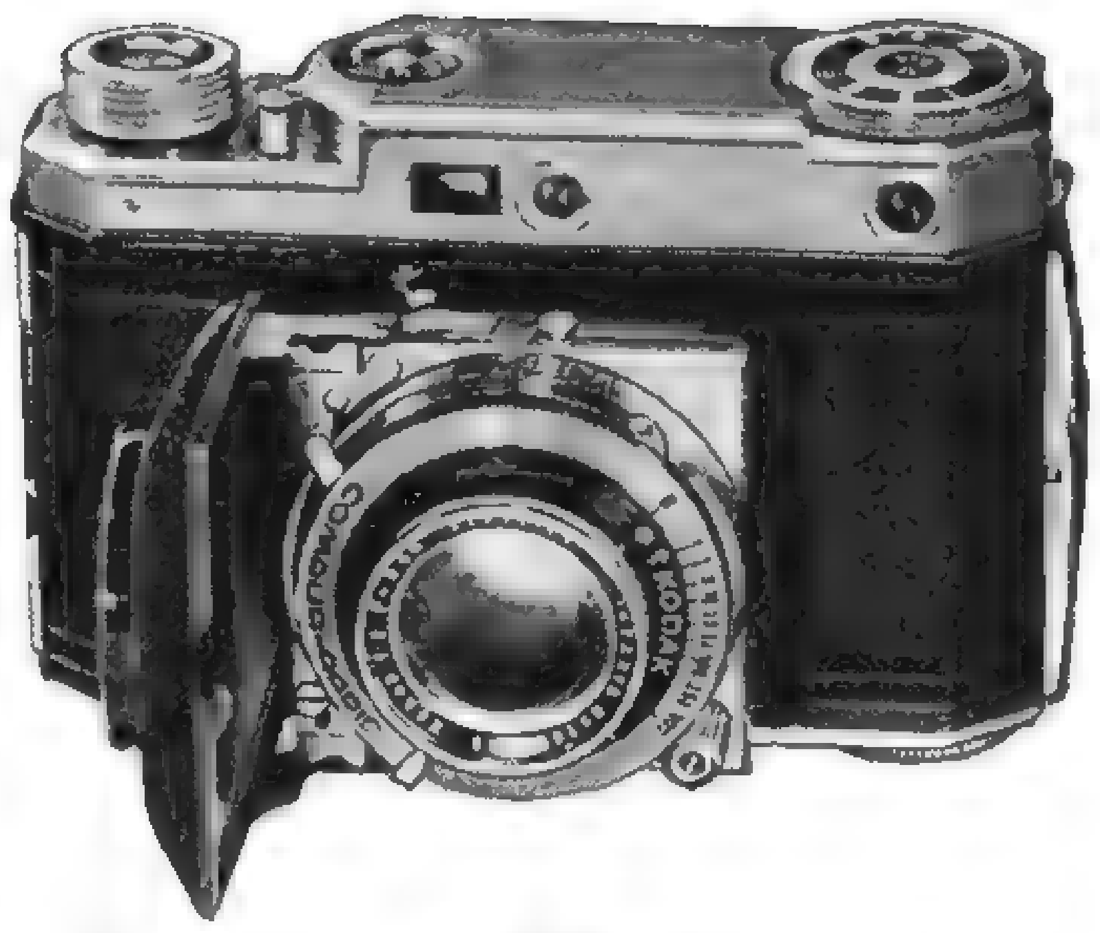
To the Author of These Letters

Sir: I have lived with you for more than forty years, and yet I do not feel that I know you, because except on rare occasions you are never frank with me. Those rare occasions are when you are remote from other people, and from the facts involved, and have no selfish purpose to serve. You are like an American editor with firm ideas about conditions in Tasmania.

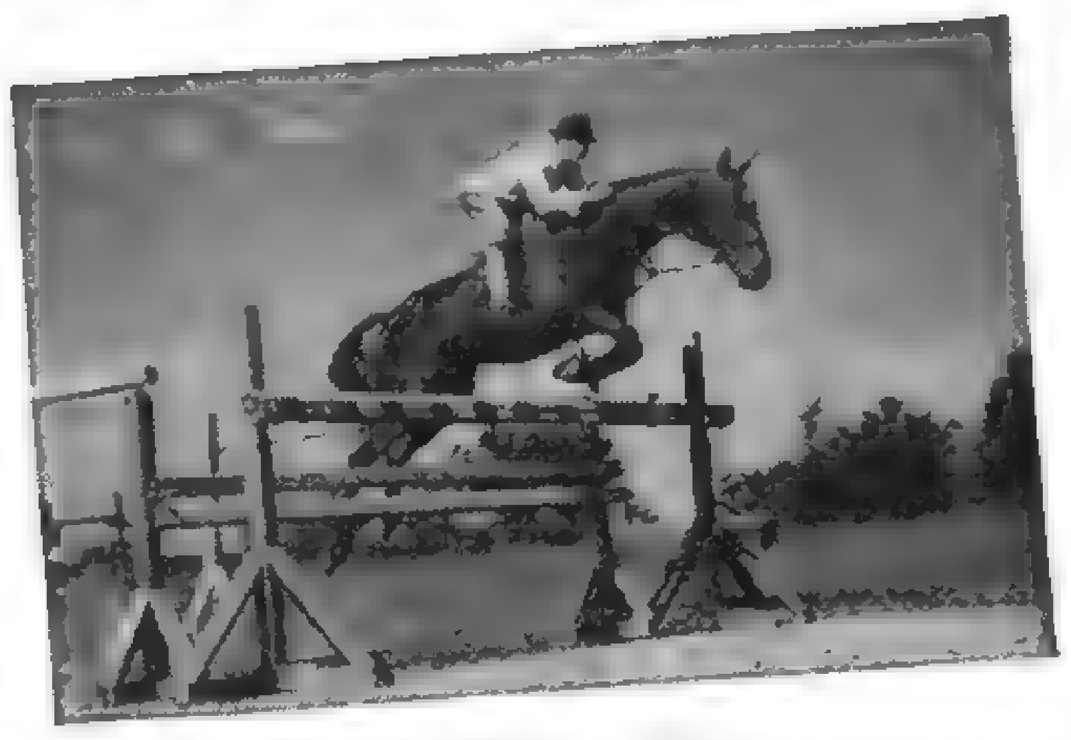
I have not been able to ascertain your opinions on the serious matters of life, including religious experience, political economy and the relations between the sexes, because when such a subject arises you turn it into a laugh or call for a drink. Your defense is that serious discussions are in bad taste, and it is true that they are often tedious, but I suspect that your real reason for dodging them is that you have no opinions and are too lazy to think things through.

Some day a general problem which you have always ducked will be reduced to a small, hard, ugly fact confronting you on a narrow bridge. We'll see then whether you can laugh it off.

I am, etc. #



Gets what you want when you want it



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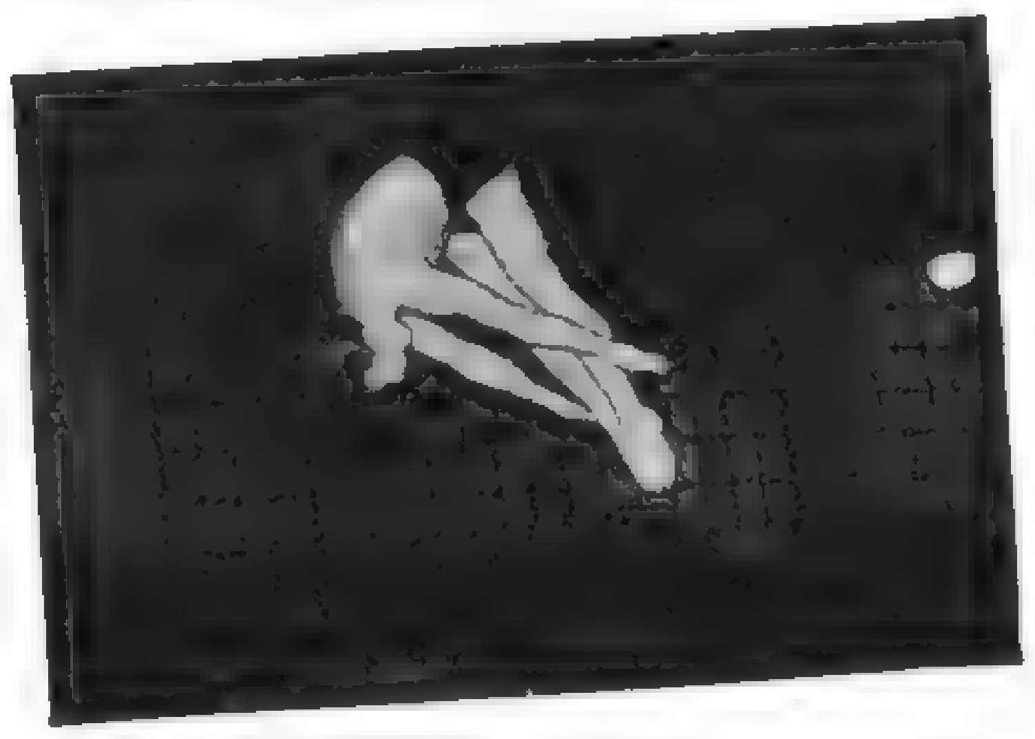

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WILSON
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Don't Bet on Rattles

Continued from page 68

avail until at last it remains half open.

Now, they appear tied in a knot, now they seem more like a ball, a heaving mass of creatures of scales and cold blood, living to kill and killing to live.

"Fight, you bastards, fight!"

The conflict is soon over. It endures ten or fifteen minutes. It begins with the savage fury and swiftness of meetings between natural enemies but soon slows down to patient insistence upon the only possible satisfactory conclusion.

"Well, I be doggone if that skinny old snake ain't done gone and killed that mean ole rattler!"

"Damn if he ain't!"

Big Al uses a long pole to lift the tight coil of serpents from the pit floor. The rattler's open mouth and glazed eyes indicate it is very dead. The "skinny ole snake" seems to know this for at the touch of the pole, the slim coils begin to unwind. Big Al steps into the pit and uses his bare hands to disentangle the victor from the limp carcass and the survivor makes no attempt to bite him as he drops it back into its box before another pair are released for the fray.

If you happen to be one of the great brotherhood a member of which is born every minute, you will probably double your bet on the next big rattler that is dropped into the pit. But, the result will be the same. From five to twenty minutes and your choice will be a dead snake. Eventually, you may feel fully justified in making a squawk.

"How long has this racket been going on?" you demand.

"Nobody never asked you to bet on these fights, Mister," Big Al informs you coldly.

This isn't exactly the case, but for some reason you don't want to argue with Big Al. You notice the size of his wrists and the breadth of his stooping shoulders and decide he is probably a swell fellow.

"I wasn't squawking," you deny, despite the evidence against you. "It's worth a few bucks to see these fights. But, doesn't the rattlesnake ever win?"

"Hardly never," Big Al grins.

"What kind of snake is it that puts the strangle hold on the bad boys?"

"Them's King snakes, Mister."

"King snakes?"

"Yeah, King snakes. And you got off cheap. From now on, don't never bet on no rattlesnake or copperhead to whup no King snake."

"So, the King snake is a sure bet every time you drop him in the pit?"

"Almost," he parries.

And then, if he is in the humor, if he has a fraish cut of tobacco in his jaw with which to punctuate his story, Big Al may open up and tell you of the occasion upon which the wise money at the Ocala snake pit was taken for a ride.

There are plenty of smart people in Mecanopy, according to Big Al, and one of the smartest is a bald-headed bird who visited the Ocala snake pit some time ago, bringing his own snake. He had it in a snug little box and it attracted a lot of attention. Nobody around Ocala had ever seen anything like it. Not much over two feet long and pretty enough to make a swell hatband. But when the stranger allowed as how he had brought his bitsy snake over to fight, the sure-thing gamblers all crowded around him like a number of kids around Santa Claus.

The man from Mecanopy, however, wanted odds. He pointed out that his pet had never been in a fight and that the other snakes on hand were twice as big. Before long, they were offering three, four and five to one and the stranger took a hatful of bets.

The visitor dumped his gayly colored snake into the pit and was mighty careful doing it. Then, the gamblers got out a four-foot King snake, which had killed and eaten a rattler as big as itself about a month before. It seemed like taking candy from a baby, but almost immediately the chiselers sensed that something was wrong.

This time, the champion didn't seem to want to fight. It wriggled around in one corner of the pit, while the little snake of many colors wriggled in the other and neither made a hostile motion. Both seemed to be seeking an avenue of escape. For perhaps ten minutes, this kept up until the action-hungry gathering grew impatient.

"Push 'em together and see what happens."

Big Al got his pole and gently guided the King snake toward the other and when it got within a few inches, the bright colored little rascal struck out savagely. Its fangs sank in the other's belly, but the King snake tore loose, twisting and turning for a strangle hold.

The alert little devil eluded this death grasp and for a few minutes, the King snake thrashed and beat about the pit in a mad frenzy, virtually tying itself into knots in the struggle against something that was not at first clear to the spellbound audience—as the smaller reptile was now several feet away.

Then, gradually, the struggle subsided, degenerating into spasmodic twitchings as the King snake slowly stretched out and died before the amazed eyes of the audience.

"You could have bought them gamblers with a peck of pine needles," Big Al declares. "Here, them King snakes had been fightin' against rattlesnakes, copperhaids, moccasins and all manner of reptyles and never lose a fight and along comes a cracker with a little ole yaller and black snake which

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takes one bite at a good King and kills him daid as a butchered hawg. I couldn't make it out myself until a gentlemen from up No'th come down and tell me what happened."

"How did he explain it?"

"Well, you see he says these yere King snakes has been fighting agin rattlers and coppahhaids for so long they has built up a community agin 'em."

"A community?"

"Yeah. This community lets coppahhaids and rattlers bite 'em as much as they see fit and their pizen won't do 'em no damage. Fr'instance, do I have a community agin you, you could bat me over the haid with a blackjack and I wouldn't feel it.

"But this yere little ole snake which that slicker from Mecanopy bring over to fight is a Coral snake which has a altogether diffrunt kind of pizen. The gentleman from up No'th tell me that the pizen from the rattler and coppahhaid attacks the blood capussels, but that the juice of a Coral snake paralyzes the nerves. And the King snake ain't got no community agin' no Coral snake."

Big Al's explanation of how the sure-thing gamblers at the snake pit were taken for a ride sounds convincing when he tells it. But, if you plan to attend the fights, don't bet against the King snakes. They may not be undisputed champions, but there are too few Harlequins in Florida to make a ticket against them a grade-A investment. ‡

The Case of Captain Callaghan

Continued from page 58

employ but in the end they all become government boarders. When, after several times eluding conviction, the notorious Dick Adams was finally captured with a clear case against him, he said to Captain Callaghan: "I'm through, Captain. I've been working for the 'G.' Every time I get a few dollars ahead you catch up with me. All I been doing is working for the 'G.'" And Dick Adams was the only traveling counterfeiter who ever enjoyed even a short measure of success. Adams had devised an amazingly efficient press that could be packed into a single grip and carted about as a piece of hand luggage. With this press Adams could enter any city, set up his works in a hotel room, turn out several thousand dollars, dispose of it quickly and travel on to the next town. His sentence was ten years.

Rumors abound that counterfeit money has been made so perfectly that no expert could detect it from the genuine. Such rumors make pleasant fiction but they do not check with the facts. Nor has it ever happened that an employee of the United States Bureau of Engraving and Printing has gone wrong and thrown in his lot with a gang of counterfeiters. It is distressing to have to state that this favorite plot of writers of counterfeiting fiction is itself a counterfeit.

Incidentally, the Captain's story would not be complete without a picture of his accepting a questionable coin himself. Yes, it did happen—once in Hoboken. Secret Service Agent Thomas J. Callaghan neglected to look at his change and accepted a bad fifty-cent piece. Later, however, he discovered the counterfeit in his pocket. He went back to Hoboken and asked for good money, even as you and I. He was refused until he identified himself. Then he was offered two quarters in exchange. But as it is his duty to confiscate bad coins he asked for the counterfeit as well. The other person looked at the short agent and unwisely decided to keep the half-dollar. Callaghan went after it. There was a tussle but he did succeed in regaining possession of the fifty-cent piece. From that day on it is not reported that Thomas J. Callaghan has accepted another bad coin. But on behalf of the government he annually confiscates huge sums. One of the most famous cases on which he worked we shall call

The Case of the Blackhand Chieftain

Callaghan had been in the service three years. Attached to the Denver, Colorado office he had distinguished himself in a land fraud case in Durango where his heroism in going for help after one of a party of four agents had been killed from ambush earned him a reputation for courage and intelligence. In New York William J. Flynn, chief of the service, discovered that Guiseppe Morello and Ignazio Lupo, "The Wolf," counterfeiters, murderers and forgers, and leaders of the most successful blackhand gang that had ever terrorized New York, were aware of the identity of nearly all the Secret Service agents attached to the eastern districts. So the twenty-five-year-old Callaghan received a wire to come to New York. Flynn, himself internationally famous as a detective—he is *the* Flynn of detective fiction—personally instructed the young man. For seven months the twenty-five-year-old Tommy lived in a tenement house across the street from the headquarters of the Morello-Lupo gang. It was his duty to shadow the leader. To an outsider shadowing may seem easy. But the shadow usually deals with desperate criminals who know that long prison terms await them if they are caught and who are constantly afraid they are being watched. These men suspect everyone and are always on the alert to discover whether they are being trailed. Occasionally a suspect has a second man following him to see whether there is a shadow on his trail. The wily Morello kept four guards following at regular intervals to shake off any shadow in his wake.

Seven months is a long time to remain vigilant on as difficult a task as was assigned to Tom Cal-

Continued on page 152

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The Case of Captain Callaghan

Continued from pages 58-151

laghan. It was his duty to lurk on the dark wharves of the Brooklyn waterfront and follow Morello and his guards. It was his duty to prowl in the pitch-dark tenement house in which Morello made his home in order to ascertain the exits that would have to be covered and how an arrest could be effected without bloodshed on either side. Needless to say had suspicion ever fallen upon him he would probably not have been granted time for a last prayer. But the chief's scribbled memorandum had read: "Get Morello."

With two men, late one night, Callaghan climbed the dangerous stairs in the pitch-dark tenement. They paused outside Morello's flat. Alone Callaghan gained entrance in the dark. He knew that the counterfeiter would be sleeping with a gun under his pillow. If Morello awoke there would be shooting. One stealthy move in the dark. The agent's hand groped... under the pillow . . . the gun. In an instant he had the lights on. Bewildered, New York's Mafia gangster sat up. He was a prisoner.

At the trial Lupo got thirty years, Morello twenty-five years. To a close friend Captain Callaghan later admitted that for one moment as he stood poised to plunge for that gun his heart was literally in his mouth, but he steeled himself and soon Morello was disarmed and covered.

Flynn kept Callaghan in New York, his praise for the good work against Morello short and sparing but deeply sincere and a year later happened

The Case of the Munching Immigrants

At Ellis Island hungry immigrants tore ravenously at the home-baked loaves of bread with which they had fortified themselves for the long trip in the steerage. Between bites they stared through dark frightened eyes and tried to answer the inspectors' questions . . . Through the grapevine came the word that a new flood of queer green was on the way. Francisco Martino, slickest of Sicilian counterfeiters, credited with one of the finest minds ever to enter a sordid profession, and incidentally, wanted for murder in Italy, was suspected. But the Secret Service was certain the plates were not being made anywhere in the vicinity of New York City, for every source of engraving material was under careful surveillance. Patiently, the suspects were shadowed. The ingenious Martino was located quietly establishing himself in the little town of Coytesville, New Jersey. He had secured a press, dissembled it, and dispatched it to the hideout piece by piece in handbags and suitcases. In small lots he sent quantities of specially made paper for the bogus certificates to the town. And day after day the agents watched. They noted Martino's habits. They studied his plant. Here was too dangerous a criminal to take in an ordinary raid. A bold stroke must be effected. At night Martino would be doubly suspicious of anyone approaching his house. "Then take him in broad daylight," came the order.

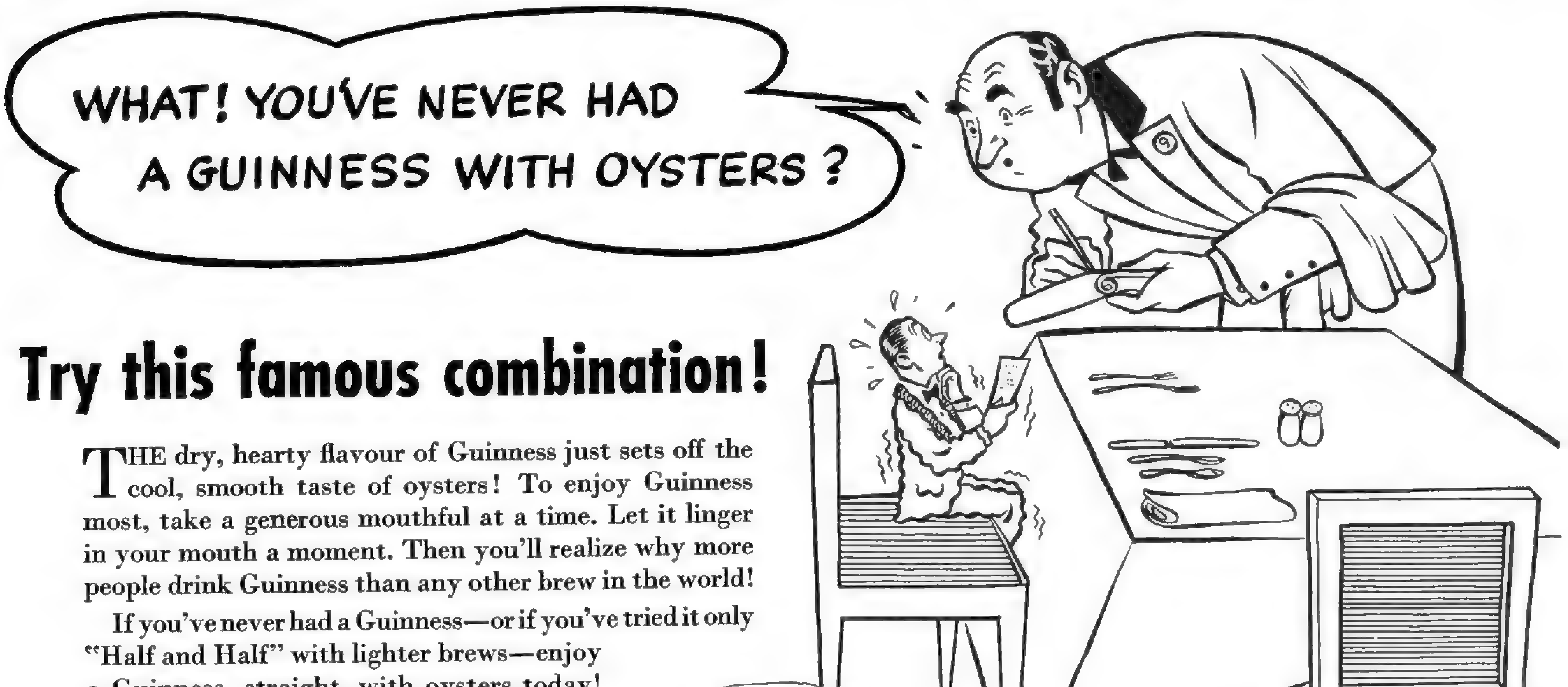
At one o'clock in the afternoon five agents encircled the house, Thomas J. Callaghan among them. So smoothly had the plans been laid that Martino was completely surprised and captured without a struggle though a small arsenal was found on the premises. On the ferry boat trip across to New York Martino, the international counterfeiter, sat disconsolately. No doubt as his eyes traveled from one agent to another and came to rest on the twenty-six-year-old Callaghan who had caught Morello he must have thought of the sentence Morello had been given: twenty-five years. And Francisco Martino was nearly fifty now. Fifty plus twenty-five—. Suddenly he leaped overboard. Before a man could reach him he had deliberately drowned himself rather than face a long prison term . . . At Ellis Island hungry immigrants thereafter observed the etiquette. They could tear ravenously at slices of bread but Mrs. Post and Uncle Sam agreed that munching whole loaves was passé. For certain hungry immigrants had in those same nourishing, home-baked loaves smuggled in Martino's plates.

Chief John E. Wilkie declared in 1899 that the advantage in counterfeiting lies with the lawbreaker because no two cases are ever alike and counterfeiters have fertile minds and are constant students and inventors of precautionary measures. In at least one case the rogues were cunning save in covering the obvious, a lady's teeth.

The Case of the Lady with the Diamond Teeth

They really sparkled. For Cleo Glennard had what only one woman in a million may have—real diamonds in her teeth. And her husband James was the brains of a counterfeiting crew that had perfected an unusually fine lithographing stone for five-dollar banknotes. The seriousness of the situation was tempered with sardonic humor as Callaghan and his associates made discreet inquiries in hotels and shops about the lady with the diamonds in her teeth and the queer banknotes she left behind her.

Finally with her husband and his accomplices, plus the plates and the paper, she was arrested. And her sparkling smile did not influence the court. Saddest of all, her mouth laden with diamonds,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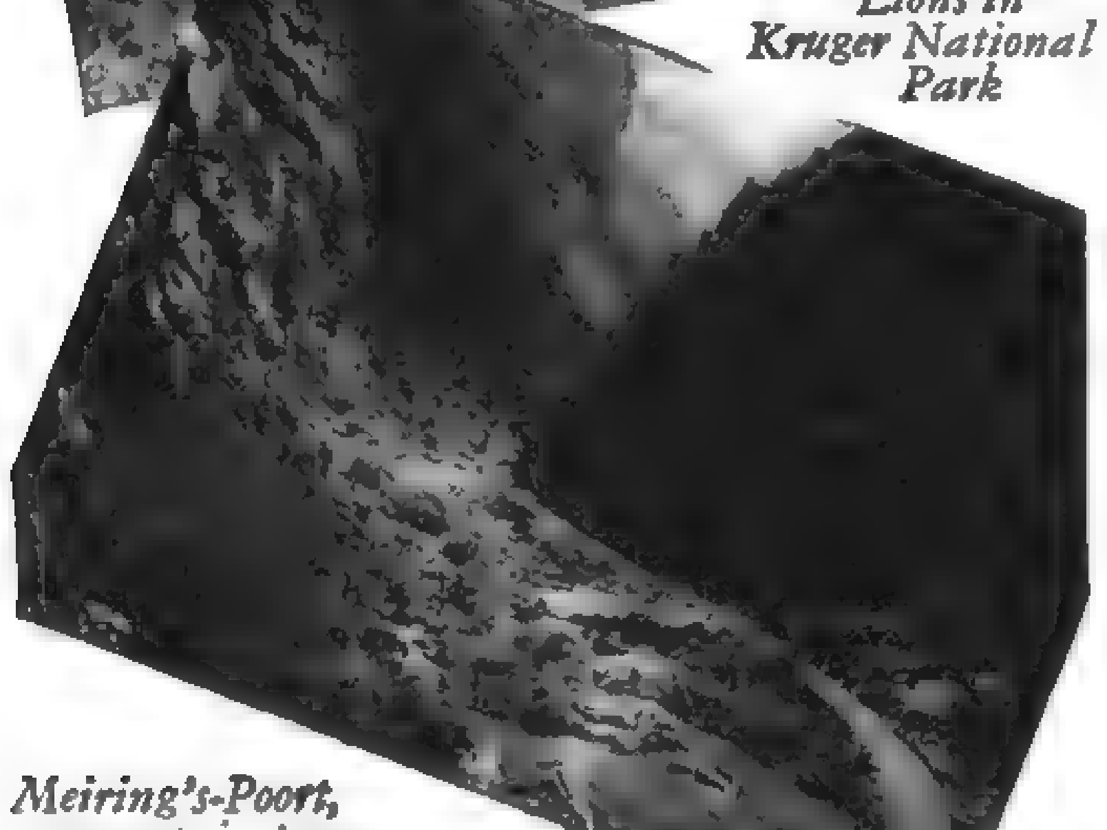
Lions in Kruger National Park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Cleo probably never felt safe in a penitentiary full of thieves and con girls. The proverb that silence is golden earns dividends in this story.

The Case of the Ex-Policeman

They were the most dangerous counterfeit coins ever floated. On that the Service agreed. Five-dollar gold pieces of perfect mold made of fifty per cent copper and fifty per cent gold, they had a sound ring for they were only sixteen to eighteen grains light in weight. They cost two and a half dollars to make and were so competently turned out that only an expert could detect them. In two years twenty-five to thirty thousand dollars' worth of these gold pieces had entered circulation. T. J. Callaghan was in charge of the Salt Lake City office.

A tip. Another. Suddenly two ex-policemen, Rollie York and Edward Carr of Oakland, California decided to see America first. Particularly since a saloonkeeper in Stockton had questioned some of their product. Across the continent York and Carr sped, the Secret Service after them. The policemen went to Canada. Back to Seattle. Then east again to Columbus and turning back on their own trail through the northwest once more. Day after day the agents closed in. Carr was captured in Seattle. Callaghan himself nabbed York in Ogden. Two ex-policemen became two ex-counterfeiters.

In 1926 Captain Thomas J. Callaghan was promoted to be head of the Service in Chicago. His most famous case in this district has been

The Case of the Perfect Hundreds

The new small paper currency had just been issued. Throughout the country the banks were taking in the larger old bills and were giving out instead the smaller notes. Under a teller's wicket at one of Chicago's largest banks a one hundred-dollar certificate was slipped for exchange. The teller examined the bill and paid out a new hundred-dollar note.

"How many of these will you take?" the customer is reported to have inquired.

The teller smiled. "Uncle Sam is calling in the old size notes. We'll take all you've got."

At once the customer produced several other notes of the same denomination. After inspection these were honored. A short time thereafter the same person returned with another batch of hundred-dollar bills. Each was carefully examined by the teller and also the bank expert and pronounced genuine. Fifty thousand dollars were thus accepted at this one bank. But the incident had aroused suspicion and the Federal Reserve Bank was called in. Specimen notes were then sent to Captain Thomas J. Callaghan. He pointed to an almost invisible nick in the righthand corner of each. "Counterfeit!" he pronounced.

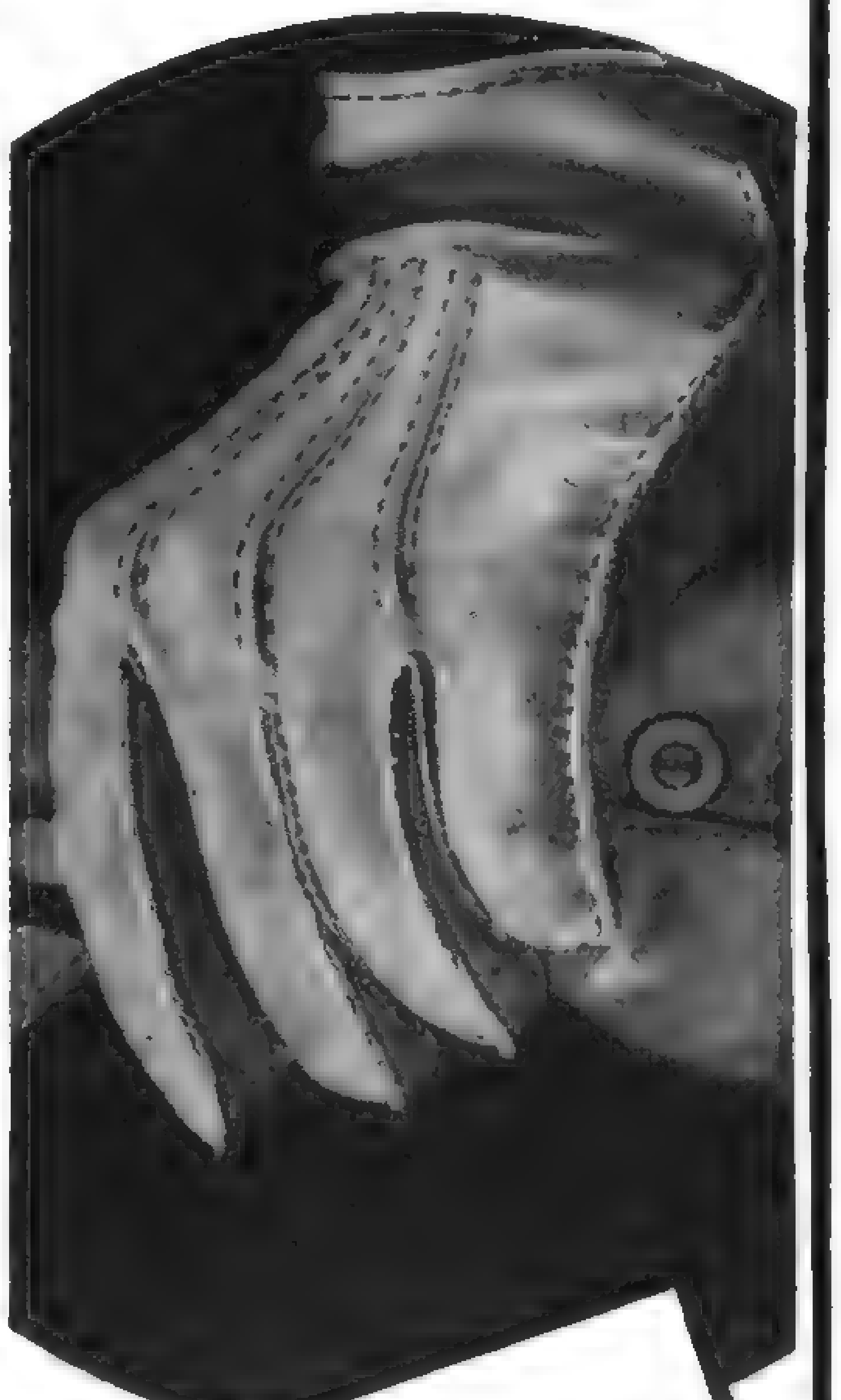
Captain Callaghan ordered his men to work and Doctor Valentine Burtan, one-time New York obstetrician, was arrested in New York as the brains of the conspiracy. So confident had Burtan been of the quality of the notes that he had not hesitated to dispose of his counterfeits through bank channels; usually the queer is passed on merchants, saloonkeepers and department stores. Burtan went to the Leavenworth penitentiary for fifteen years. According to the best evidence obtainable the plates were made somewhere in either Germany or Russia. The entire episode was the closest call the banks of the Middle West had had for many years. Had the imperfection not been located the entire country would have been flooded with the fake issue.

In his leisure, this hunter of men becomes a collector of carved elephants. He possesses over six hundred, many in ivory, jade, bronze and crystal. John Prendergast, chief of Chicago's uniformed police, relates that "The only 'jackass' in Tommy's collection of Republican elephants was my gift." He declares he searched across the country and was unable to locate the exact kind of jackass he wanted to contribute to his friend's collection. However, when the Democratic National Convention was held in Chicago in 1932 Prendergast, in charge of the police detailed to the convention, saw the jackass he had been longing for. He promptly purchased it from the delegation that owned it and at once shipped it off to the Captain's office. There, an intruder, it was told off to a corner of the room, literally a white elephant, sitting on its haunches baring huge teeth. Then one day the President's daughter, Anna Dall, now Mrs. Boettiger, came through Chicago and Captain Callaghan attended her while she was in the city. Visiting his office she exclaimed at the sight of so many elephants. "And not a donkey in sight!" The quick-witted Captain pointed to the corner where sat Chief Prendergast's jackass. Mrs. Boettiger smiled. She picked up the beast, examined it a moment and then set it on the Captain's desk. "That's where it really belongs," she said. And to this day the Captain, a chivalrous man, has made no attempt to move it. So there it sits, one lone jackass, braying at six hundred elephants. There may be a moral in this story.

Indeed, a moral might be drawn from the whole of Captain Callaghan's career. Such as "A clink in time may save that dime." Perhaps some day science will classify all mankind by the way it detects the counterfeit in coins: Are you a clinker or are you a biter with your teeth? The Captain can nail the bad ones with his eye. ###

In the preparation of this article the writer was greatly aided by the press and many private persons acquainted with Captain Thomas J. Callaghan. No cases still waiting solution were included in this survey and every attempt was conscientiously made not to disclose information that might prove injurious to the public welfare.

"Buckaroo"
by
MARK CROSS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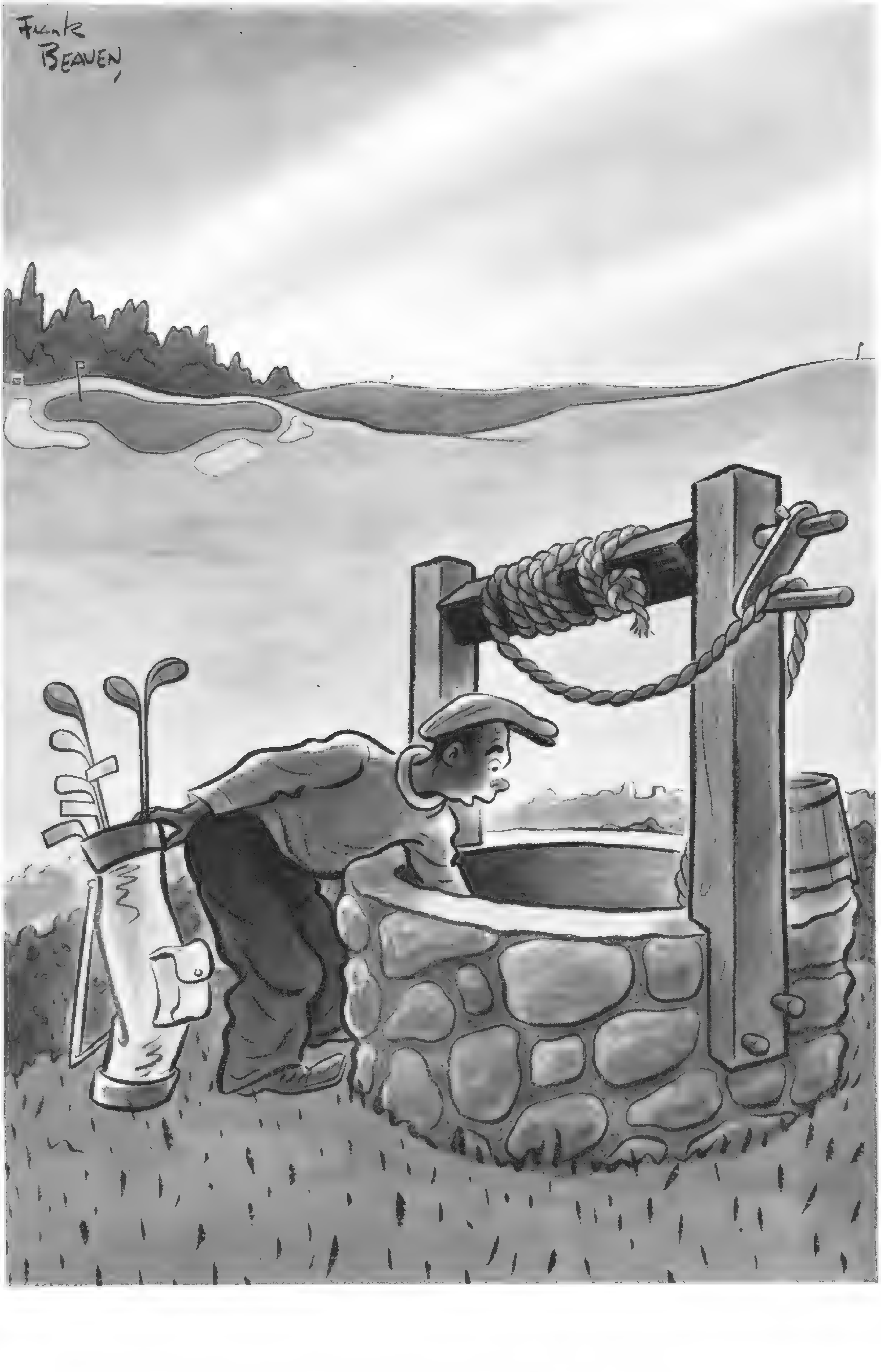
Frank
Beaven

"Maybe you'd like the niblick, Mr. Gerard!"

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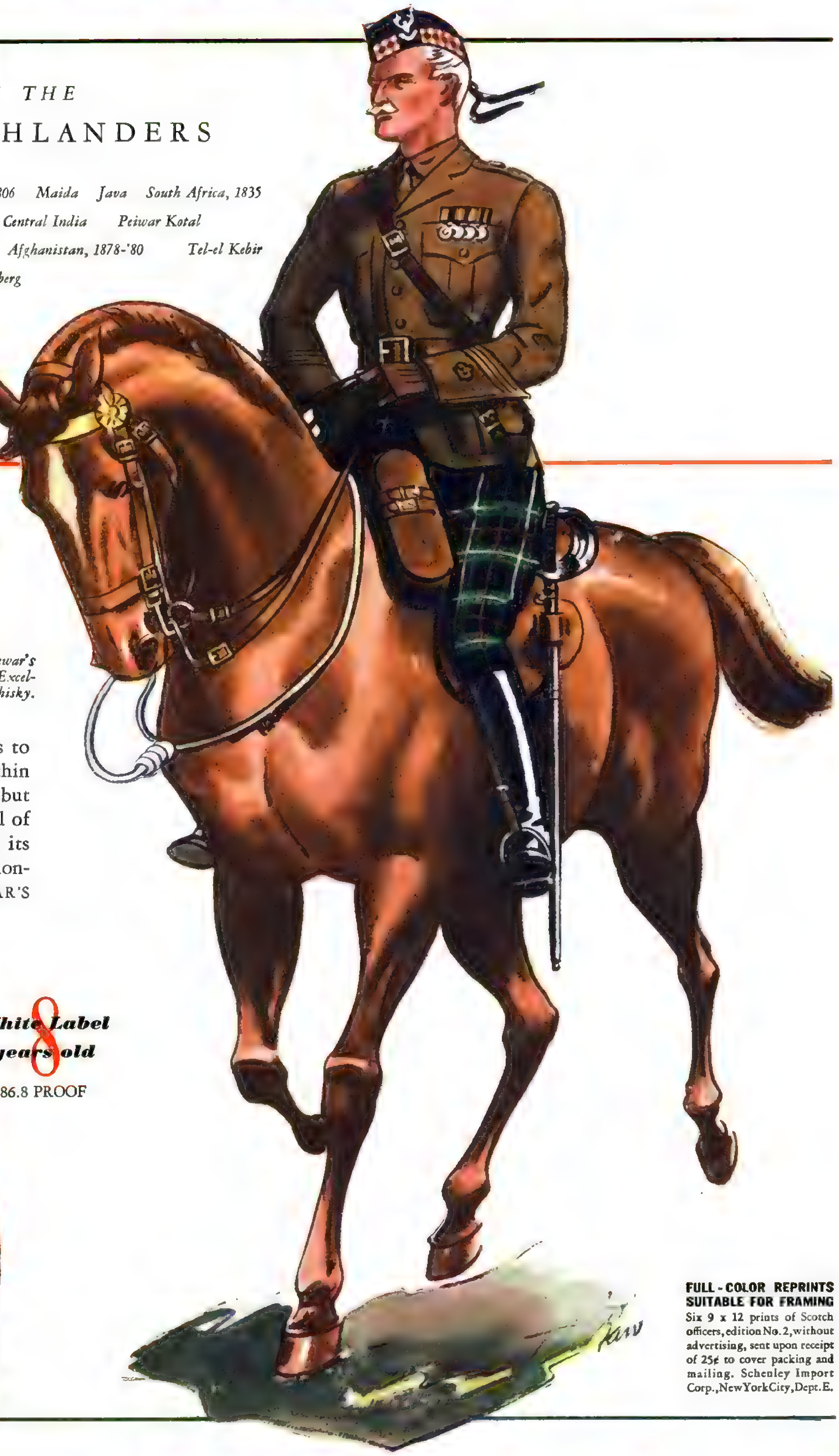
Carnatic Hindoostan Mysore Cape of Good Hope, 1806 Maida Java South Africa, 1835
Sevastopol Koosh-ab Persia Lucknow Central India Peiwar Kotal
Charasiah Kabul, 1879 Kandahar, 1880 Afghanistan, 1878-'80 Tel-el Kebir
Egypt, 1882 Chitral Atbara Khartoum Paardeberg
South Africa, 1899-1902 Marne, 1914, '18
Ypres, 1915, '17, '18 Loos Somme, 1916, '18
Arras, 1917, '18 Vimy, 1917
Cambrai, 1917, '18, Valenciennes
Palestine, 1918 Baghdad



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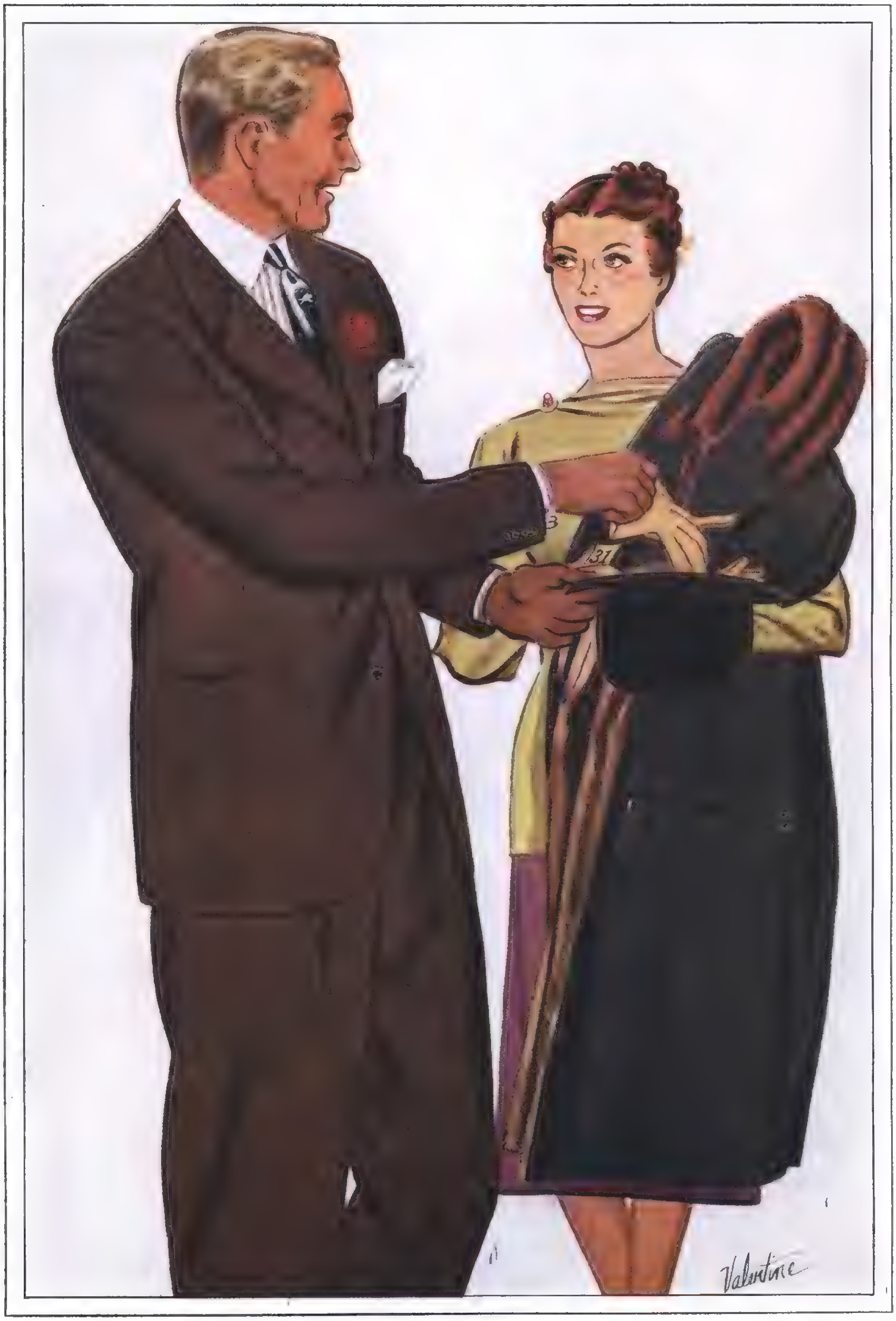


THOUGHTFUL STUDY IN CHARCOAL BROWN

Much as we would like to check up on the hat check girl, this is not the time or the place. The main idea here is to introduce an outfit that is just about tops when it comes to maintaining a due degree of formality for definite in-town occasions. The suit is a single breasted three-button notched lapel British Blade model without flaps on the pockets, worn with the two top buttons closed. The fabric is a hopsack worsted, an old stand-by now returned to favor, in the important new charcoal brown shade. This color can be worn by men of any complexion and combines perfectly with black or brown accessories. The shirt is a white ground broadcloth with spaced brown cluster stripes, worn with white starched collar and black satin tie with diamond sporting stick-pin. Also shown are the black coat with fur lining and collar, yellow chamois gloves, bowler hat, fine white linen pocket handkerchief.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

GROVER A. WHALEN, with a record behind him as merchant and business leader, of membership in six business corporations, directorships in fourteen philanthropic, educational or business service agencies, is now President of the Fair Corporation, directing the New York World's Fair 1939. It is logical that a genius who has been so vitally concerned with the building of the nation's business and chief metropolis should now be the chief human motivating factor behind this $150,000,000 event, the largest exposition in the history of the world.

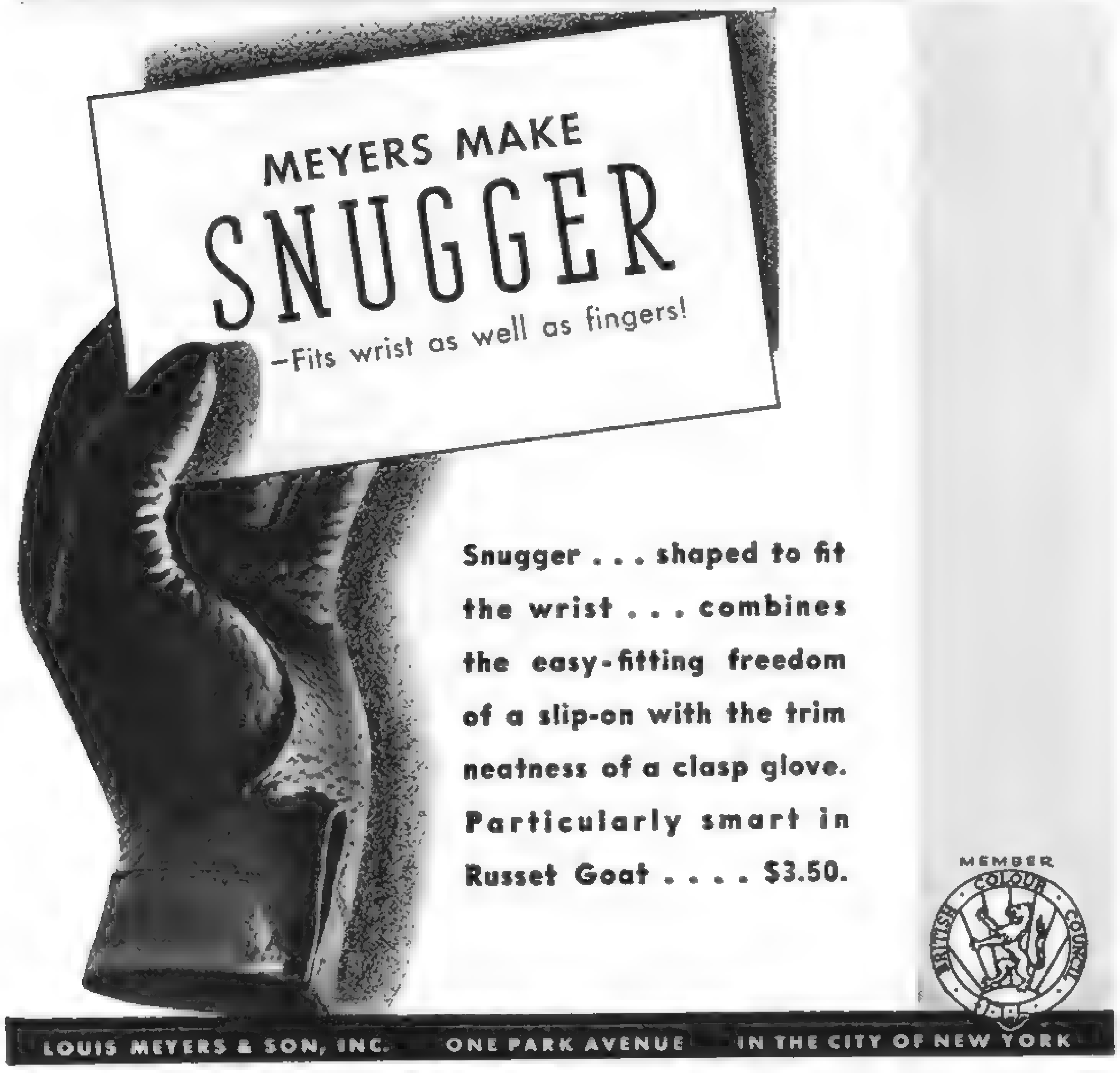
The selection of Mr. Whalen for this gigantic task was based upon his great knowledge of three things—projects, men, and materials. To men of importance the materials of their wardrobe are important. Mr. Whalen uses the style and fit of shirts by

VAN HEUSEN

MEYERS MAKE
Bulldog
America's most versatile glove

The glove worn by racing-car champions . . . recommended for business, driving and country wear. Rugged, pliable goatskin . . . with heavy, rolled cuff top . . . in russet, cork, grey, natural, black . . . $3.00.

"Like old friends they wear well"



MEYERS MAKE
SNUGGER
—Fits wrist as well as fingers!

Snugger . . . shaped to fit the wrist . . . combines the easy-fitting freedom of a slip-on with the trim neatness of a clasp glove. Particularly smart in Russet Goat . . . . $3.50.

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The Alpine
$3.50

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Paragon Hat Company CHICAGO

Talking Turkey

Continued from page 77

Silvermine Tavern in Norwalk, another the Stage Coach Inn at Long Ridge. The White Turkey Inn, near Danbury, which begins at nine of the morning and continues to the last guest after midnight, has a gracious custom of plopping a whole turkey on each table. Consequently they turn away a few hundred each year, those with reservations being the lucky ones. The White Turkey Inn menu following is typical of the Eastern section:

Lobster and Crab Cocktail
Fresh Fruit Cup
Bisque of Clam
Cream of Mushroom Soup
Roast Turkey with oyster dressing
Cranberry Sauce
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Mashed Potatoes
Boiled Onions
Mashed Turnips
Green Peas
Rum Sherbet
Avocado Pear Salad
Ice cream in forms
Plum Pudding
Pumpkin Pie

How far the American habit travels is indicated by the dinner that the famed Escoffier was asked to prepare for some visiting firemen in Paris. The French, as may be seen, belong to the three-hour-for-lunch club and cling to the earlier traditions of our feeding. This is the dinner that the world's greatest chef offered:

Huîtres
Potages:
Consommé à l'Imperiale
Tortue vert Claire
Hors d'oeuvre:
Petites Timbales Talleyrand
Poisson:
Bass raye à l'Italienne
Pommes de terre Duchess
Relève:
Filet de Boeuf à la Financière
Haricots verts sautés
Entrées:
Dinde farcie aux Marrons
Petits pois au beurre
Terrapene à la Maryland
Sorbet Dalmate
Rôts:
Canvasback
Cailles au Cresson
Froid:
Terrine de Fois gras à la Gelée
Salade de Laitue
Entrements de Douceur
Poires à la Richelieu
Gelée aux Cerises, Brisselets crème
Glacées Fantaisies
Pièces Montées
Fruits
Café

Dry Sherry
Mouton Rothschild
Champagne
Latour Blanche
Romanée-Conti
Brandy

The first printed record of American cookery, and one of few extant, is *American Cooking* by An American Orphan. In a rather pathetic foreword the young lady states that fashions changing as they do, it behooves a FEMALE to bestir herself and be of some use to man. Doubly precarious is the case of the orphan, who without brothers, sisters or riches, has only her character to fall back upon. Cooking, she avers, is a good foundation for character. With that we are inclined to agree. Also with a great many of her recipes that were set down for the national holiday as of 1822:

ROAST TURKEY ON A SPIT

Take one pound of soft wheat bread, three ounces of beef suet, three eggs, a little sweet thyme, marjoram, pepper and salt, and some add a gill of wine; fill bird therewith and sew up; hang down to a steady fire, basting frequently with butter and water and roast until steam comes from the breast. Put one-third pound of butter into gravy, dust flour over bird and baste with gravy. Serve up with boiled onions and cranberry sauce, mangoes, pickles and celery.

TURKEY STUFFED WITH OYSTERS

Fill the bird with dry oysters and sew up and boil in water, just enough to cover bird. Salt and season to taste. When done tender put into a deep dish and pour over it a pint of stewed oysters, well buttered and peppered; garnish the turkey with sprigs of parsley and leaves of celery.

CHOWDER

Take a bass weighing four pounds, boil one-half hour. Take six slices of raw salt pork, fry them till lard's nearly extracted, one dozen crackers soaked in cold water five minutes; put bass into lard, also pork and crackers, cover close and fry for twenty minutes. Serve with potatoes, pickles and mangoes.

PUMPKIN PIE

One quart pumpkin stewed and strained, three pints of milk, six beaten eggs, sugar, mace, nutmeg and ginger. Lay in paste and bake for three-quarters of an hour.

SYLLABUBS

Sweeten a quart of cider with double refined sugar, grate nutmeg into it and then milk your cow into liquor. When you have thus added what quantity of milk you think proper, pour half a pint or more of the sweetest cream you can get, all over it. (If the cow is not handy, disregard the Orphan's rule and use Grade A out of a bottle.)

MINCED PIE

Four pounds of boiled beef, chopped fine, salted; six pounds of raw apples, chopped; also one pound of beef suet, one quart of wine, mace and cinnamon, each one ounce; two pounds of sugar, a nutmeg, two pounds of raisins. Bake in a paste in hot and brisk oven. (In good cookery raisins should be stoned.)

A TASTY INDIAN PUDDING

Three pints of scalded milk, seven spoons fine Indian meal, stir well together while hot; let stand till cooked. Add four eggs, one-half pound of butter, spice and sugar; bake four hours.

PEACH PRESERVES

Take half a peck of clingstone peaches, wipe with flannel cloth; put them into an earthen pot sufficient to contain them, fill it up with brandy, let them stand two days covered, then pour off brandy to which add one-half pint of same liquor and four pounds of sugar; cut two oranges very fine, which add to the syrup, and when boiling hot pour over the peaches. Next day set them in hot oven, let them stand half an hour, then set them away in a cool place. If the weather should be warm, the syrup must be scalded again in six or eight days, adding thereto another half-pint of brandy and one pound of sugar.

As the Orphan points out, no decent family would think of a Thanksgiving dinner without an Independence Cake. Her recipe, which follows, considers a large family:

INDEPENDENCE CAKE

Twenty pounds of flour, fifteen pounds of sugar, ten pounds of butter, four dozen eggs, one quart of wine, one quart of brandy, one ounce of nutmeg, cinnamon, cloves, mace of three ounces each, two pounds of citron;

Continued on page 160

SINCE 1715
Au nom de Dieu soit Amen
Journal
Appartenant a Martell &
Compagnie
MARTELL
COGNAC
BRANDY
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MARTELL
COGNAC Brandy

The Spirit of Tradition

SINCE 1715

ANCIENT MARTELL RELICS
At the left—*an old brass brandy measuring pitcher.* In the foreground—*one of the early business-journals of the House of Martell, bearing the date 1723.* In the background—*the inside cover of the ancient treasurer's-chest, showing the intricate pattern of the locks.*

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SINCE 1715, the reputation of Martell Cognac Brandy has spread to the four corners of the world. It has long had the distinction of being the world's standard of excellence. That is why connoisseurs insist on Martell. It is their assurance of Cognac Brandy at its recognized best.

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(84 PROOF)
MARTELL 20 Years Old (80 PROOF) **MARTELL Cordon Bleu** (80 PROOF)

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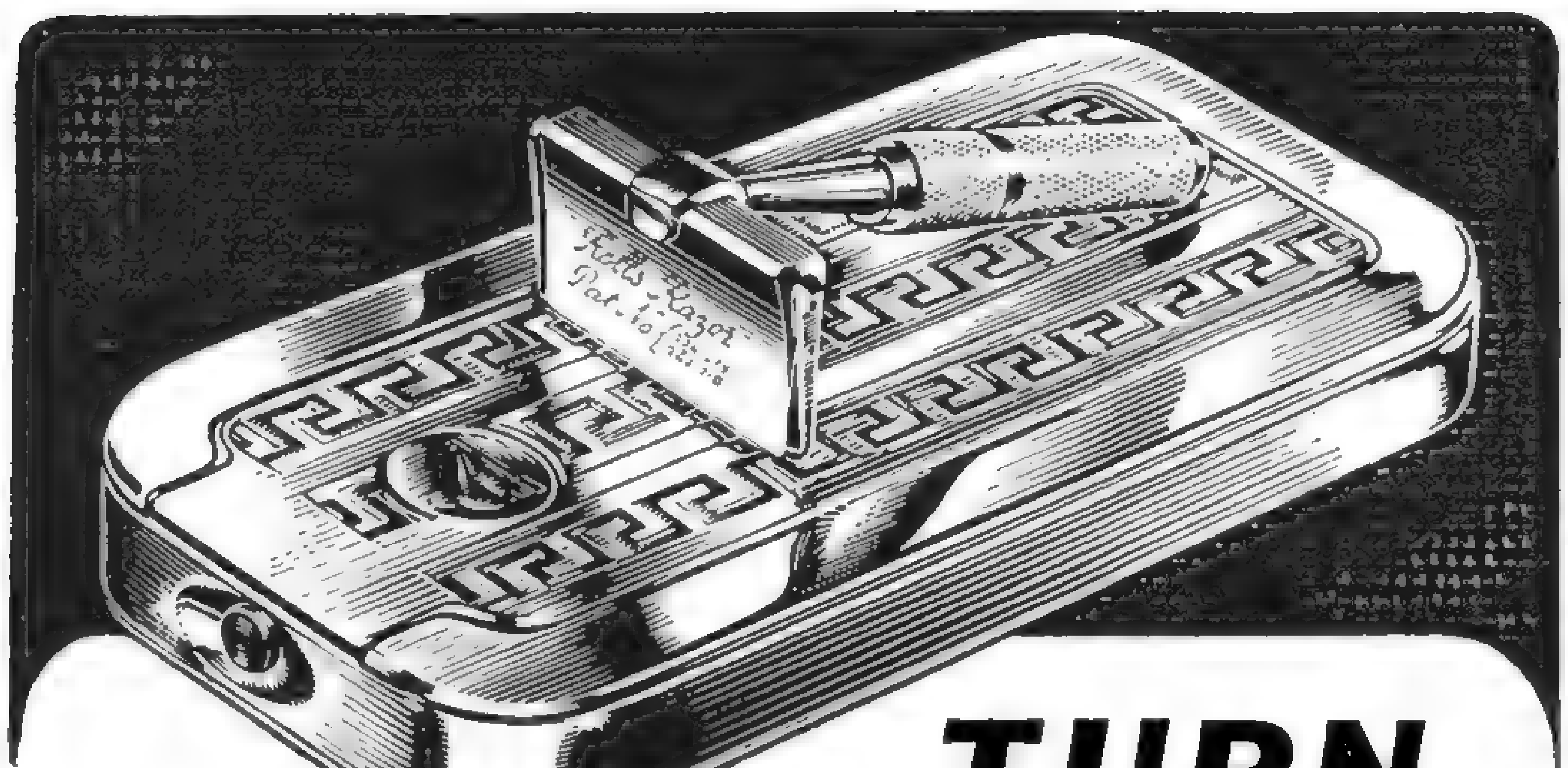

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Are you a glutton for punishment? Do you needlessly endure a shave that tortures the skin or doesn't remove whiskers? Then, you haven't used the Rolls safety Razor! Millions of men enjoy shaving with a Rolls Razor that depends on *one blade* of hollow-ground Sheffield steel. Stropped or honed in the case, it's the sure-fire way to get a face-respecting shave. Do your face a good turn and ask your dealer to demonstrate the Rolls Razor—there is no other razor like it!

$10 and up. Shaving bowls, sticks, **$1.** Refills, **60¢**

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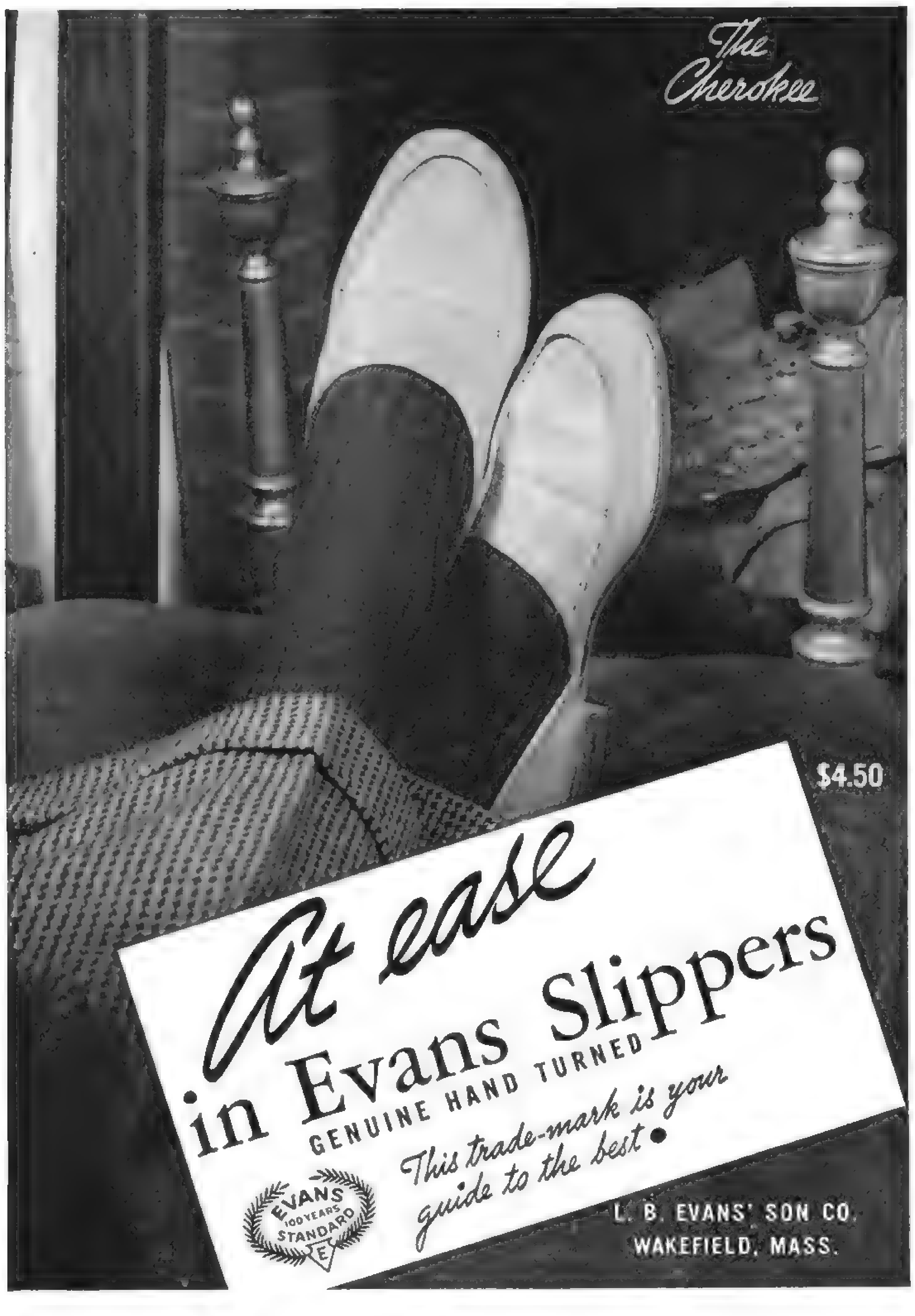


Talking Turkey

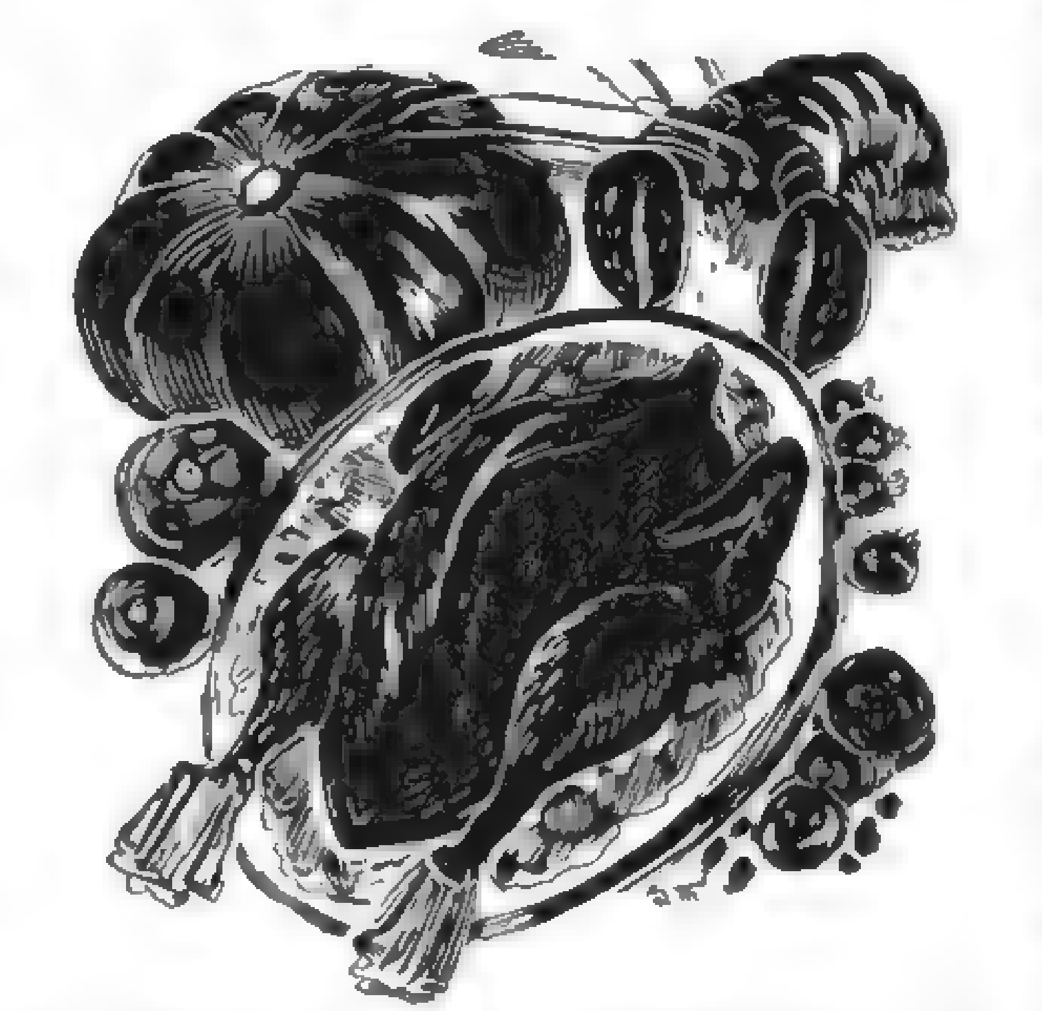
Continued from pages 77-158

currants and raisins, five pounds each, one quart yeast (that's enough to start a brewery, Ed.); when baked, frost with loaf sugar, dress with box and gold leaf.

The above recipes have been copied in the Orphan's charming style, first, because they are sound American food, and secondly, because the old-timers knew what all good cooking schools know: good food employs good liquor in its making. Modern cookbooks, as a rule, still feel the blight of the Prohibition Era and many of the recipes sadly feel the lack of the necessary wine or spirit.

With the Thanksgiving dinner good wines are a part of the celebration. A cocktail preceding the dinner, dry sherry with the oysters, then a Chablis or Rhine wine with the soup or fish course, and an excellent claret or Burgundy with the turkey. As the national bird is one of the most acid of fowls, it is highly important that you accompany it with a dry wine. For the dessert there should be champagne and a cognac of superior quality with the coffee. If your cellar isn't too extensive, then a cocktail or two before—a nice dry wine with, and a Three-Star cognac after dinner will make it very pleasant.

From Massachusetts comes a variation of the dinner that's somewhat more elaborate than the average family undertakes. However, if you are inclined to the full gamut of the national meal, draw up your range and take notes. In case your favorite cookbook does not hold the recipes, some of the trickier ones are appended.



Cherry-Stone Oysters in Beds of Cress
Consommé à la Royal
Boiled Salmon Lobster Sauce
Parisienne Potatoes
Turkey Chestnut Stuffing
Cranberry Sauce
Boiled Rice
Browned Sweet Potatoes Peas
Shaddock Sherbet
Canvasback Duck Fox-Grape Jelly
Potato Croquettes
Lettuce Salad French Dressing
Water Biscuit Edam
Mince Pie Pumpkin Custard
Nuts Fruits Raisins
Coffee

CONSOMMÉ À LA ROYAL

Bring to boiling point two quarts of good stock; remove it to one side of the fire and add a tablespoonful of beef extract, one quart of scalded milk, salt and cayenne to taste. Mix well, and add two teaspoonfuls of onion juice; place where it will keep warm, but not boil. For garnishing beat the yolks of two eggs until light, add a half gill of stock, mix; add a dash of white pepper, and a grating of nutmeg, pour into a greased pie tin; stand this in a shallow pan of hot water; place in a moderate oven to harden, do not brown. When firm, cut it into diamond-shaped pieces; put them into the consommé and serve.

LOBSTER SAUCE

Boil a small heavy lobster, remove the coral, rub it with two ounces of butter to a smooth paste. If the lobster does not contain coral, take the pieces of red skin and the small claws, pound, rub with the butter; then press it through a sieve. This produces the color. Cut the meat from the claws and tail into dice; put it in a stewing pan with a pint of good stock; simmer gently fifteen minutes. Put two large tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, and when melted, add two level tablespoonfuls of flour; mix until smooth, and add the stock strained from the lobster; stir continually until it boils, add a half teaspoonful of salt, a speck of cayenne, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and about ten drops of onion juice. Now add the lobster dice and the red butter, boil up once, and it is ready to serve.

CHESTNUT STUFFING

Roast one quart of large chestnuts; when done, remove the shells, and mash the chestnuts through a colander; add two ounces of butter, a level teaspoonful of salt, and a saltspoon of white pepper.

CRANBERRY SAUCE

Cranberry sauce must be made of the best of fruit and by an artist. Wash and pick over one quart of fine berries; put them in a porcelain-lined kettle with a pint of boiling water, cover the kettle, place over a brisk fire and as soon as you hear the cranberries pop, take them from the fire, press through a colander, and stir into them while hot one pound of granulated sugar. Keep in a stone or glass jar.

CANVASBACK DUCK

The canvasback duck should be singed, drawn, wiped, trussed and baked in a very quick oven for not over thirty minutes. They should not be stuffed, but should have a small piece of butter put inside of each. Then pieces of bacon may be bound over the breast, and the birds should be dusted at first with pepper, and salted when they are partly done.

TURKEY

In purchasing the turkey, choose a fat hen, not weighing over thirteen pounds. Singe, draw, and wipe well with a damp cloth. In drawing be very careful not to break either the crop or the intestines. Put two tablespoonfuls of the chestnut stuffing into the cavity from which the crop was taken; sew up the skin on the back of the neck, and fold it down to give a plump appearance to the breast. Now put the remainder of the stuffing in the body; sew up the vent, and truss the turkey as round, plump, and compact as possible. The turkey should roast at least three hours in an oven, hot for the first hour, and moderate for the remaining two. Put the excess fat taken from the inside of the turkey over the breast and legs; add to the pan a half pint of boiling water. The turkey should be basted with its own fat every fifteen minutes while roasting, and salt should be added to the pan (a teaspoonful) at the end of the first hour, and the turkey should be well dusted with pepper. Do not add water after the first has evaporated.

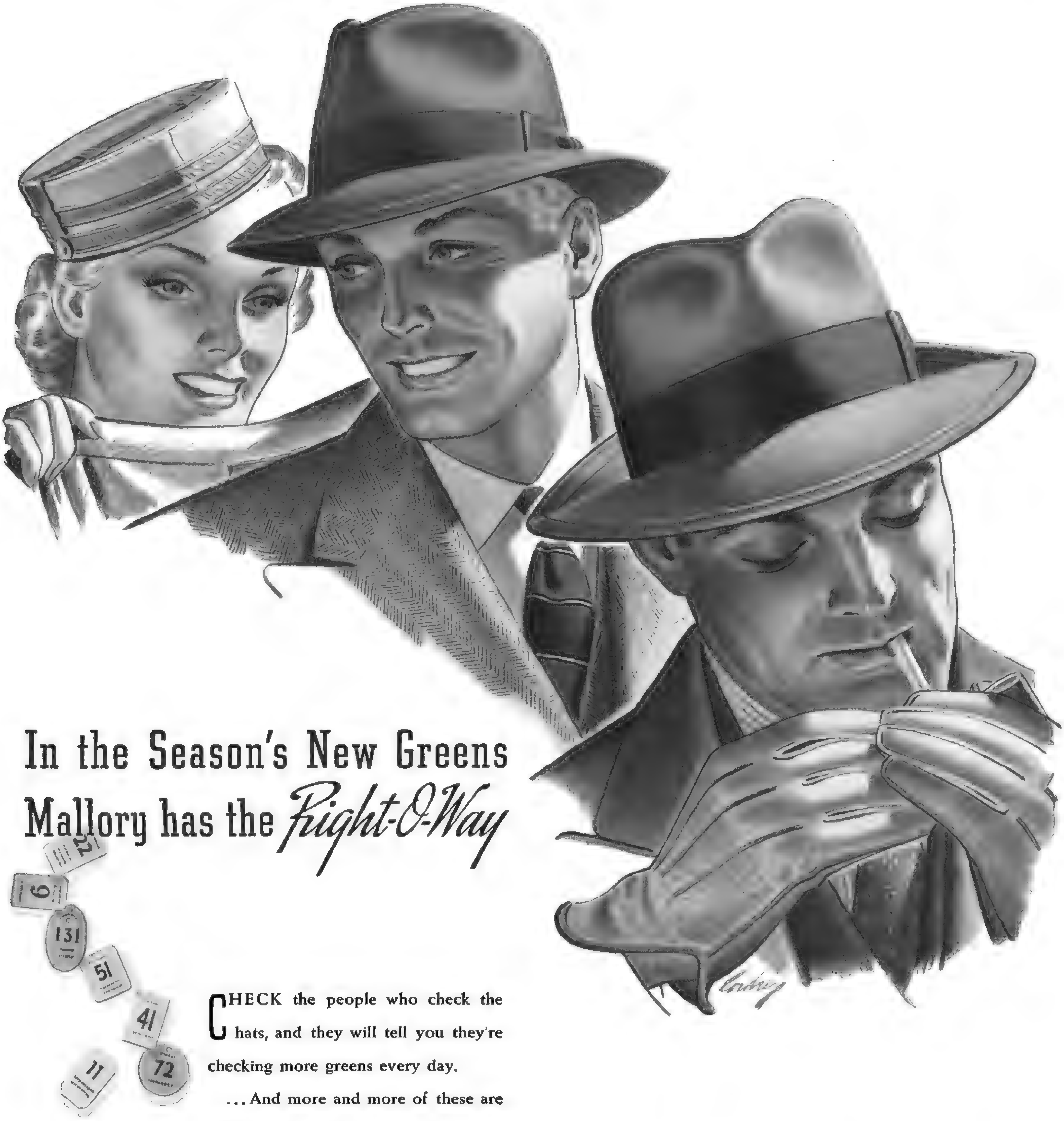
* * *

From the reliable Chevy Chase private bar book we cull some potables, good for cool nights, football games as well as the national holiday:

SOLDIERS' CAMPING PUNCH

1 large kettle boiled strong coffee
4 pounds lump sugar
4 bottles brandy
2 bottles Jamaica rum
Pour brandy and rum over sugar

Continued at top of page 163



In the Season's New Greens Mallory has the *Right-O-Way*

CHECK the people who check the hats, and they will tell you they're checking more greens every day.

...And more and more of these are *Mallory Right-O-Way Greens.* For these are *new* greens...softer, more flattering...especially created to complement the season's favored fabrics. Styled with a medium low-set crown and brim flare, these Right-O-Ways do surprisingly handsome things to almost any man's appearance.

Moreover, only Mallory Hats are "Cravenette" treated. This means they will *shed* rain and snow... *retain* their shape and good looks through the hardest season's wear. So follow the color trend—go green with Mallory, fine hatter since 1823.

Right-O-Way Greens, luxuriously lined and most other Mallory styles $5

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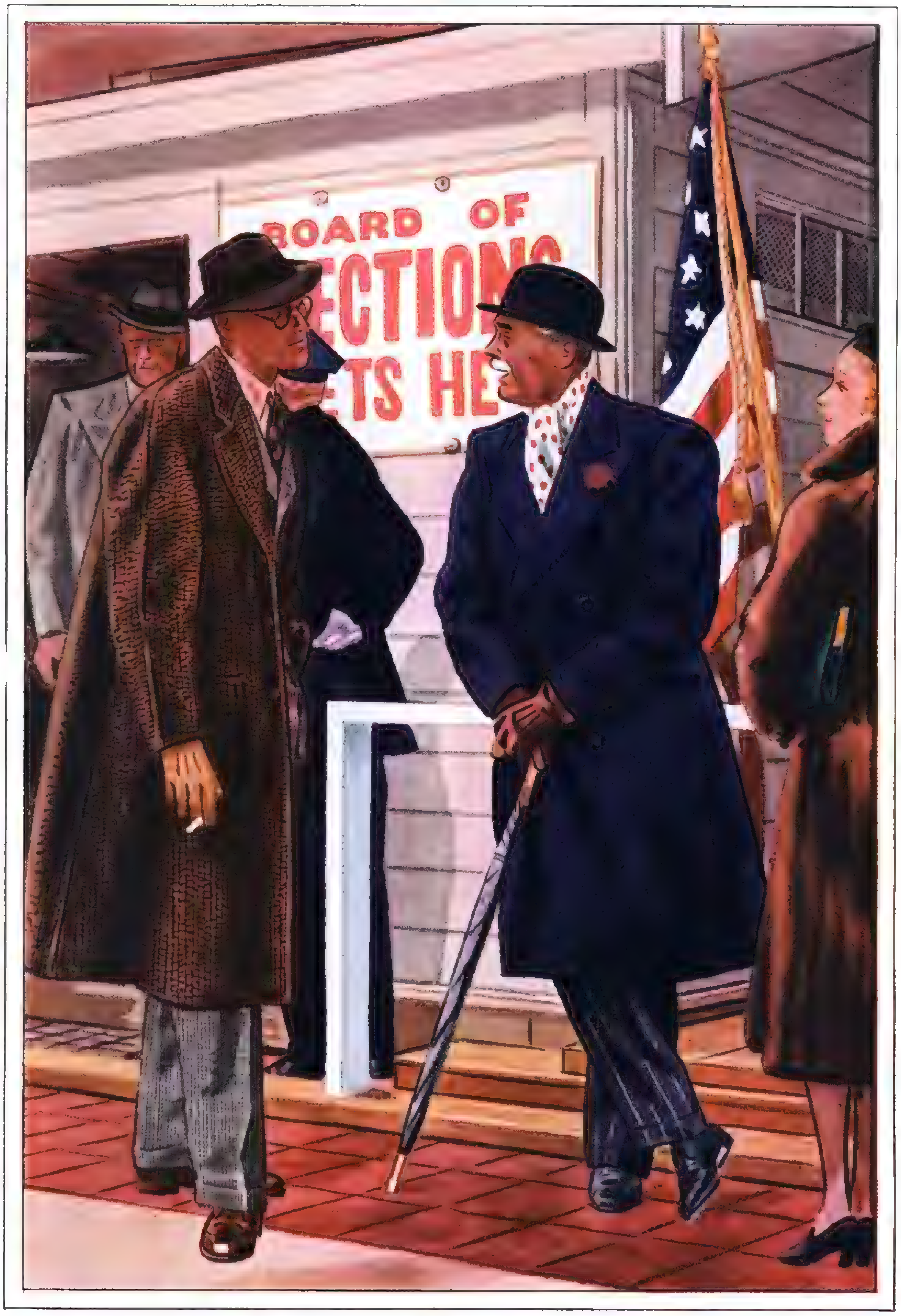

THE FASHION DEPARTMENT VOTES TWICE

Since this is one of the few remaining countries where they don't tell you how to vote, we're not going to encroach on the democratic spirit by telling you what to wear for balloting. Just an unbiased suggestion or two, applicable to any town occasion. The outfit at the left is an appropriate one for the suburban commuter, since it fits well into both town and country environments. It consists of a three-button grey cheviot suit, raglan sleeve tweed coat with large patch pockets and leather buttons, tan oxford shirt, Paisley pattern foulard tie, tan snap-brim hat, heavy brogue wing tip shoes, and buckskin gloves. The man at the right, evidently a conservative by nature if not by political affiliation, wears a three-button double breasted blue Chesterfield coat, blue unfinished worsted suit with light stripe, black calf town shoes, goatskin gloves, bowler hat, and a white cashmere scarf with red spots.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

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$1
PACKED IN A GIFT BOX

Just like a puff of fluff—so kitteny soft, so novel, so different—so devastatingly smart—for school, office, sports—even formal! They're of super-warm fur-like fleece—and at this amazingly low price you'll want several pairs.

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2001 South California Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: Please send me parcel post prepaid........pairs of Fluff Mittens at $1.00 per pair. *Satisfaction guaranteed.*
☐ Cash enclosed ☐ Money Order ☐ COD.
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Talking Turkey

Continued from pages 77-158-160

and place over fire until sugar is dissolved. Add to coffee mixture and stir well.

Hot Irish Punch

Dissolve 2 lumps of sugar in a little hot water in large glass. Add small amount of lemon juice, and one wine glass Irish Whiskey. Fill glass with hot water and stir well. Add nutmeg and slice of lemon.

Hot Milk Punch

1 tablespoon sugar
¼ wine glass rum
¾ wine glass brandy

Stir in large glass and fill with hot milk. Add nutmeg.

Hot Arrac Punch

Dissolve 2 lumps sugar in a little hot water. Add ½ lemon, ¾ wine glass Arrac. Fill glass with hot water. Stir well, add nutmeg.

Hot Locomotive

1 yolk egg
½ tablespoon sugar
1 pony honey

Stir these well with a spoon.

Add:

½ pony Curaçao
1½ wine glass Burgundy or Claret.

Place over fire until boiling. Pour from cooking dish to mug several times. Add slice lemon and little cinnamon.

"Our Thirsty Friends" Department

Mr. Corydon T. Johns, of Northborough, Massachusetts, writes in on a question of accuracy. In the article about country parties, the recipe for a Community Mint Julep did not state whether quarts or fifths were indicated. As a rule, the American liquors, Bourbon and Rye, come in quarts, Scotch in fifths. In the case of this particular recipe it does not make much difference, though the writer had quarts in mind. Using two fifths instead would make the julep a little less strong.

* * *

Mr. Ralph Alberghane, of East Greenwich, Rhode Island, writes for some recipes of cocktails that he has heard of but cannot be located in the standard bar books. As so often happens, new names are given old mixtures. But does anyone know the answers for Mr. Alberghane:

A. P. S.
Aeroplane
Cyclone
Tim Murphy
Vervent
Habanero
Morris County

* * *

M. L. Burnside, of Lake Worth, Florida, contributes another recipe which he says is a favorite in his neighborhood:

Cooper Cooler

1 jigger Cuban rum
Twist of lime or lemon peel
Ginger ale
Serve in ten-ounce glass with plenty of ice.

* * *

To the scores who again wanted to know about the salt beefsteak as cooked over charcoal, the recipe was accurate. The use of a white paper napkin in forming the salt paste on all sides of the steak is preferred to cloth, as the latter makes a bad odor when burning. The paper napkins are merely to hold the salt in place until it solidifies. It will burn away as soon as it is placed over the fire. ###

Max Weber: Artist-Scholar

Continued from page 63

windows of art, beginning with the Chinese and Japanese masters and including the Italian primitives, with all of whom Weber was consequently acquainted long before he reached Paris and Florence. Dow impressed upon his students the importance of the elements of design in creative art. His teaching justified distortion as a means to the end of structure in design and a bolder use of color. Dow's system of instruction was a sworn enemy to that academic training which insists upon the use of the ruler in art.

A scholarship gave Weber a third year at Pratt and during that period he enriched his understanding of Dow's principles by his own creative work and by studies in the Metropolitan, in which he made copies of Velasquez and Corot, among other masters. At the same time he had a few private students in art and was himself taking singing lessons, having been endowed with a fine tenor voice. For these lessons he paid with a copy of a George Inness and his first sale was of a copy of Velasquez, a portrait of a child, which was commissioned by the parents of one of his students. About the same time he made for Professor W. B. Scott of Princeton an admirable series of drawings of paleontological specimens.

In 1903 Weber's qualifications obtained for him the post of teacher of construction drawing and manual training in the public schools of Lynchburg, Virginia, whose superintendent of schools was Edward C. Glass, brother of Senator Carter Glass. Upon Mr. Glass's invitation Weber taught also in the summer school of the University of Virginia. At the end of two years in Lynchburg, Weber was called to take charge of the department of drawing and manual training at the State Normal School in Duluth, Minnesota. In both cities Weber found time and opportunity for fruitful study and work; in both, the school week ended before noon on Friday and Weber would paint in solitude through the week end. At Duluth, his studio overlooked Lake Superior and he was his own master every day from about almost noon, when the school day ended, until the following morning. But Lynchburg and Duluth meant something more important; they meant—Paris. It was every young artist's dream to go to that city, as a generation before, he would have panted for Munich or Düsseldorf. With the savings of three years' teaching in his pocket, Max Weber set forth in October, 1905, for Paris, the city of living art.

On the boat going over, he was so happy that he sang and he sang so well that he was compelled to

Continued on page 164

IF YOU WANT TO KEEP HER WARM—
Parka set
FOR THE SET $2

Every girl will adore this perky Parka with its bright halo and gay tassel—it's attached scarf and warm fingered gloves. It's so youthful and buoyant and practical too—she'll wear it everywhere—for skating and skiing—driving and walking—campus and stadium. It's new and so *reasonably priced* at $2.00 for the set! Get several sets in different colors.

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Additional 15c post office charge on COD.
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Name..............................
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Max Weber: Artist-Scholar

Continued from pages 63-163

perform at shipboard concerts and later, in Paris, he was sought as the young man with the talented voice. On the boat he heard about Julian's Academy, and there he registered, being one of the students under that martinet of the classroom, Jean Paul Laurens, rated as the greatest teacher of academic drawing then alive. For six solid weeks Weber was compelled to draw small sections of the model's anatomy, a part of the arm, or a part of the leg, but never the whole figure. It was good discipline, although he resented it. But after six weeks of sectional anatomy draughtsmanship, Weber rebelled, defied instructions, and drew the whole figure. It was on Saturday morning that M. Laurens visited the class to see what the students had done during the week and to put his stamp upon the best work. Perhaps the little figure of the art student Max Weber trembled a little as the mighty master paused to look at his drawing, but he said *Très bon* and put his stamp upon it and actually drew the young American into conversation, a rare condescension in the Master, and thereafter Weber could draw as much, or as little, of the model as he wished. Among the eighty students in the class Weber became the prime favorite, as a result of which he could place his easel, with respect to the model, in any position he desired. He was always the good scholar, worthy of his teacher's approbation.

During a rest period about the third month in Laurens' class Weber overheard several of the German students discussing the painters Cézanne and Van Gogh, names which Weber had hardly heard, until then. He then and there resolved to find out where he could see their works, particularly Cézanne's, and to see his fill of them. The first paintings of the pioneers that he saw were at the home of Leo Stein, collector and critic. Thereafter he visited the gallery of Bernheim-Jeune and then the Durand-Ruel establishment and the shop of Vollard. In all of these places he became a privileged visitor with the right, which he most happily exercised, of pulling the unframed Cézannes out of their racks and studying them by the hour. This is how art goes about creating art. The Salon d'Automne exhibition in 1906, the year of Cézanne's death, and the 1907 retrospective at the Petit Palais, on whose walls from eighty to ninety canvases were hung, gave young Weber much material for profound reflection and excited discussion with his fellow art students and, what is most important, an orientation for his own life in art. Says Max Weber today: "The moment you begin to sense the values of Cézanne, he becomes instrumental in leading you away from triviality. He shows the way to true craftsmanship. He is the most concrete means of binding yourself to the fundamentals of art. Since Cézanne we know better than his predecessors could have known the true meaning of structure, of substance and of subjective plastic eloquence."

There came a marriage of influences in Weber about this time, the union of Cézanne with the art of primitive peoples. It came about, in part, through an accident. Early in 1906, while stropping his razor, he cut his right hand, which, for six weeks, he had to keep in a sling. For six weeks, therefore, he was out of the life class. He spent the time in museums, in the Louvre, in the Luxembourg, in the Guimet, in the Trocadero. He studied and brooded upon the works in wood and stone of the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Chaldeans and the Greeks. He studied also the more refined arts of Persia, India, China and Japan. Miniatures and textiles were not beneath his purview. In the Trocadero he paused long moments before the examples of arts and crafts which had been garnered from France's Colonial Empire in Africa. The Byzantine primitives in paint enthralled him no less than did the Persian miniatures and the Coptic textiles and wood carvings. He was so eager not to miss anything. The basement of the Louvre, which housed Greek as well as Egyptian and Assyrian sculptures, and the Musée Guimet, devoted to the arts of the Orient, were particularly happy hunting grounds for the young artist from America seeking a solid base in esthetic principle for understanding and creation of art. Picasso, Matisse and Modigliani were not above those influences which were then agitating the student Weber. Later, when he had returned to New York, he spent hours in the American Museum of Natural History in a kind of analytical fascination before such examples of American aboriginal art as the totem poles of the North Pacific tribes and the sculptures and architecture of the Aztecs of Peru and the Mayans of Yucatan. These prolonged scrutinies helped shape not only a series of woodblocks, directly traceable to this influence, but also his two volumes of verse, *Cubist Poems*, 1913, and *Primitives*, 1926. It is only natural that he should have aspired about that time to become himself a sculptor and the group of figures now in the collection of Mrs. Nathan J. Miller attests the force of this primitive inspiration. He was subsequently to urge students to study art more at the Museum of Natural History and a little less

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We return to Paris, where Weber's right hand has healed and he is able to resume work. The sense of the weight and mass of sculpture had invaded his drawing, the unconventionality of which displeased Master Laurens and so Weber decided he would work by and for himself, without taking criticism, which now had become unfavorable. He lived and worked for the most part in a little room in No. 9 Rue de la Campagne première. He was his own caretaker. He did his own cooking, except for three weekly meals. He washed and ironed his own laundry. He lived a severely simple life. The savings of barely three years accumulated at Lynchburg and Duluth maintained him for three years in Paris, with side trips to Spain, Italy, Holland and Belgium thrown in. He returned to America in January, 1909, in the same suit in which he arrived in Paris in 1905. Among his Parisian acquaintances were artists and students, among them Jules Pascin, Bernard Karfiol, Samuel Halpert, Michael Brenner, Elie Nadelman and Joseph Brummer, the sculptor who became a noted dealer in the antique. Weber had neither the funds nor the inclination for café life, but he did visit the Rue de la Gaité to make sketches of the actors. His only hobby was singing and, yielding to the urgent advice of admirers, he took lessons from an instructor who believed so much in the possibilities of his voice that he taught him without taking fees. After awhile Weber gave up his singing career, but occasionally, yielding to the importunities of admirers, he would sing at an occasional gathering.

During 1906-07 Weber drew and painted at the Colarossi Academy and at the Grande Chaumière, but without taking criticism. At the Colarossi he met the Bavarian painter, Hans Purrmann, who knew Matisse. Remarking upon the excellence of Weber's drawing, Purrmann confided to him one day: "It's ridiculous our being here. I know Matisse; we could organize a small group of talented people and he would be pleased to instruct us." Purrmann thereupon busied himself organizing a class and finding a studio. It was the year in which the religious orders were being dispossessed and a studio was found in one of the vacant monasteries near Les Invalides and there eight students, among them Leo Stein as well as Purrmann and Weber, gathered to paint. Matisse used often to refer to Weber as the talented little American.

He remained with the Matisse class until August, 1908. By this time Weber had entrenched himself a little in the art consciousness of Paris. He might have become a permanent expatriate. The life of an artist had a little charm. He had begun exhibiting in 1905, in the Salon d'Automne and had been proposed as a *Societaire* (associate member). His pictures had been hung in the Salon des Indépendents in 1906, '07 and '08 and he had a dealer. During the Summer of 1906 he visited Spain, meaning chiefly the Prado of Madrid, in whose corridors and basement he studied the Spanish masters, particularly El Greco and Goya, whose influence on the moderns he pondered. In March of the following year he went to Italy, in whose art-haloed cities of Florence, Pisa, Venice, Naples and Rome he studied such primitives as Giotto and Masaccio and such masters of the Renaissance as Piero della Francesca, Giorgione, Tintoretto, Veronese and Titian. He was living in a dream world, incredibly happy but also dynamically animated, as his heap of sketch books of that period shows. In the Fall of 1908, as a result of rigid economy, he squeezed out of his slender means a trip to the Low Countries, visiting Brussels, Antwerp, Bruges, Rotterdam and Amsterdam, where he looked at the paintings of Van Eyck, Memling, Vermeer and Rembrandt. The life of Max Weber reveals a most remarkable curiosity and hunger for almost every form of expression in the plastic arts, a curiosity transcending his personal capacity for artistic digestion.

In Paris he was on terms of friendship, if not intimacy, with many of the leading members of the Ecole de Paris who were making art history. Among them were Picasso, Gleizes, Metzinger, Marquet, Denis, Delaunay and Jules Flandrin, in whose atelier Weber spent many pleasant evenings of discussion. Flandrin was one of his firmest Parisian friends and an important influence in keeping Weber on the track of his researches in modern art. But the deepest personal influence in the Parisian life of Weber was Henri Rousseau, whom he was not to meet until the Fall of 1907.

On a Sunday afternoon that autumn Weber was visiting the Salon with Samuel Halpert when he was invited to the home of Robert Delaunay. He went. In the midst of conversation a little falsetto voice was heard from the direction of the stairs. Rousseau was coming. Since they lived in the same quarter of the city, behind the Gare Montparnasse, they walked home together and from then on Weber saw Rousseau twice and three times a week. "I loved his work even though many laughed at it. I loved him as a human being—the most saintly and the most congenial human being I had ever met. I enjoyed his talk on Nature and on life. He was full of wisdom and real human affection—the most unselfconscious and childlike man I had ever met."

He lived, reports Weber, in the most terrible poverty and never received more than ten francs for a canvas. His paintings had, for the American, the charm of Giottos. Calling upon him one day Weber found him painting one of

Continued on page 166

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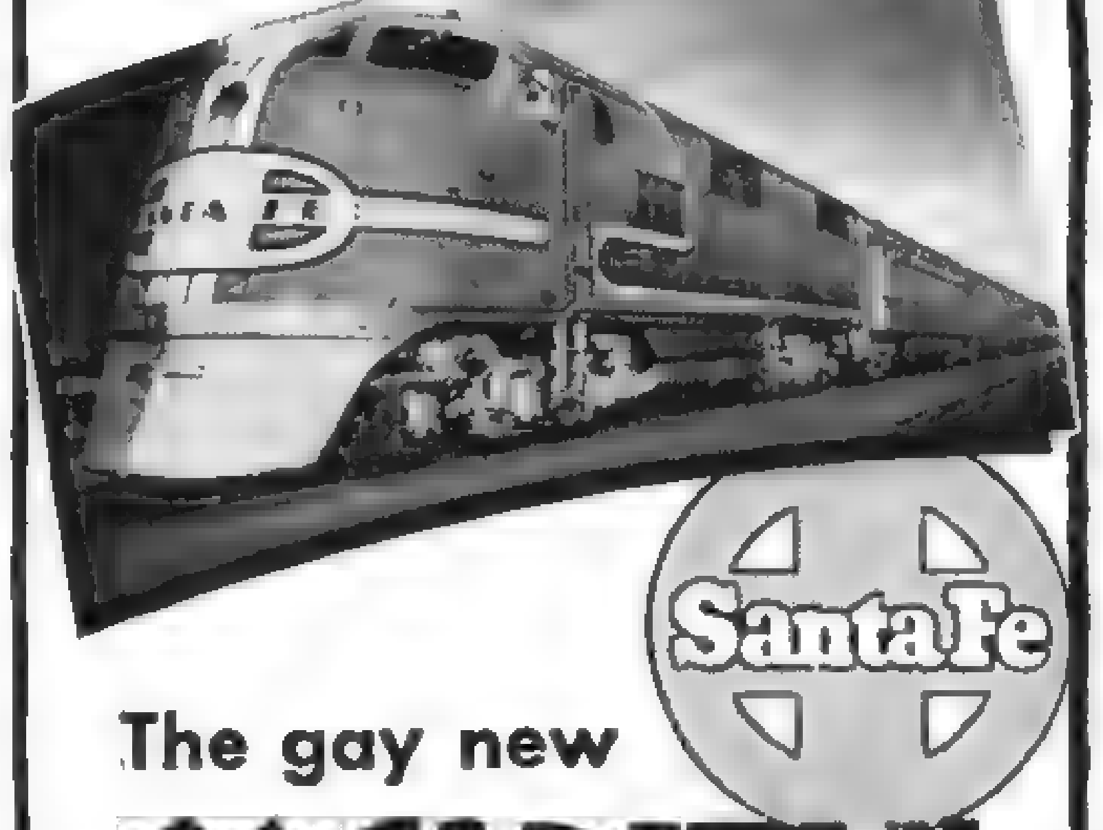

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Max Weber: Artist-Scholar

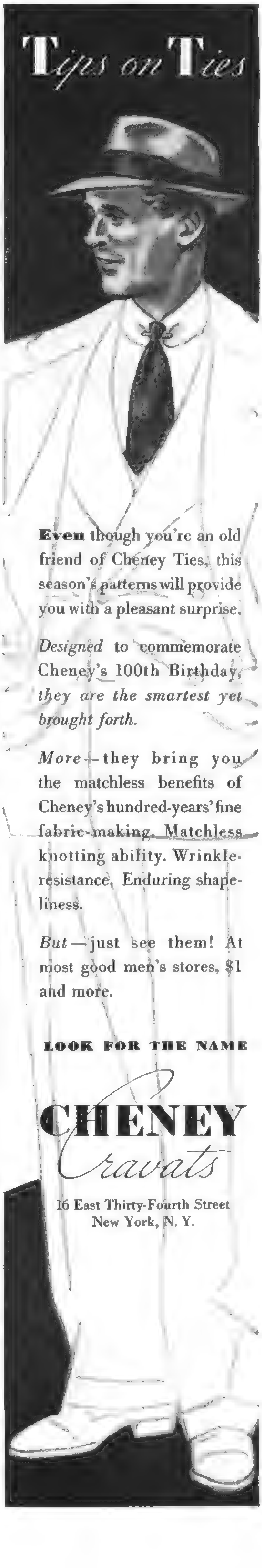
Continued from pages 63-163-165

his large jungle pictures, with tigers. "M. Rousseau," said Weber, "*votre peinture me semble aussi belle comme un Giotto.*" (Your painting looks as beautiful to me as a Giotto.) "Who was Giotto?" he asked, in all simplicity. Late in December, 1908, Weber left for America with the plan of selling enough pictures to support a return to Paris. Rousseau took him to the boat train and Weber promised he would be in Paris the following autumn, when Rousseau could paint his portrait. Rousseau's last words to Weber were: "Don't forget Nature." They never met again. In September, 1910, while browsing among the foreign art publications in the basement of Brentano's book store, Weber was shocked to read of his dear old friend's death. He was determined that something should be done to make his work known to Americans. He appealed to Alfred Stieglitz, who was then the leading, if not the only, friend of modern art in New York. Weber had acquired from Rousseau, by purchase and exchange, four paintings, two drawings and a vase which he had decorated. These were put on view at the Stieglitz gallery, "291," together with enough color lithographs by Cézanne, Renoir and Toulouse-Lautrec to fill the wall space. The memorial exhibition went on view in November, 1910, and that was the first time Americans saw the work of the now famous naïve painter, the *douanier* Rousseau. As this is being written, the four Weber Rousseau paintings are on view in the comprehensive exhibition of primitive painters at the Museum of Modern Art and they make possibly the most beautiful corner.

Upon his return to America in January, 1909, Weber had to attack the problem of making a living. Knowing that his modern work would be anathema to anyone who had the gift of a commission, Weber carried around with him only the academic drawings he had made in Laurens' class at Julian's to show to mural painters who might require help. He failed. He began to feel that an exhibition might supply the thin entering wedge to public consciousness of his existence. There was not a single gallery in New York at that time having the slightest concern with modern art, except Stieglitz's "291" and Weber and Stieglitz had yet to meet. In lieu of Stieglitz's gallery, Weber hung his pictures, for the first time in America, on the walls of a room behind the shop of a frame maker named Haas, on Madison Avenue near 60th Street. The exhibition opened April 22, 1909, and the date is important as the debut of non-illustrative, non-academic art in America. Half of the space was taken up with drawings and paintings, landscapes chiefly, done abroad and the other half with work done in America. Arthur B. Davies, the painter who was the greatest fighter for the rights of other artists America has ever known, came to the exhibition and bought two paintings. It was Davies who guided Miss Lillie Bliss in the formation of the collection which became the nucleus for the Museum of Modern Art in New York. Before the Haas show was over there was a small group of influential persons in New York which had become persuaded that there might be something in this man Weber's work. By this time Weber had moved from Brooklyn into a room on West 23rd Street where, as in Paris, he did his own cooking and washing in the time he could spare from his painting and art researches.

In March, 1910, Weber exhibited at the Stieglitz gallery for the first time, but it wasn't until the 1911 exhibition in the same place that the general public became aware of Weber's work, at least through the vituperation heaped upon him in the press, one newspaper referring to the show as "a brutal, vulgar and unnecessary display of art license." But the curiosity aroused by the pictures was not entirely hostile and there were sales, particularly to Mrs. Eugene Meyer. The following year, on his own responsibility, Weber hired the Murray Hill Galleries for an exhibition and acted as his own attendant. Davies came again and bought and brought Miss Bliss with him. On the last day Robert Henri came with a group of students and declared that he found in some of the still lifes a beauty achieved only in the greatest art. When he heard that the exhibition was closing that day, he exclaimed, "It mustn't close, people must see it," and persuaded the owner of the gallery to keep the Webers on view for at least another week.

Not counting the Grafton Group show in London organized by Roger Fry and the one-man exhibition at the Newark Museum, put on by John Cotton Dana, Max Weber did not publicly display his work again until 1915. The London and the Newark shows, both in 1913, contained work that had been previously seen in New York. In the meantime he was continuing to work and to experiment with the view of advancing in his art and not stagnating by repetition. He was never content to make merely a nice picture; he was always using the past as a stepping stone to the future. Among other things, he was trying to free himself from the slightest taint of the illustrative. He was using Nature to organize his hold on formal art. He was led into the abstract and he began to realize the beauty of geometry in its value as design. *The 'Cellist* is one of his best abstract, geometrical paintings, which was done about that time. While he was developing his sense of color and design, the feeling for



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the sculpturesque, a distinct quality of his best work, began to enter into his canvases. He strove to achieve in painting the plastic quality of sculpture and in the figure paintings reproduced it can be seen how well he succeeded. He dreamed of the possibility of having two figures occupy the same space. He searched in his palette for intermediary tints that seemed more precious than the bold primary colors. The glow of his pastels is only a partial reward of these trials and researches. He was seeking for the third dimension through color gradations. His paintings are the record of his gropings and of his triumphs. He has not only created a personal accent in painting, but has even dreamed into canvas the world which his art has made valid for us. As he told Holger Cahill, author of the monograph on Weber, he would rather stammer a new truth than glibly repeat an outworn convention.

By 1915 he was becoming a commanding figure in modern art. In that year his paintings were on view at both the Ehrich and Montross galleries. They were retrospectives. The Ehrich exhibition was particularly well attended and the sales were excellent. Weber reports that he never saw so much money in his life. Visitors to the gallery included Mrs. Nathan J. Miller, who became a devoted friend and patron as well. He was then invited to show in Baltimore and accompanied his paintings to that city. During the war years and even after he exhibited less frequently than before, but his work was on view at the Montross until about 1923, at J. B. Neumann's New Art Circle during 1925-27, subsequently at the Downtown Gallery until 1933 and since then again at the New Art Circle.

In 1924, Paris was allowed to have a look at the work of Weber when the galleries of Bernheim-Jeune exhibited more than fifty paintings of the ragged student who, more than a generation ago, had pored over the Cézannes in the racks of the same dealer. From these paintings were selected smaller traveling exhibits which were sent to other cities in France and also to England and Germany. The first museum purchase of a Weber was made for the Phillips Memorial Gallery in 1926. The Newark Museum followed in 1928 and, subsequently, the Metropolitan. There are Webers of course in the Whitney and Modern museums, not to mention the Los Angeles Museum and the Gallery of Living Art in New York University. The *Sugar Bowl* (reproduced) was awarded the Potter Palmer gold medal and the $1,000 prize in the 1929 exhibition at the Art Institute of Chicago.

His adventures in teaching and lecturing are important in that, through them, he has been enabled to crystallize his thinking on the problems of art and to establish an immediacy of contact with the youth of art otherwise difficult to achieve. During 1914-17 he gave a lecture course on the history of art and on its appreciation at the Clarence H. White School of Photography; these lectures formed the basis for his *Essays on Art*, published through William Edwin Rudge. In this, among many other things, he wrote: "The art consciousness is the possessing of the spirit of things, rather than the matter of things." "The Parthenon or the Rheims Cathedral or a Buddha Temple or an electric dynamo once slept in the quarries and dreamt of geometry. . . . There are other Parthenons, other symphonies, other Congo sculptures, other Gobelin tapestries waiting for the master to breathe reality into them." At the request of a group of students at the Art Students' League, Weber taught at the League for more than a year, during 1920-21, resigning because he could not stand the strain. Yielding again to students' earnest solicitations, he returned to the League in 1926, teaching through that and the following year when, again, he found that he could not continue both as artist and teacher without impairing his health.

More recently he has thrown himself into the work of the American Artists Congress, whose first national chairman he became. He is now the Congress' honorary national chairman. For the sake of struggling artists threatened with economic submergence he has taken on duties of a kind trying to one of his temperament. He has made speeches to audiences visible and invisible, written papers, helped to organize exhibitions, contributed works of art to benefit auctions, participated in the agitational mechanism of letter writing and telegram despatching, urging this and protesting that. The strain has been the more telling in that Max Weber is not normally a busybody and would prefer to devote himself chiefly to the problems of art. His new social orientation, he tells me, has made no difference in his painting. "I am trying to bring to my new subject matter an even greater and stronger plastic quality and I shall never make my art subsidiary to subject matter."

He is a simple man, of simple tastes, deeply concerned with the routine of his home and with the education of his children. Winter and summer, he rises long before six and, even as in the old student days, brews his own coffee. He reads the newspaper thoroughly, as he is interested in what is going on. Half an hour after having finished the news of the day he is busy thinking of his work. He paints a new canvas or ponders upon an old one, refreshing it with just the subtly correct touch of paint. He loves to make his own frames; he builds beautiful ones. He travels little. He enjoys driving in the country to study landscape and to observe particularly the effects of light. He refers to his beloved trees in a manner which would assure M. Rousseau, were he alive today, that his old friend has *not* forgotten Nature. ⧺

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Down Among the Sheltering Palms

Continued from page 55

year and their attending the Senior Prom together had been a foregone conclusion. It had been thrilling—the white flannels—the corsage of roses and sweet peas (High School Special—seventy-five cents)—the gang all parking their cars together—the feeling of maturity which came from having graduated the night before—and then it had happened.

Clyde couldn't remember what had been wrong or why Pauline and he had quarreled, but there he was on the steps outside Room 110 alone and tragic. She had made it very definite. She just didn't want to have anything to do with a boy who did—what *was* it he *had* done? Anyway Pauline had made it definite. They were through—finished. Young Clyde stood there looking out at the mists rising from the hills back of the high school and he knew that never in all his life would he be as unhappy as he was at that moment.

And then he heard what the orchestra was playing. It was *their* tune, the one Pauline had played on the piano at home, the one to which they had danced together so ecstatically at the Yacht Club only the week before. *Down Among the Sheltering Palms.*

Pauline had nestled her head on his shoulder and said with a sigh, "That's *our* tune, isn't it, Clyde?" And he had answered, just a little bit scared at the wonder of it all, "It sure is, Polly, I'll never forget it."

And now it was all over between them. Pauline was inside dancing with someone else and he was out there alone in the night. The laughter and the gaiety and the music—they were for other people but not for him, never. He would go on through life, smiling just a little bitterly, remembering the past, and people would wonder what hidden secret lay behind that sternly set jaw and those piercing gray eyes. But he would keep it as *his* memory, his memory of what might have been.

And so he stood there, rather hoping that someone would notice his lonely vigil, while Olsen's Seven Syncopators played his song—*their* song, "Down Among the Sheltering Palms—my honey waits for me—"

Clyde smiled tenderly to himself as he thought of the boy of over twenty years ago. Of course they had made up the next night and of course their romance had lasted only a few months more, but he had always had a warm spot in his heart for his first love affair.

Pauline had married a local boy, Ted Evans, who had taken over the men's shop, Evans Toggery, when his father had died. Clyde had not seen her since his sophomore year at college, but he had spoken to her on the phone three years ago when he went home to speak at the annual Chamber of Commerce banquet. Wonder what would have happened if he and Pauline had married? She must have a few regrets when she saw how well he had done in New York. After all, to be Clyde Wallace's wife was one thing and to be Ted Evans' wife—wonder if she remembered *Down Among the Sheltering Palms?* Of course, *he* had about forgotten it until that evening, but women were different. They remembered. Did she ever hum it to herself or play it on the piano and wish somewhat wistfully that she had had the foresight to . . .

At that moment Clyde had an impulse, an absolutely uncontrollable impulse. After all he *was* a romanticist at heart. It wouldn't be disloyal to Louise. After all that was all over and done with years ago. It was just that he wondered if Pauline . . .

Clyde went into his study and carefully closed the door. Not that he didn't want Louise to hear him, of course. For a moment he drummed on the desk with a pencil, and as he caught a view of himself in the mirror, he fancied that there was a haunting smile of great tenderness playing over his features. He picked up the receiver and in two or three minutes he had Harold Arlen on the wire.

"Hello, Arlen, this is Clyde Wallace. Great program tonight—I certainly *did* listen in. Think I'd miss my own brain child? Listen Arlen, I have a number I'd like to have you play for me next week. What? Oh, just a piece called *Down Among the Sheltering Palms.* It's an old one goes way back to 1914 I should say, before you were born—ha ha—Can you do it? That's fine. I'll be listening in for it. Okay—good-bye."

As Clyde hung up the receiver he reached for a sheet of notepaper, took forth a large gold fountain pen and began to write:

Dear Pauline:

I suppose you'll be surprised to hear from me after all these years, but to tell the truth I've been thinking of you tonight. Yessir, thinking about little Polly Everett that I used to go to school with.

Surprised? Well, maybe you'll be more surprised if you listen in to the Mello-glo program one week from tonight—the Memory Hour.

As you may or may not know, my agency is handling the program, as a matter of fact, it's my idea and I've arranged for something to take place on it next week just for your benefit. What do you think of that? For you alone! Can't tell you what it is, but listen in and see how good your memory is.

And here's another surprise. I'm going to call you up after the program is over to see what you think of it—meaning the surprise. Be sure to be home. It'll be very interesting to talk to you after all these years. Don't forget the Mem-

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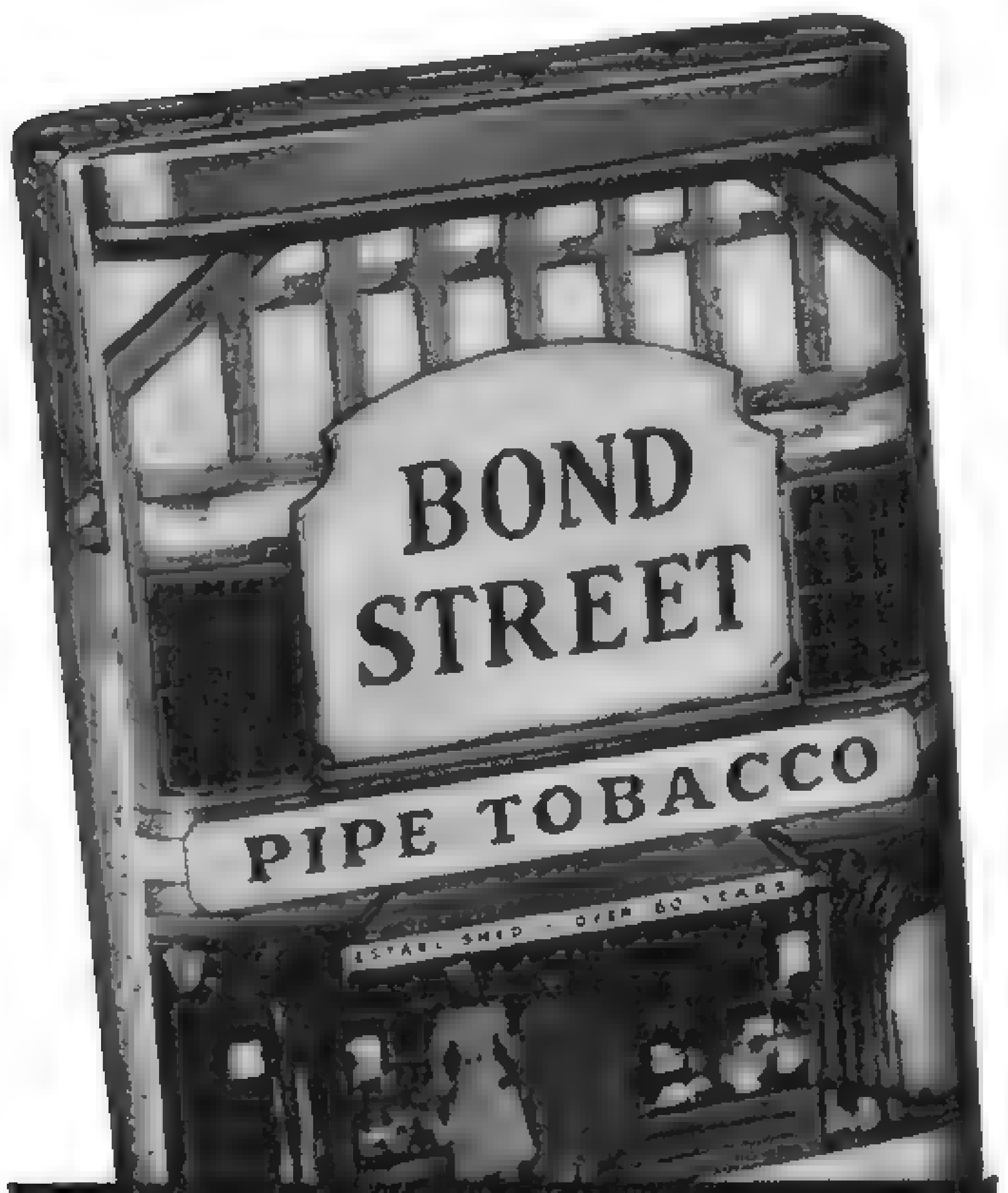

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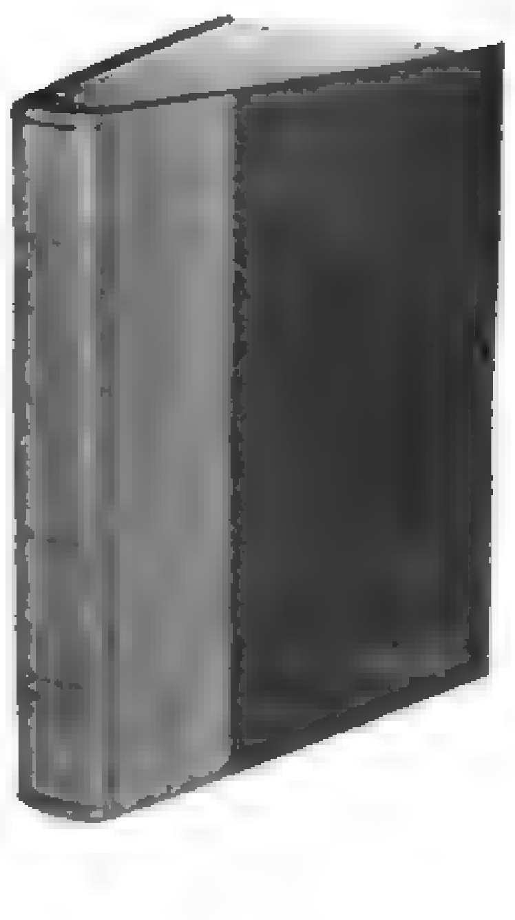

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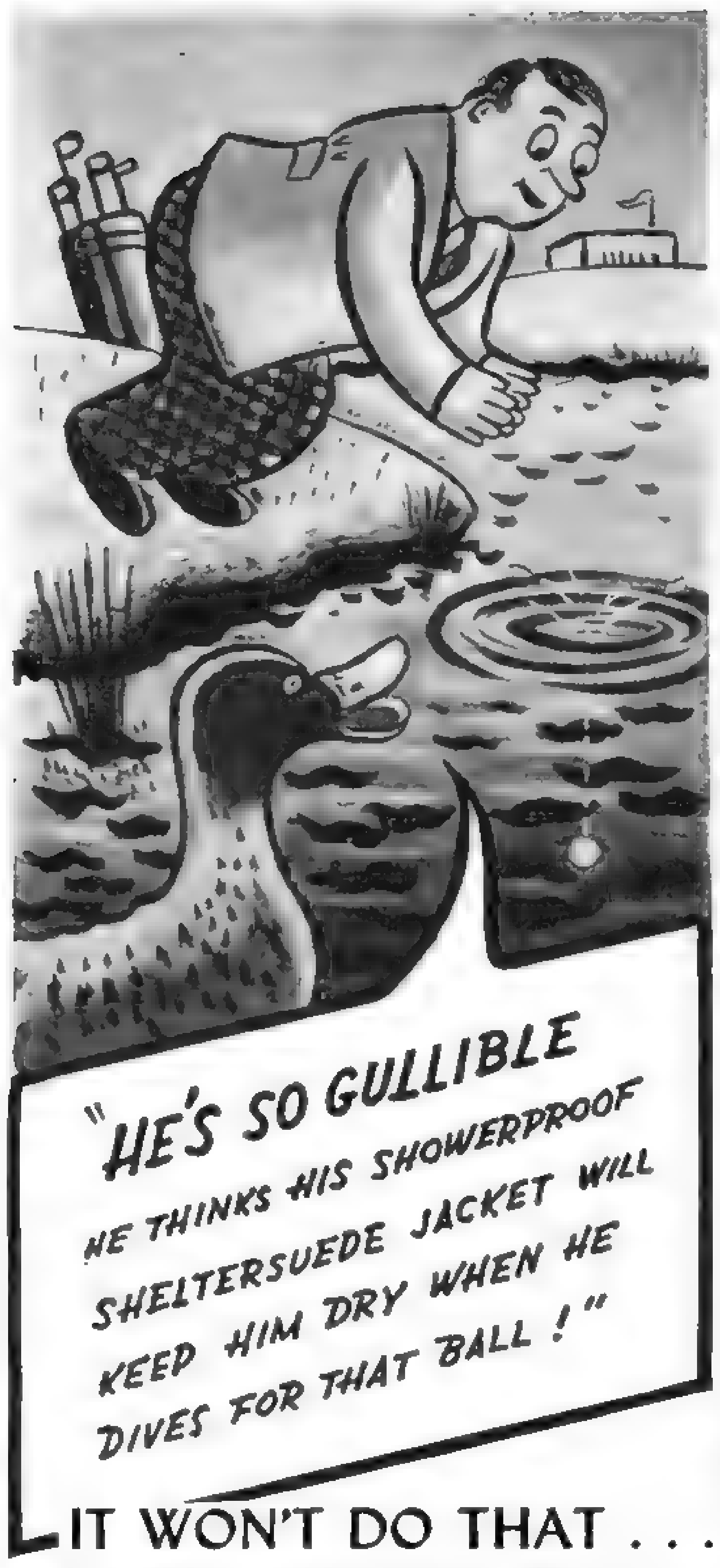

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IT'S NOT A DIVING SUIT . . .
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Leading leather jacket makers have supplied men's stores everywhere with popular-priced jackets in Lawrence's SHELTERSUEDE. Look for this tag when you visit the store — it's your guarantee of genuine SHELTERSUEDE.

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Send me free Date Book.

Name________________
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ory Hour next Thursday sponsored by Mello-glo, the cigarette of *memories*.

Sincerely yours,
CLYDE (Wallace, in case you've forgotten)

P.S.—Regards to Ted.

* * *

The following Thursday, Clyde received a message at the office from his wife. It seemed that it was the maid's afternoon off and Louise had promised the children to take them to the early show at the neighborhood movie. They would be back about eight and would Clyde please have dinner before he came home.

Clyde was somewhat relieved and not a little satisfied. The program was on the air from 7:30 to 8:00.

This would give him the freedom of the apartment for his romantic interlude and he could probably put his call in to Pauline before the family returned. It wasn't that he minded Louise knowing, but she was very practical minded and she probably would be inclined to joke with him about it. To Clyde, this whimsical contact with the past was not a joke. It was something sweet and tender and—well after all, a man did have his memories.

As he went down in the elevator he was humming *Down Among the Sheltering Palms* to himself. He dropped into a favorite bar on the way home for a couple of cocktails and as he said goodnight to the bartender, he was still humming the old tune. On the way uptown, he stopped off at a semi-English restaurant for dinner, rather fancying the picture of a quiet, somewhat mysterious gentleman dining alone at his favorite chop-house. He wondered if anyone noticed his air of aloofness, and the careless epicurean manner in which he ordered his oysters, the mixed grill, the green salad with garlic rubbed around the bowl, the fresh strawberries in sherry and the demi-tasse and brandy.

It was 7:15 when he inserted the key in his door and it was 7:25 when he settled himself in the big armchair before the radio with a whiskey and soda beside him. As his gaze traveled about the penthouse living room so far from Edgemont and so different, the same quizzical smile was playing about his lips. Clyde Wallace, man-about-town, was really a small-town boy about to re-live the old days. It was true, he was a romanticist at heart!

He reached over and pushed out the lights, leaving the room illuminated only by the glow from the city streets below. The chimes struck, the station identification was given and then came the opening announcement.

"Mello-glo, the cigarette of memories, presents the Mello-glo Memory Hour." Then the soft opening strains of the theme song.

Clyde took a deep draught of the whiskey and soda, opened his vest, unfastened the top button on his trousers and slid luxuriously down into the chair to span the years and be a youth again back in the home town, back there on the high school steps on that misty June night so long ago.

* * *

Another key turned in the lock, the door opened and a babble of voices filled the foyer. Clyde stirred uneasily.

"I guess father isn't home yet," said Louise. "Put on the lights in the living room, Junior."

"That was a lousy picture," said Junior, as he pressed the switch. "They didn't even get to use that machine gun."

"Why mother," exclaimed Anne, "here's father asleep in his chair."

Louise entered the living room. "Bless his heart. Was him a lonely old bachelor waiting for his family?"

"Wake up, Pop," shouted Junior, "the house is on fire!"

Clyde jumped to his feet. "Wha-what's the matter?"

"Junior, that will do. Go and get ready for bed, at once," said Louise, "It's past your hour, now."

"What time is it," exclaimed Clyde in bewilderment.

Louise looked at her watch. "Just 8:16. I'm glad you took a nap because we'll probably be over at the Clendenning's pretty late. It's bridge tonight. How was the program?"

"The program—," muttered Clyde, "Oh—it was—er—okay."

"We've got to leave in fifteen minutes," Louise continued, "I'll get the children to bed. Hannah will be back at 8:30 to stay with them. Come on, children, scoot now, mother has to change her dress and I want you to be all tucked in by the time father and I are ready to leave."

Clyde was left alone again. Mechanically he reached over and turned off the radio which was still playing. As his head cleared he smiled to himself, but this time it was a bitter smile, not a whimsical one.

Louise and the children had walked into tragedy and out again, without even knowing it. He, Clyde Wallace, had had romance within his grasp—and he had fallen asleep!

He could hear Fate laughing at him, mockingly.

Well, there was only one thing to do. He must carry it off somehow with Pauline. Sitting back there in Edgemont before her radio she had heard the music of the past and she had been touched, just as he had planned she should be.

And she had thought of him far away in New York sitting before *his* radio and between them, in spite of the distance of time and space, had been the sweet dead ashes of their young romance. Pauline must never know.

He closed the study door behind him and as he dialed long distance, his smile of bitterness turned to one of cynicism.

A man's voice answered.

"Hello—er—Ted?"

"No, want to speak to Ted?"

"No, no, I want to speak to

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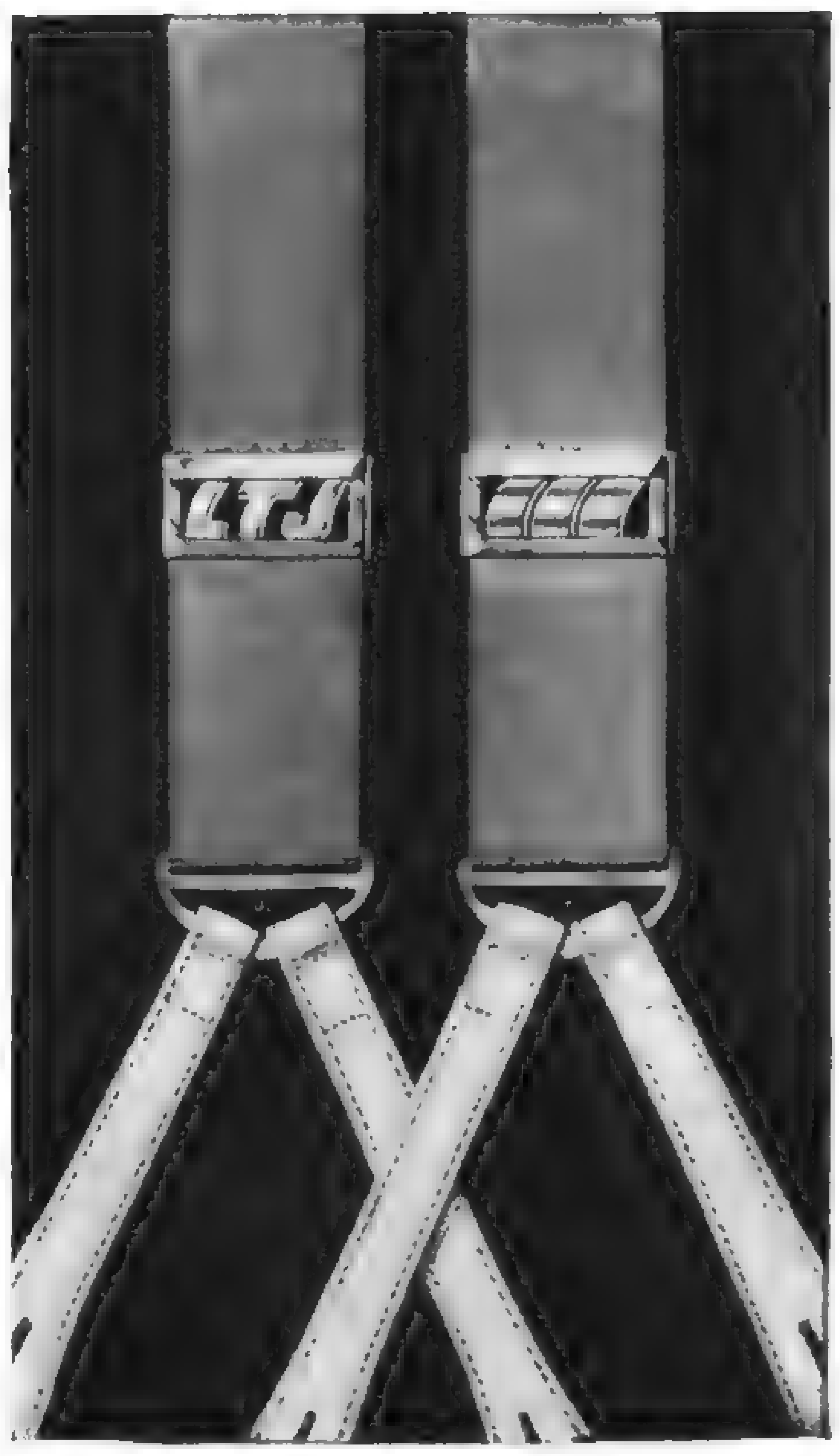

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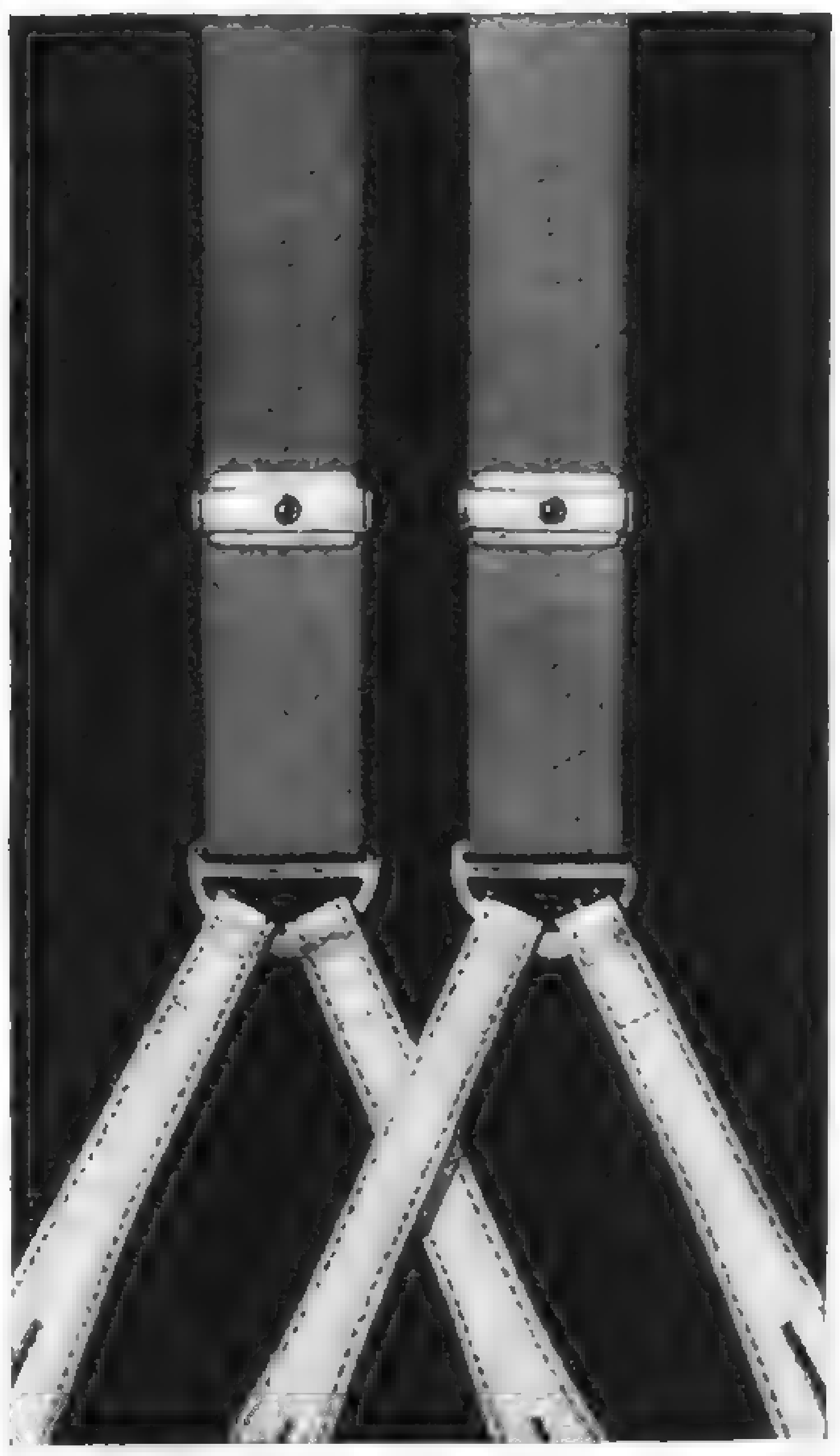

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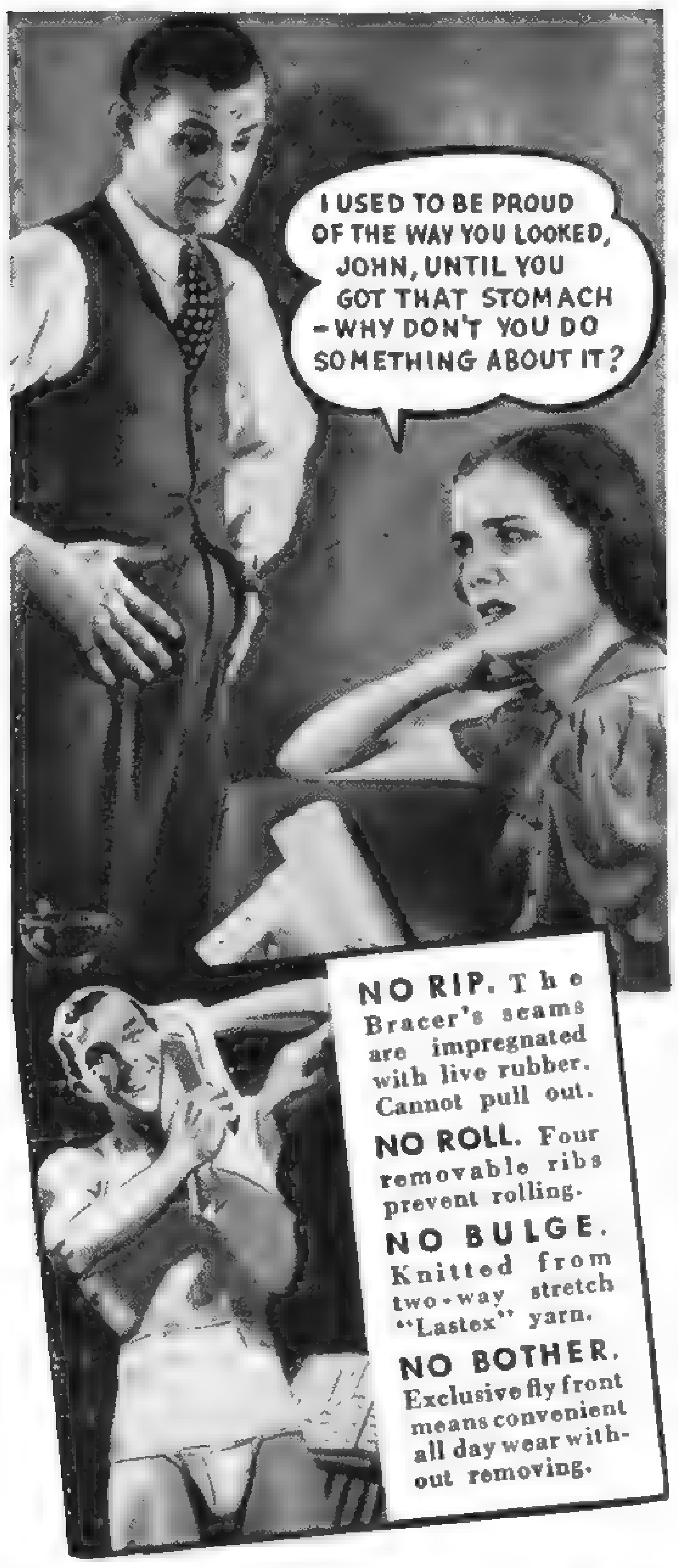
I USED TO BE PROUD OF THE WAY YOU LOOKED, JOHN, UNTIL YOU GOT THAT STOMACH - WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT?

NO RIP. The Bracer's seams are impregnated with live rubber. Cannot pull out.

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NO BOTHER. Exclusive fly front means convenient all day wear without removing.

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Down Among the Sheltering Palms

Continued from pages 55-169

Paul—to Mrs. Evans, please."

"Okay—hold the line."

While he waited Clyde could hear a confusion of voices at the other end of the wire. Laughter and the shrill voice of some woman shouting. They had had company and Pauline had probably crept away to some secluded room where she could listen, alone with her memories. Poor kid. Well, he didn't let her down.

"Hello?"

"Hello, Polly?"

"Yes."

"This is Clyde."

"Who?"

"Clyde—Clyde Wallace."

"I can't hear you."

"This is Clyde Wallace—in New York."

"Oh yes, of course. Hello Clyde."

"Are you—where you can talk?"

"Sure, wait until I close the door."

The sounds ceased.

"It's awfully nice of you to call, Clyde."

"Well, I—I just wanted to talk to you. I said I would in my letter."

"I know you did. It was good to hear from you again. How are you?"

"I'm fine, thanks—and—you?"

"Oh, I'm fine—just lost six pounds—you wouldn't know me."

"I—I guess I wouldn't after all these years. Did you—hear the program, Polly?"

"What?"

"Did you hear the program?"

"Oh, the program—of course I did. You *wanted* me to listen, didn't you?"

"Certainly, I put that song in especially for you."

"What?"

"I say I put that song in for *you!*"

"Put *what* in? I can't hear you very well."

"Why—the—our song—didn't you hear it?"

"Which song?"

"Why, *Down Among the Sheltering Palms.*"

"Oh, yes—of course I did, Clyde. It was lovely."

"Wasn't it a surprise to hear it again?"

"*Was* it! A *great* surprise."

"Did it sound just like it used to?"

"Just the same, Clyde."

"They don't make songs any better, do they, Polly?"

"No, they don't."

"Did it bring back memories?"

"Bring back, what?"

"Memories."

"Oh, yes, of course it did, Clyde."

"A lot of water has gone over the dam since then, Polly."

"The damn what?"

"I say, a lot of water has gone over the dam."

"Oh, yes it has."

"Maybe sometime we can get together and talk over the old days."

"I'd love to, Clyde. When will you be coming back home?"

Was there a wistfulness in her voice?

"Well, I don't know. I'm pretty busy here in New York, you know. It's hard for me to get away."

"I suppose it is."

"Well—I—I just wanted you to hear that, Polly."

"It was sweet of you to remember me, Clyde."

"I—*did* remember, Polly."

"It's—it's a fine orchestra."

"Yes, it is. We got the best one available. Well—Polly—maybe some day we'll meet *down among the sheltering palms.*"

"Meet where?"

"Down among the sheltering palms."

"I hope so, Clyde. This connection isn't very good."

"Well, guess I'd better say good-bye."

"All right—and thanks ever so much for calling."

"After all, when we reach our age, Polly, memories count, don't they?"

"Yes, indeedy."

"Good-bye—Polly."

"Good-bye, Clyde."

Good old Polly! Carrying on. She wouldn't let him know how the old song had affected her. They both had their separate paths to go.

And besides she could not take any chances that Ted might overhear their conversation. Clyde was glad that he had dissembled. It wouldn't have been kind to Polly to let her know he hadn't heard *their* song.

The telephone rang. Clyde picked it up with a sigh.

"Hello."

"Hello, Mr. Wallace?"

"Yes, Clyde Wallace speaking."

"This is Harold Arlen."

"Oh yes, how are you?"

Clyde thought quickly. He must lie to Arlen, too.

"I suppose you think I'm an awful heel."

"Why?"

"Well, after promising to play your number and then not doing it."

"What!"

"I was afraid you'd be burning, so I thought I'd better call you right away. We went wrong in our timing and we just couldn't get it in. I tried to, but we'd have run way over."

"Oh—that's all right."

"How about next week, Mr. Wallace? I'll promise it sure, next time."

"Oh, never mind, Allen—it—it doesn't matter."

"Gee, I'm terribly sorry, honest."

"That's okay—don't worry about it."

Clyde hung up the receiver with a heavy hand. Suddenly the door opened and Junior stood there with the back of his pajamas held in his hand.

"Hey Pop, button up the flap on these darn pajamas, will you?"

Clyde buttoned up the flap. #

Richard Arlen

DEMONSTRATES NEW
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"I CALL IT THE WONDER COLLAR," *says* Richard Arlen, 20th Century-Fox star appearing in "STRAIGHT, PLACE & SHOW." "Real stiff collar neatness with soft collar comfort. What more could a man ask?"

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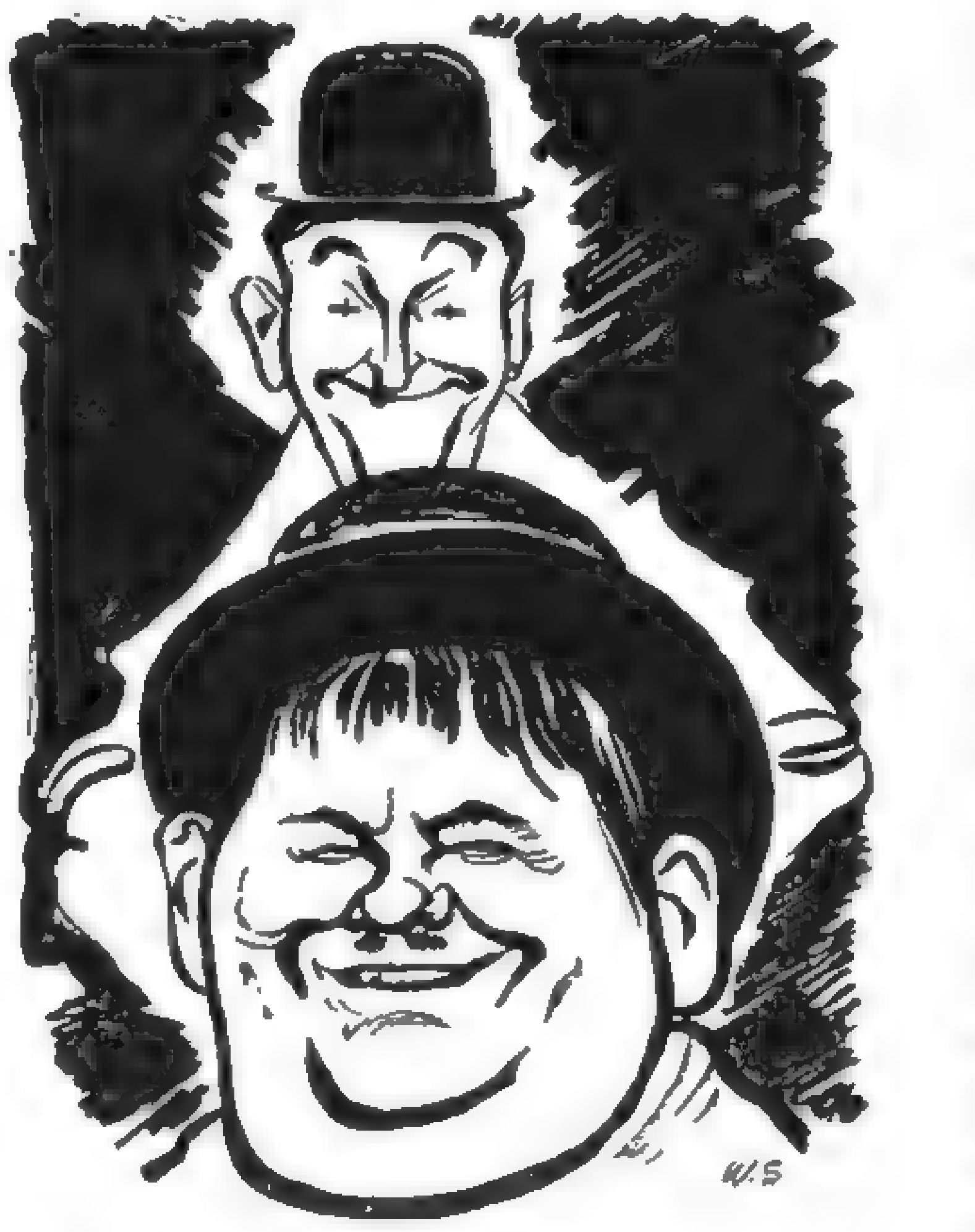
The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 92

dilection for sloppy diction, is supported by the Viennese actress, Hedy Lamarr, notorious for her nudist activities in a rather awful Czechoslovakian cinematique, called *Ecstasy*, of some summers past. Her studio, at this time of writing, is going somewhat slightly nuts at the expectation of discovering a new money making star. See Anna Sten.

Port of Seven Seas will be an old timer when you read this, but if you missed it the first time around, you might very well grab it off at one of the lowlier houses. Here Hollywood takes hokum and somehow manages to dignify it with warmth, color, humor and charm. Its insignificant persons are the Marseilles waterfront innkeeper, whose son loves a pretty proprietor of an oyster stand, and a rich old sailmaker, who loves her too. The son runs off to sea, unaware that he leaves his true love pregnant. When he returns the baby is deeply ensconced in the great heart of the old sailmaker. A fine actor with a role of which he is enamored is an excellent thing for a picture to have. Frank Morgan, as the rich sailmaker who cares naught for the morals of the business so long as he can have a youngster to call his own, shakes off the comedy flutters and stammers, and here dexterously contrives a completely believable characterization. I understand that this script was kicked around from studio to studio for several years until assigned to the fully competent Preston Sturges, author of *Strictly Dishonorable*, who finally managed to sweat a screen play out of it for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Good going.



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None of the studios contemplates, so far as I can discover from poring over advance notices of pictures in production, the exploitation of the jitterbug. A jitterbug, as I understand it, is an amorphous being sprung from the intermarriage of a jam session and a corny saxophone. They feed on swing. Their worldly dictator is Mr. Benny Goodman. There are literally millions of them of both sexes; they are hardy and will flourish in any climate. They have white teeth and lithe bodies and are natural actors—like primitive people everywhere they are naïve and without self-consciousness. They will perform either to *St. Louis Blues*, if it is orchestrated daffily enough, or to *Flat Foot Floogie With the Floy-Floy*. There are probably enough jitterbugs right in Hollywood to fill Paramount's largest sound stage. There is no question but that a homely little story threading the batty and abandoned dance floor gymnastics of our swing addicts into a movie pattern would not only serve as an honorable anthropological record, but would make somebody a lot of money.

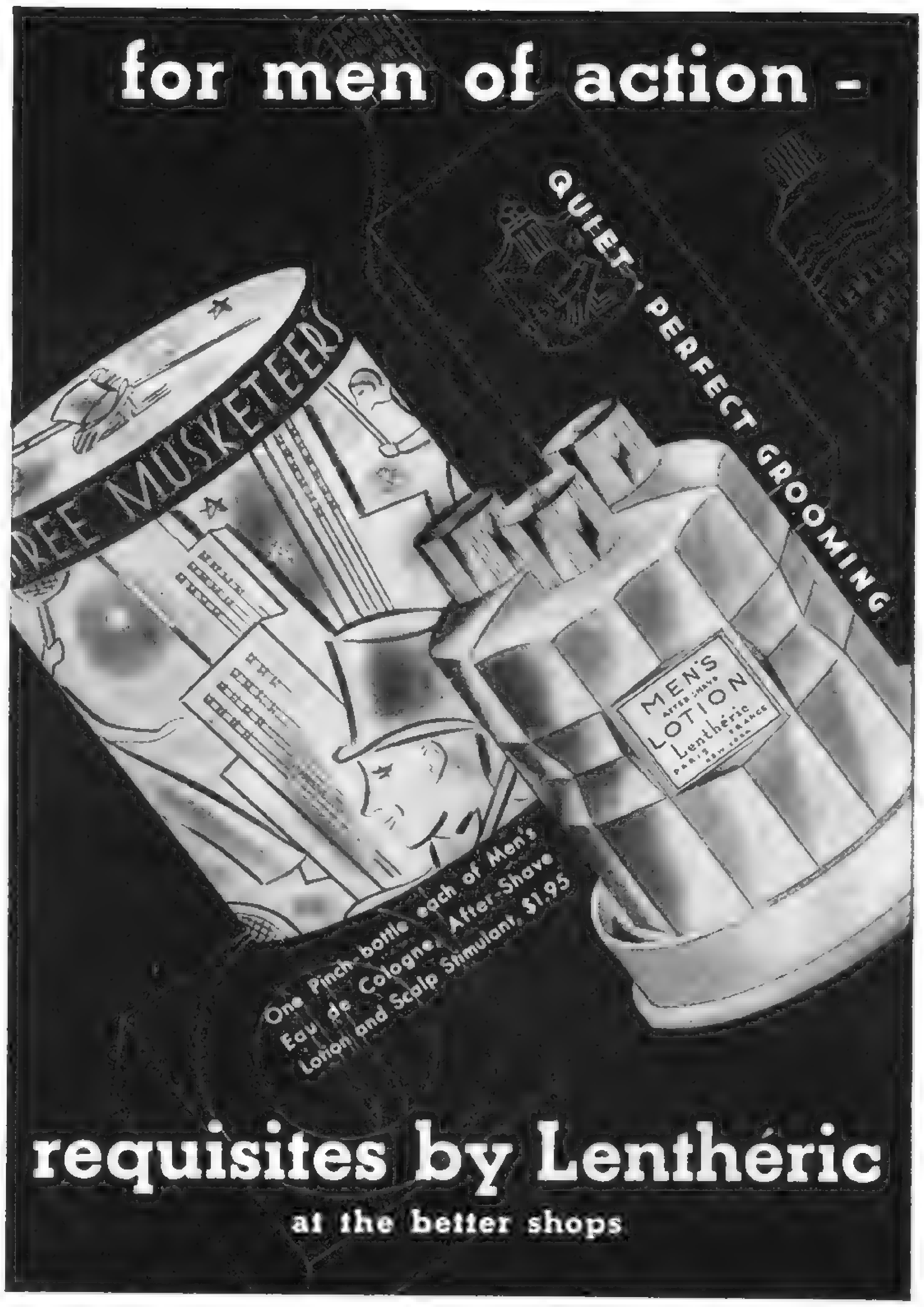
THE AMAZING MR. ROBINSON

The star system is the black beast of the cinematic art. Abroad it is not unusual for movie makers to employ peasants, simple people artless and untrained, to re-enact the routines of their daily lives, thus achieving a kind of pastoral poetry. The only pastoral poetry issuing from Hollywood is our horse operas, the cowboy heroes of which you might admit were simple people, artless and untrained. We over here are flesh merchants. We exist in thrall to the publicity-created personality. These become the meaty symbols of a fantastically popular diversion, the figures that cast the shadows in Shadowland. Their excellence is capable of blinding us to the inconceivably silly. Aware of being hoodwinked by this legerdemain, I nevertheless confess that I will go to see Edward G. Robinson in anything.

Happily, Robinson's latest picture current at the moment is not just anything, but the successful stage piece of last season called *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse*. It was Sir Cedric Hardwicke who created the title role in the London and New York originals. I am an admirer of the abilities of Sir Cedric but patriotic as the Daughters of the American Revolution when it comes to one of my favorite actors. Robinson enunciates here his speeches in impeccable periods, but I think I am safe in defying Sir Cedric to play the title part in *Little Caesar*. Warner Brothers' cameras faithfully reproduce the movie version of the London play wherein a society physician, in the interest of scientific research, embarks upon a life of crime, his purpose to report from first hand the abnormal impulses which foment and excite the hoodlum and the mobster. It is gripping stuff all the way through. Robinson's poise when he is committing his scientific crimes is grand theatre. It is entertainment handsomely mounted and acted, which brings me to the gripe of the evening.

My movie attendance notes that members of the Screen Writers' Guild have been reading books again. Suddenly, for no reason on

Continued on page 172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with two trousers

The PACE-SETTER
A NEW SUIT BY *Raleigh*
For the Well Dressed Man With THRIFTY *Ideas*

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 92-171

earth, a character on the screen will bust out with an impassioned denunciation of capitalism. At one point in the above proceedings, when Clitterhouse chides the lady fence for her lawless activities, she exclaims that marketing stolen jewels is no more reprehensible than profiting from the rents of filthy tenement houses or manipulating stocks in Wall Street. I respectfully submit that until Hollywood is ready to produce such works of social revolt as those, for example, of Dos Passos, of Farrell and Steinbeck, let us say, whose powerful novels are yet anathema along Hollywood Boulevard, they quit tossing sops of economic sophism to the members of the CIO in the audience during the course of what was otherwise designed as simple entertainment. The hypocrisy ill becomes these innocents, and it stops the show.

BALONEY, ALAS!

Broom handles, girdles, motor cars and movies are manufactured in great commercial plants by men who sit around in well appointed offices and rack their brains over methods of making money, a pastime inherited from antiquity. To expect a movie manufacturer to differ from the remainder of mankind is to insult his outstanding virtue. Past experience has convinced most motion picture executives that baloney, if wrapped in attractive packages, is their most reliable staple. During the present summer months the studios have been slicing their baloney pretty thin, but it took Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to grow hair on it. The hirsute bit of delicatessen to which I refer, stuffed in celluloid by a quartet of local literary butchers, is Robert Taylor's present starring vehicle, *The Crowd Roars*. His sobriquet in this opus is Killer McCoy; his limbs are virile, his chest matted, and he wears faultless dinner clothes but once during the whole picture. I don't know what more even the most exacting moviegoer could possibly require except perhaps a plausible story.

Ah, the story! Well, we open up on Bob as a kid choirboy. His old man, Frank Morgan, is a has-been vaudeville performer. Young Bob sings for a prize fight crowd at which the champ, William Gargan, is refereeing. Business, business, and so forth and so forth and so forth; finally young Bob himself becomes a promising contender simply by squeezing a rubber ball all the time between his fingers. Ma dies. Deviously it comes about that Bob is matched with his old pal, Bill Gargan, now ex-champ; the ex-champ hints that he'd like to win this fight, he needs the dough for the wife and kiddies. Bob, who beneath that rough and hairy he-man exterior has a heart of gold, tries to let him win, but unfortunately there is so much dynamite in his right (developed from squeezing rubber balls incessantly) that he not only floors the ex-champ but is responsible for his death. Boy, does he feel lousy! Honestly, he gives the whole purse to Miss Isabel Jewell, the ex-champ's widow.

Now wait a minute. Don't go away. Bob's father, a bit of a stew-bum, sells his contract to Edward Arnold, bigshot gambler. Bob, pretty upset, slaps the old man for his treachery, quits the ring, and becomes a drifter. Drifting isn't what it's cracked up to be, however, so he decides to make his pile first, then get out of the game. He propositions Gambler Arnold, and they decide to get long odds by playing him up as a fighter without a right (probably banking on all the sports writers being morons too, or suffering from psychic trauma, since they had recently observed him kill his pal with a merely accidental blow of his amazing right hand).

Well, sir, he goes to Gambler Arnold's Connecticut place to train, and lo and behold, who do you suppose lives there but Maureen O'Sullivan, Arnold's beautiful daughter, who thinks her father is a Wall Street broker. Not only that, but she's attending a swanky New England girls' school—at her age.

There's a great deal more of the same stalwart baloney, but we'll spare you it in the interests of the higher criticism. Even so-so satirists can poke fun at the plots of greater masterpieces than *The Crowd Roars*. The point in all this is that every resource of one of Hollywood's greatest factories is here employed to provide a starring vehicle for its most flourishing male star. Skilled mechanics in the science of narrative technique have directed, photographed, and pasted its scenes together; the best actors procurable have been paid staggering fees to perform its roles. It is so artfully staged that one hardly aches as the incredibly inane drama unfolds itself upon the screen. I am informed that it is playing to full houses in a bad season *De gustibus non est disputandum*—there is no arguing tastes with the box office. This must be what the folks want. ⧺

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 90

I suggested *The English Singers.* He came back flabbergasted. In twenty years of concert-going in Vienna he had not heard a single Elizabethan madrigal, did not know the music of Byrd, Locke and Morley.

Undoubtedly, we get the best from everywhere. With few exceptions, the ranking musicians of Austria, Spain, England, Italy, Norway, of every country, come to us. There is not a single musician in Europe, from Land's End to Erivan, who does not want to come to America, not only because of the money he expects to flow into his pockets but because of the prestige of an American appearance.

That's a brand new idea to many of us. So long have we read about the "world famous prima donna from La Scala" and the "celebrated conductor of the Vienna Philharmonic"—that it takes a while for the notion to soak in that actually, European artists earn more money at home *after* they have appeared in New York. The reason is that we have selected, commanded even, the best artists (not to mention some of the worst) from over the world. And when anyone comes here and succeeds, where competition is keenest, he is thought to be doubly good.

There isn't a conductor in the whole of Europe who wouldn't give his eye teeth to conduct one of our major orchestras. That is something we have a right to be cocky about but, to keep the record straight, let's not get any inflated idea that it's the result of any innate superiority on our part. In the final analysis, it is because of our wealth. Because, geographically and economically, we are a most favored people. We enjoy a standard of living which permits such artistic riches as we incontestably do have.

It may be that we do not approach music with the same spirit of reverence and mysticism as do the Teutonic peoples, that song is not in our blood as it is in the Italians', but it is true we have acquired a genuine appreciation for the old classics and a growing sensitivity and alertness to modern music. The fact is that so many talented musicians have come here to spread the gospel and we have been such willing, eager disciples, that our conversion has been rapid and complete.

We have not been content, either, merely to borrow European culture. We have artists and a music of our own. Today, no more beautiful voices exist than those developed here in the United States. There is not a warmer, more luscious dramatic soprano in the world than Connecticut-born Rosa Ponselle's. There is not a baritone anywhere, the quality of whose voice surpasses that of Lawrence Tibbett, John Charles Thomas, Richard Bonelli, Nelson Eddy . . . all born in this country.

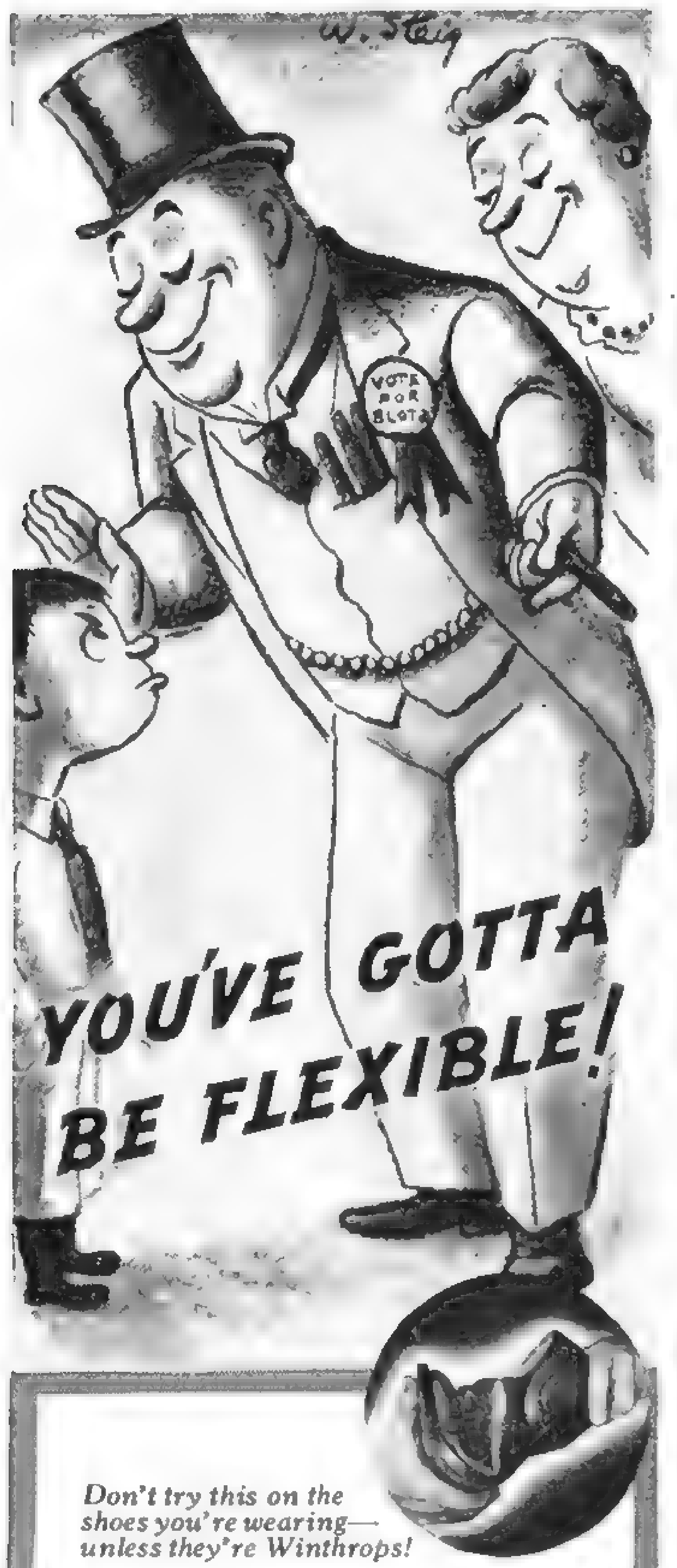
The fame of these singers is not local. It has spread everywhere. The largest hook-up in the history of Australian broadcasting, for example, was for Lawrence Tibbett's recent farewell concert there. And the most widely acclaimed singer in Europe today: the woman who sells out a dozen concerts in Moscow or Tiflis, who draws the most listeners, not only in New York but in Vienna, Geneva, Helsinki and Paris—who, Sibelius says, has a "heart in her throat"—is Philadelphia's Marian Anderson.

America has instrumentalists, too. The highest-paid and most popular violinist in any city of the world where he appears is California-born Yehudi Menuhin. These are the headliners, of course. And there are many other American talents about which we can be snooty. But we are so accustomed to hollering for the best, to enjoying the cream of the world's talent, that we don't take time to prepare and encourage the youngsters who are only on their way. If it were as easy and inexpensive to practice conducting as it is to sing, I am sure we would have half a dozen great American conductors. But it takes seventy or eighty men to practice conducting, whereas any of us can sing in our own bathtubs. And so it is that too many of our young conductors, when they get a chance to squeeze in and conduct, have to go on unprepared.

But the time will come when we will have conductors worthy to rank among the best, just as we may have composers worthy to rank along with some of the old boys. They will grow naturally out of our soil and our culture, and produce a music that will say something worthy of being said.

Already we have produced a music that is distinctively our own —jazz. Perhaps its values are transient, but they are real to millions of people. This summer, thousands packed concert halls and stadiums over the country to hear the music of George Gershwin. Other millions heard it broadcast. And it is not only Americans who like it. European music lovers have a higher regard for it than we have any idea. I was in London last year when Gershwin died and his death caused a much bigger stir than Ravel's some months later. Newspapers carried full-page stories of his life and work. Thousands felt a personal loss at the American composer's passing.

The tunes of Irving Berlin are loved and sung everywhere from Lapland to the Arabian Desert, and our swing music has a following abroad that is not unlike baseball's, even, in this country. All this music is our exclusive creation which no European can copy. There is no reason why we should not take an honest pride in our progress, and flaunt a few feathers in our caps over the fact that we have a musical life that for richness and variety and quality can be compared with nowhere else on the face of the globe. ⧺



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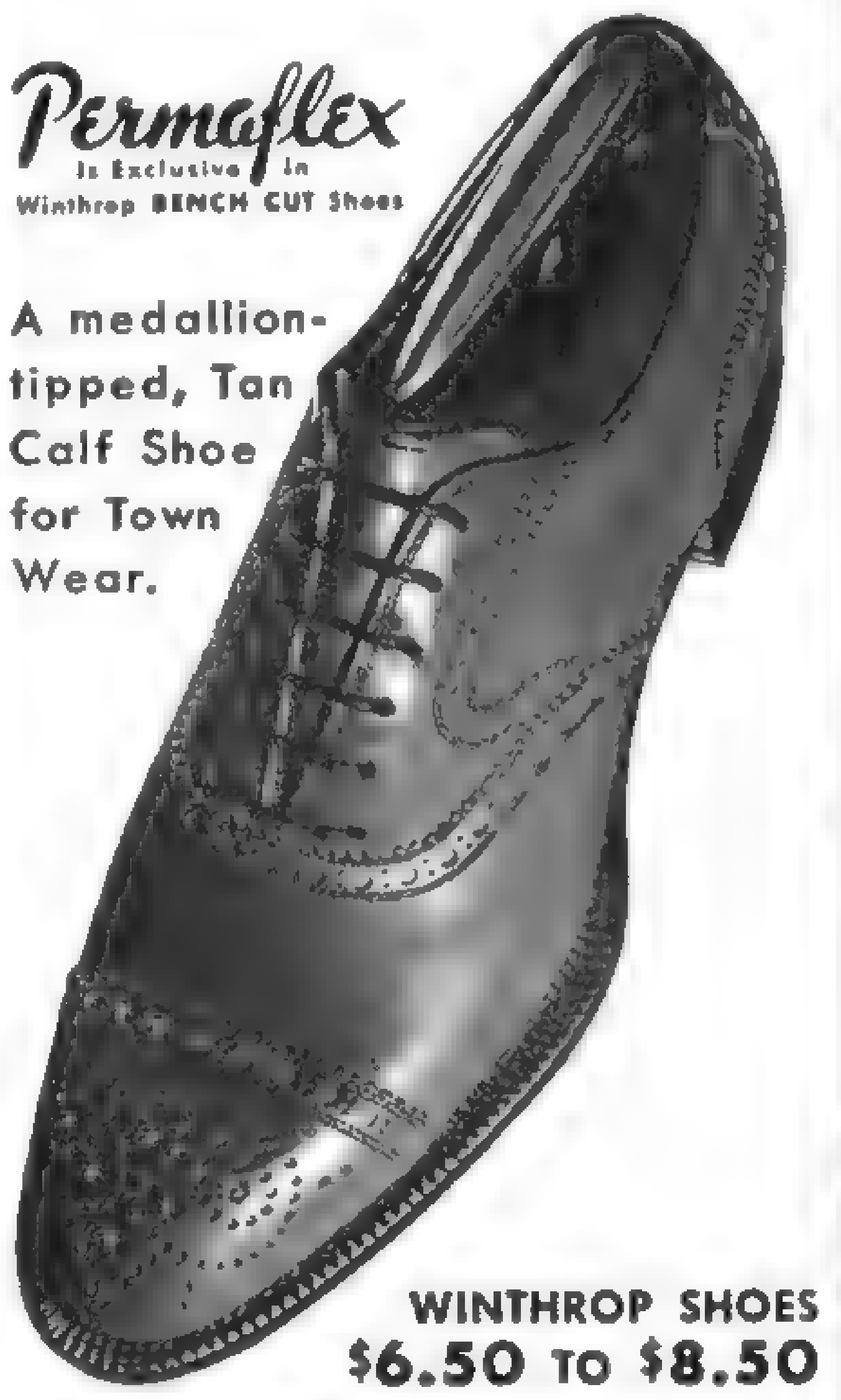

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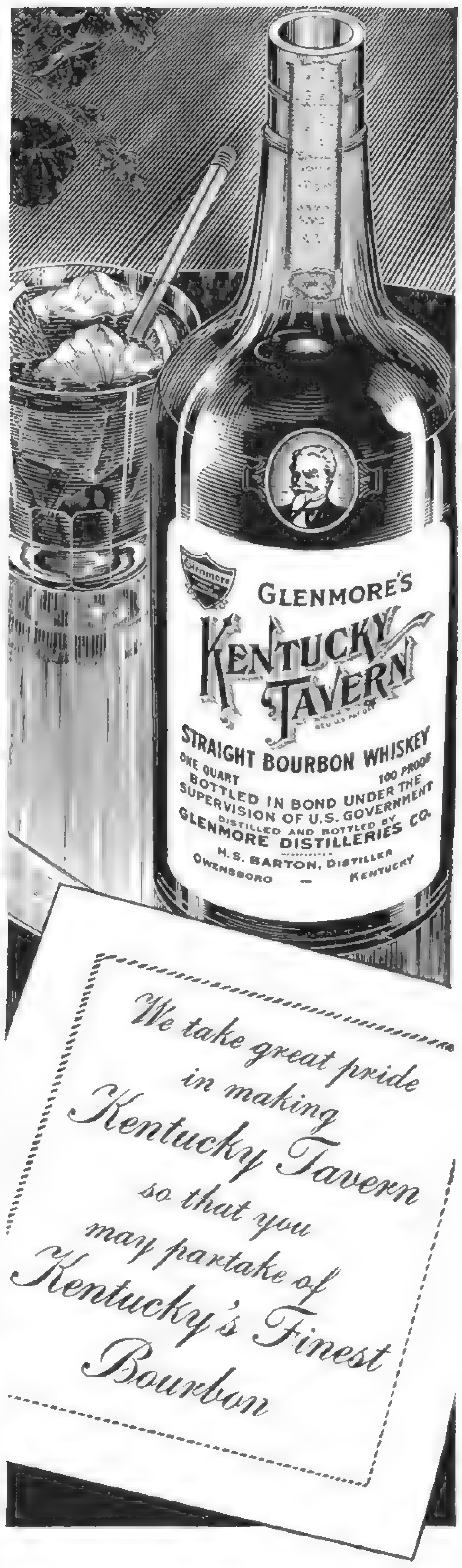
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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 10-12

MANN MELODY LINGERS

Please forgive this intrusion upon your time and attention. But you see, I've been in Italy going on four years now as a moderately hard working foreign correspondent for one of the most exigent of our American news agencies, and I'm just a little bit fed up on seeing guys like this Kenneth Mann come over here, slosh around the bars for a couple of days and then make themselves a couple hundred bucks writing pieces for your very excellent magazine.

It's guys like Mann—and editors like you who buy and print stuff such as he churns out—that make it tough for the working press. Mussolini has a perfect right to beef about the kind of reporting he gets in articles such as Mr. Mann furnished you in the August issue (The New Italy).

Now of course it is no skin off your particular elbow that we of the foreign press crowd are frowned down upon by the Italian government as a pack of lying so and so's. But honest, Mr. Gingrich, Mann's stuff is just the kind they get sore about down here. There isn't a correspondent here who, doing his job fearlessly and honestly, hasn't had occasion to take a good right-wing poke at some of Fascism's policies. They don't get sore about that. They do raise hell when just plain, malicious, ornery lies are printed about them.

Now of course this makes no difference to you who must run a very slick magazine for profit. And we realize you must cater to the tastes of your readers.

But by the living Holy Grail you have got a duty to perform as an editor. As such you have an obligation to readers. You must give them the truth. Now if Mr. Mann, after due study, had taken the Corporative State apart, neither I nor any of my colleagues would give a good hoot in hell! And neither would the Fascists. They would answer in kind, but it would end there.

But when Mr. Mann comes over here (or did he really come at all—did YOU see his passport stamps of entry and exit from Italy, incidentally?) and dishes out the kind of claptrap he wrote for you then you are guilty, like many editors in America today, of plain, ordinary robbery.

People pay for your magazine fifty cents. (Incidentally it costs us about $1.25 over here.) When they buy it they expect that little tag "article" under the title of the story to mean that what's contained therein is the truth. Or don't you care about truth? Are you merely out to make capital out of the fact that it is easy profit to badger dictators and not care a hoot as to the particular grounds upon which you attack.

There's lots more to criticize in Italy (from the Democratic point of view) than bellringers, which are non-existant, and beggars which ditto.

Now let's get down to brass tacks. Beggars CAN'T go on the streets, in Naples nor anywhere else and the occasional ones I've met up with, crawling home at three a. m. work-weary from the office, are the most inexpert I've ever seen anywhere, Spain, England, France—or my own Seventh Avenue.

No, I wouldn't class beggars or peddlers (who run at the least hint of annoyance from a stranger) as among the most efficient Italians.

Mann brought a remarkable perspicacity to bear when he could discern, merely by riding on a Neapolitan streetcar that it was run by a man who had worked in a Pennsylvania hat factory. Now ain't that cute? By the wiggle of the streetcar's hind end Mann KNEW.

Now just a little about the quality of Mann's reporting. He said he and his wife allowed one and a half hours for the run from the Swiss pension to the port to catch the Capri boat. The Mann couple arrived with half an hour to spare and Mann asserts he began talking with the motorman when he climbed on, ended when he collected Mrs. Mann to disembark. Therefore he talked with the conductor one whole hour. Must have been interesting conversation. I don't know a motorman anywhere in the world I'd find enough things to talk about with for one solid hour while he's operating a tram.

Another thing. Please tell Mr. Mann there's no shortage of cheese because Italians are using casein to make uniforms. The casein used in the manufacture of Lanital, artificial wool, comes from Denmark in thousands of tons—consult the U. S. Dept. of Commerce trade statistics. And Lanital is used exclusively for women's fabrics because it's been found by careful experiment it can't yet be used for men's clothes, including uniforms.

I don't think Mr. Mann was in Italy at all, come to think of it, because among other give-aways he quoted some things from guide books which are now out of use and print.

In conclusion, Mr. Gingrich, I accuse you of willfully (well you buy the stuff don't you?) fostering that wave of antipathy for the dictatorship countries which is augmenting war psychosis, stirring hatreds and paving the way for the eventual clash between these countries and the democracies. We've missed our chance to make friends of a mass of millions of people who don't think like we do. I believe it's impossible to go back now and mend the harm done. We've driven Italy into strange spiritual and material alliances. Her new relations are now solid, too solid for us to break, and the blood of the innocents to be slaughtered in the next war smears the hands of editors who have laid the ground work for it.

Rome, Italy A FRIEND OF YOURS

THE TUNIS MARCHING AND PANNING CLUB

I have just finished the article by John R. Tunis labeled: Sports—(Not Sportsmanship)—*To Hell With the Referee.*

I have been trying to recall where I ever saw this gentleman's name on any All-American or, in fact, connected with sports in any way. Have never known of him officiating in any sports, and he certainly talks from inexperience.

I cannot see any sense nor any good from an article such as this. If you had to pay any money for this article cannot understand who makes the selections and on what basis.

You cannot go back to the days of Walter Camp football but the game has advanced to the point where it attracts thousands of people and naturally must be handled efficiently. What happened fifty years ago certainly cannot happen today.

He mentioned the fact that football calls for the services of six officials. I wonder who this gentleman would like to have take the place of the two men who carry the head linesmen's outfit? What I cannot understand is the fact that he offers nothing better, and in my opinion criticism is in order when just and when one has something better to offer. I say To Hell With Mr. Tunis! Have him try running a few games with inefficient officials and see what happens.

A few more articles like this and your subscribers will merely look at the advertisements and pictures and let it go at that.

Yours very truly,

Springfield, Ill. RONALD J. GIBBS

Continued on page 176

MYSTIFY YOUR FRIENDS!

The ELEPHANT BAR

Most Unusual Liquor Dispenser Ever Created!

• Holds a fifth—but not a drink unless you know the pouring secret! . . . a tiny, hidden valve at the end of the trunk against which you press the glass. Draw glass away and flow stops without a bit of drip. Mystify guests by presumably pressing parts of the elephant with other hand. Baffles the smartest! Unbreakable metal; *fully glass lined.* Stands 10 inches high on solid walnut base. A handsome, useful object d'art for any smart home or office. At better stores, or order direct. Neatly boxed, carriage prepaid, $9.95.

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I'd like the Elephant Bar in (check color)
☐ English bronze (as illustrated) ☐ Gun Metal Grey
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Monogrammed Glasses..
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HI BALL
OLD FASHIONED
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There's a swagger to these new shapes with heavy base. With a 3-letter hand-engraved monogram 13 oz. Hi-Ball $6.75 dz., 10 oz. Hi-Ball and Old Fashioned $5.75 dz., 2 Oz. Whiskey $5.00 dz.

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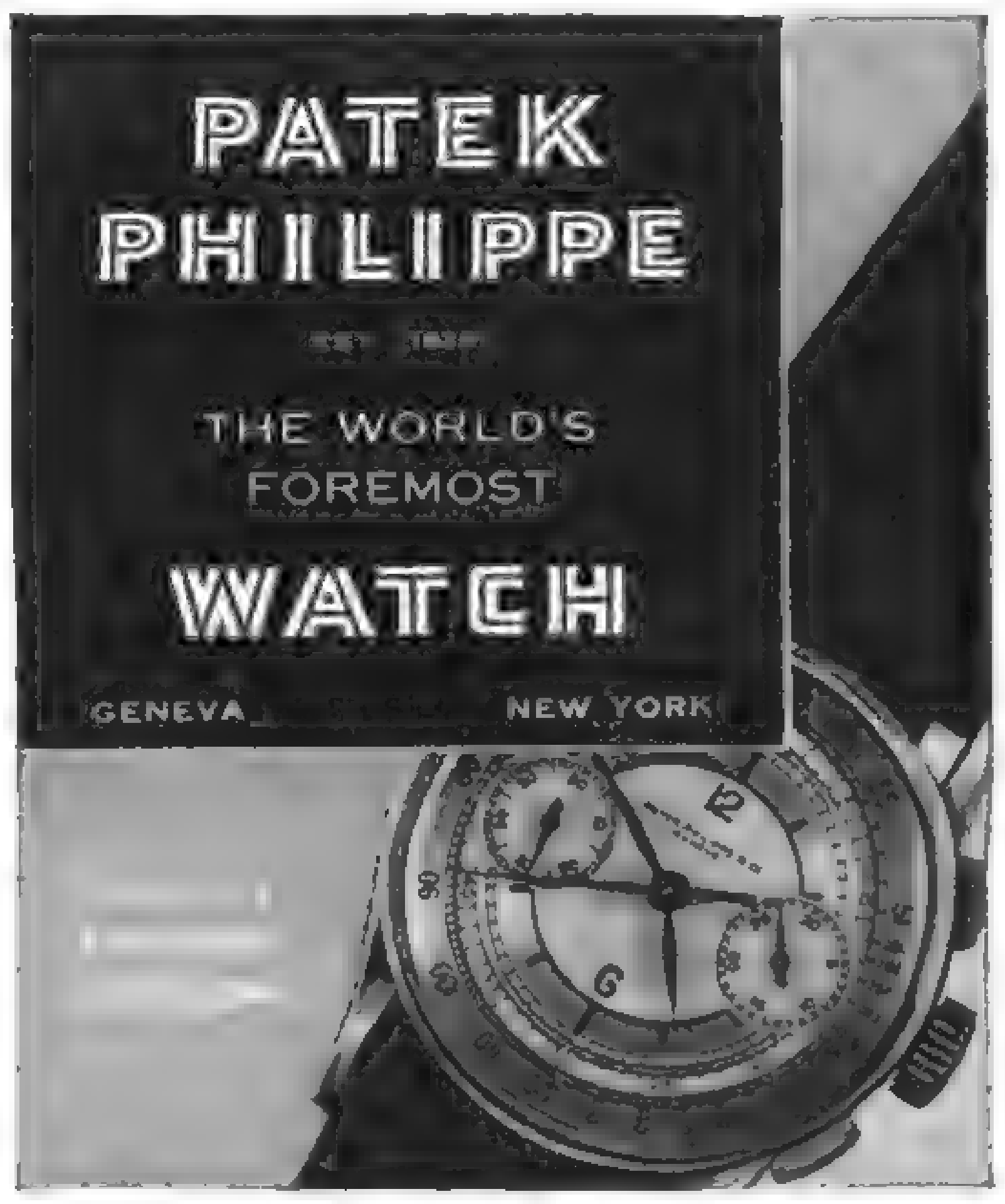
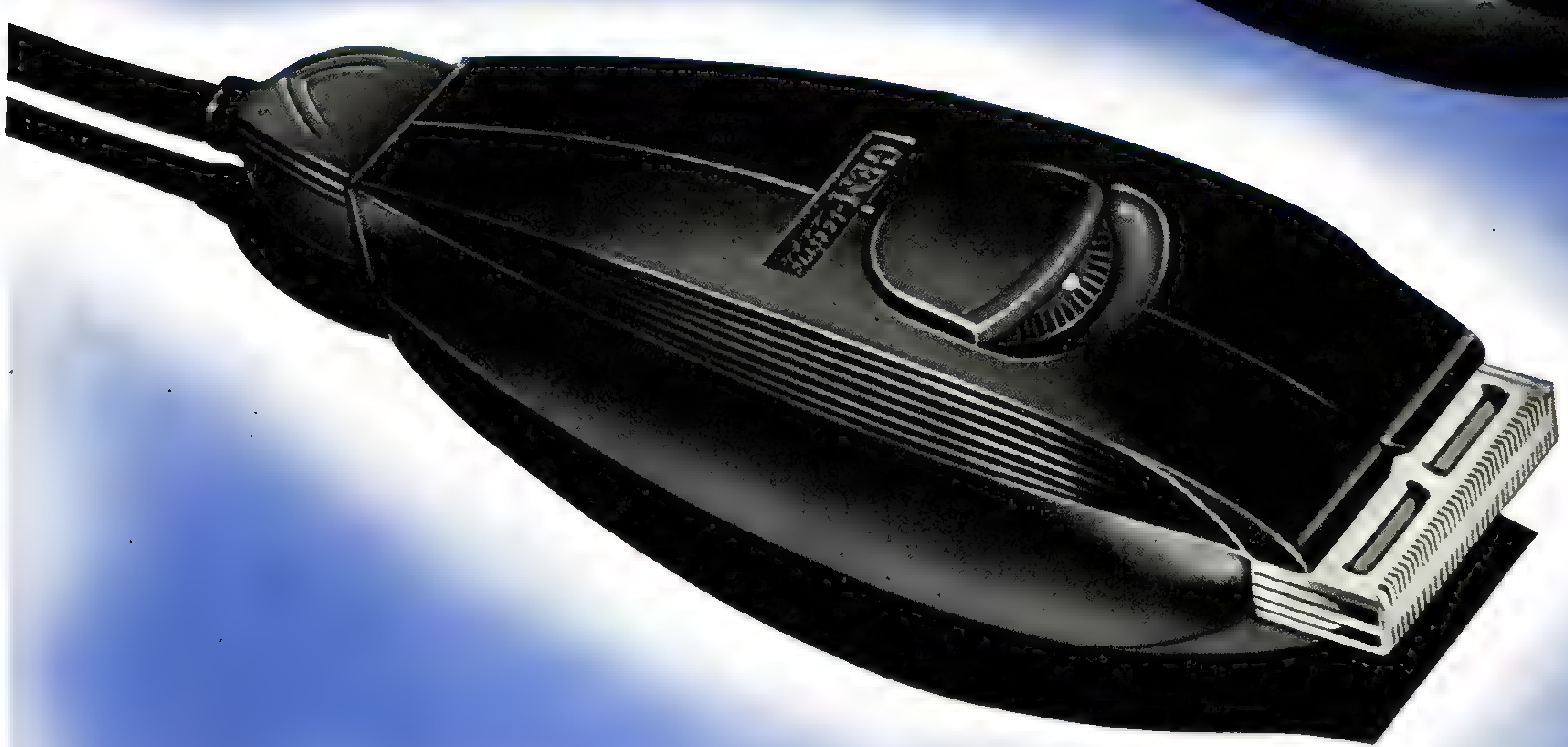


You make clever remarks every day for nothing—try tonite to make one for $1,000.00 Cash!

See Page 108 of this issue for full information

IT TOOK GEM TO DO IT!



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with 70 "MAGIC MICROTINES"

TRADE MARK

World's first electric shaver made by people with 36 years of face-shaving experience

It's here—the *perfected* electric shaver—the shaver you've been wise in waiting for! For the makers of the famous GEM Micromatic Razor present GEM-lectric, the electric shaver that gives you "closeness *without* burning"! It took GEM to do it!

Whenever ordinary methods have been used to get a close electric shave, the clippers have touched the skin and irritated it by their action. This has been the crux of the problem of electric shaving.

GEM-lectric solves this problem

GEM-lectric presents a new and patented feature—a shaving head with 70 "Magic Microtines" which *guide* the hairs to the clippers with the skin positioned for a really close shave, yet at the same time *guard* the skin while the beard is shaved at its base. You get a *close, quick, cool, comfortable* shave—with *no* burning!

How the 70 "Magic Microtines" shave with split-second precision

1. The 70 "Magic Microtines" (35 tiny, precision-built tines in each side of the shaving head) tenderly press the skin so that it rises between them in small, taut, hill-like mounds. The hairs are raised erect, and *guided* into the slots.

2. Midway down the tapering slots, the "Magic Microtines" converge to form tiny rounded *guards.* Here the mounds of skin are pressed down ever so slightly, and thereby *guarded* against burning. But the upright hairs continue toward the clippers.

3. Finally, in the narrow ends of the slots, the skin presents itself at precisely the level for a really close shave—still *guarded,* however, against any possibility of burning. At this point, the erect hairs are *unfailingly*—and *unfeelingly*—BANISHED AT THE FACE-LINE!

Other features for better shaves

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A handsomely lined presentation case or in a leather zipper pouch.

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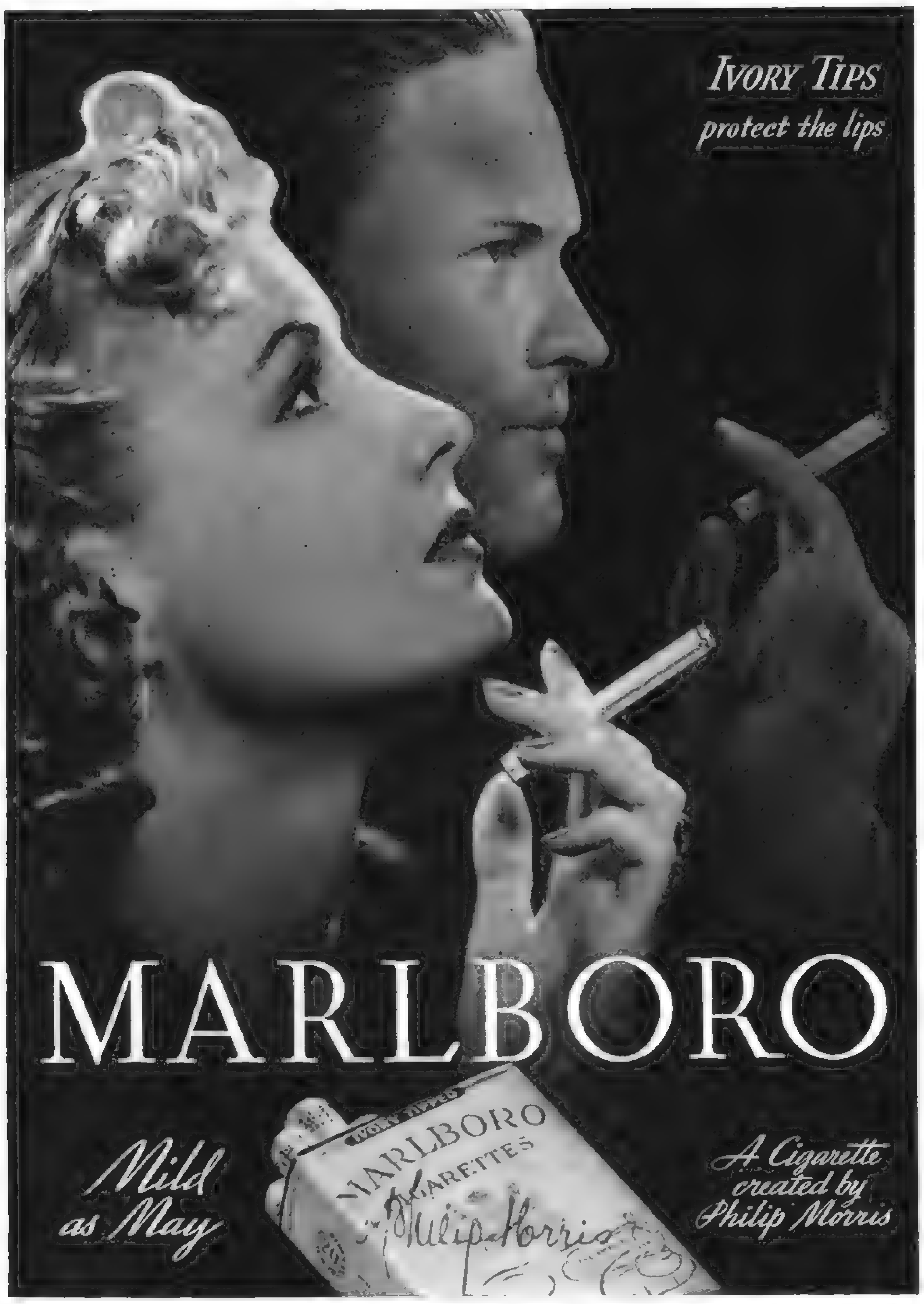

We believe there are many men and women who choose their travelware with the same care and taste shown in selecting other possessions. To such, we suggest Tufraw Genuine Rawhide Luggage. It has a beauty born of superb craftsmanship . . . a distinction rare in the products of manufacture . . . an individuality, custom-built in its departure from the ordinary. . . .

See this unusual luggage at the better dealers. Tufraw Genuine Rawhide is a product of Gutmann and Company, Inc., Chicago.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 10-12-174

FIELD WORK FOR CARLETON SMITH

What a pity that "Roulades and Cadenzas" had to appear in Esquire! Only by the veriest stroke of good fortune did it come to the eyes of a Protestant clergyman. For, as a rule, the money which the article suggests be spent on church music is not being so wisely spent as to purchase Esquire.

It is indeed heartening to find that others beside ministers can rise from a particular to a glorious generality with such a whirring of wings as to conceal the Corrigan aspects of the flight. " 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good" and the good God (if we may be permitted the expression) at least saw to it that Mr. Carleton Smith did not reveal his unfamiliarity with churches by leaving on his hat. Please do not feel that this article has roused me to an unworthy wrath. 'Tis only that I am overcome with the sudden realization that Mr. Smith came to scoff and remained to prate. We need a good scoffing; and we receive a sophomoric (I would have said freshmanic—but for the Esquiric temptation to put an "a" precisely between the "i" and the "c") reply to the professor's demand for a humorous theme.

A critical (in the traditional sense of the word) review based on sympathetic understanding by a critic of Mr. Smith's usual calibre would have been an incalculable assist to those who are trying to make music an assistance to worship. This does, of course, mean singing and playing that which has been written by the more talented of God's children. I suppose a critic's place is not back stage, but a critic would find himself popular with some of us (if that is any inducement) who would familiarize himself with some of the problems in what has been called the War Department of the church, namely, the choir. For example, what can one say to a choir member who complains about a soprano who attacks too soon, releases too late and drowns out the choir in between. Get rid of her? She is the minister's wife. Have the director take care of it? He is the minister.

In spite of the universal human factors which are present especially in a volunteer organization, great improvement is being made in a situation which is bad enough, but of which, I insist, Mr. Smith happened on a particularly unsavory morsel. And most choirs will remain volunteer organizations, perhaps rightly. We ask school teachers to teach church school, painters to paint the church in their spare time, housewives to cook church suppers, bankers to be church treasurers, business men to be trustees, without other remunerations than the satisfaction of giving their best talents. Meanwhile musicians sulk in their tents, perhaps cherishing thoughts of a C. I. O. union for church musicians. Nor are the time honored alternatives altogether outmoded, namely, whether it is better to have a righteous tenor sing off key, or a reprobate tenor perform perfectly. There are other sensitivities to be considered beside those of the voluptuary.

May I close with an invitation (perhaps cajoling would be necessary) to Mr. Smith to attend another small church, even mine (yes, of course, my knees shake at the thought) of less than two hundred members. But this time I think it's only fair to warn us, since he took the first church so unawares. After all, the musicians of most musical events ("three-fourths of the church service," see "Roulades and Cadenzas") which are reviewed, expected or at least hoped a critic would be there. Come, come, come, then to a church at which have been sung during the past year by a volunteer choir of seventeen, anthems written by Palestrina, Bach, Arcadelt, Grazioli and (in conjunction with another small church choir) oratorios written by A. R. Gaul and Stainer.

Or if the place must be in the wildwood, come next year to a camp for youth from fifteen to eighteen years at an old camp meeting ground, where I found this summer that out of a choir of one hundred, fifty knew the chants and responses of our (M. E.) communion service.

In conclusion let me say that if Mr. Smith found what he claimed in the little church, he should have written his article without the word "music" under his name. But if he has exaggerated for the sake of humor or if he has consciously presented the isolated as general, he has been (in a devilish moment familiar alike to critics and ministers) untrue to his obligation to further the cause of music by "speaking the truth in love."

Douglas W. Fletcher
Glen Lyon, Pa.

WHISTLE-BLOWER EXPLAINS SELF

Being an official myself, it was with great interest that I read your article in the latest Esquire about athletic officials. Although I heartily agree with the author that the situation is deplorable, I can see no remedy for it.

To begin with, the coaches and players are, to a great extent, at fault. For instance, the so-called ten second rule in basketball was made necessary by the stalling tactics of a team which held the lead and was interested only in holding the lead and not in providing entertainment for the spectators. Numerous other rules can be traced to the coaches and players in this manner. And the very number of these rules make it necessary to have a number of officials to enforce them.

For the last two or three years I have listened to coaches decry "whistle blowing" and the fact that officials were attempting to take the spotlight from the players. As an experiment, I determined to do as little whistle blowing as possible without letting the game get away from me, and to make some effort to return the game to the players. And the result? The players refused to play the game but instead made every effort to see just how much they could get away with and complained constantly that I wasn't calling the fouls (on the other team, of course). The coaches and spectators complained because I wasn't strict enough. And the demand for my services fell off. So this year I return to the ranks of the whistle-blowers because that seems to be what the players, coaches and spectators want. In my efforts to return the game to the players I have been called about everything and have even had intoxication charges made against me to my superiors. Never again!! I'm a whistle-blower. Yours very truly,

Geneva, N.Y. Frank H. Stolp, Jr.

WHO KNOWS?

Every month as soon as Esquire comes, I follow the same procedure. First I leaf through it quickly, looking at all the pictures, cartoons, and advertisements, then I begin with the editorial on the first page and read everything from "kiver to kiver."

This month, however, in the September issue, I got as far as page 22 when a vaguely familiar countenance held my attention, and I feel practically certain that Martin Dreyer is the same as he who was a fraternity brother of mine eleven or twelve years ago at the University of Louisville in Louisville, Kentucky.

Well, I didn't know that Dreyer was a writer, so without finishing my superficial examination of Esquire, I turned to page 67 and read *Laughter in the Tivoli*.

Now I've read lots of psychic stories (most of them in Esquire), and although I'm merely a civil engineer and deal only with the "concrete," I've always been able to figure out things in these stories that refer to the abstract. But, on finishing *Laughter in* *the Tivoli,* there was one thing I couldn't figure out—i. e.—Is it me or Dreyer that has gone nuts? I realize that my information relative to the supernatural is very limited, but my wife usually knows all the answers and this one had her stopped too. I would therefore greatly appreciate a reasonable explanation of this story from one of my fellow-readers or from the author himself through *S. & F.* if you print this, and if you don't, would it be possible for you to request Martin Dreyer to write me personally (when he's not feeling so sorry for himself) and give me his angle on the story.

Very truly yours,
Washington, D. C. E. L. Stern

P. S.—Please do not think that I'm questioning Martin Dreyer's ability to write. His technique appears excellent, but where in the hell does he get his ideas from?

CATCALLS AND CADENZAS

For years I have puzzled over the naive and complacent ignorance of music critics. Completely illogical, they sweep to stupid glittering generalities from false premises. I have tried to understand how men devoid of even an academic interest in music are permitted to desecrate their profession by casually damning the struggling amateur. They forget that every virtuoso was once an amateur. The other day, quite by accident, I found out. I read an article by Carleton Smith in Esquire.

Mr. Smith, like the Duke in Browning's *My Last Duchess,* convicts himself in few words. Apparently it took a hot spell to drive him to the country (described by him as a tonal vacuum) and a rainstorm to drive him into a church. With regal disdain he says, "I stopped in a church."

'Tis indeed sad that he did not carry a portable radio and an umbrella and thus have avoided the discomfort of church services. He might have played a recording of Tarrega's *Caprice Arabe* by the Madrid Iberian orchestra and have furnished us poor rube Christians a treat. Or does he appreciate Tarrega?

Mr. Smith writes like a vaudeville monologue artist gluing together gags from a scrap book. His technique is reminiscent of these gags. The choir will now sing, "She refused to kiss in a canoe so I had to paddle her back." If that does not get a laugh he will sink to the ten cent level. The choir will now sing, "He wouldn't spit in the ocean because his mother-in-law died at sea." His wit is the cheapest, a sneer at the expense of the mute. I submit the following sentence by Carleton as the tops in ego:

"I stopped in a church."

Now dear friends; note this classic city slicker's condensed nerve. He says, "I left before the collection plate was passed not wanting to put in an I. O. U." He uses the church as a rain shelter and fails to donate even an I. O. U. after sneering at our music. The dirty city slicker. Now Carleton really exposes his slum and cafe nurtured soul. He writes, "But I left alone. There were no experienced voluptuaries like myself sensitive to flat notes ready to leave when the rain stopped." There is hope for the world if there is a shortage of experienced voluptuaries like Carleton.

Mr. Smith forgot to sneer at the costume and appearance of the ladies of the choir. Voluptuaries should stay in Cafes where houris with dimpled knees sing a Tishket A Tashket with sophisticated voluptuarial (I love the sensual feel of that word) writhing and wriggling. Several of America's great cafe torch singers when inhaling between phrases make me think of a worm being placed on a hook. I am quite sure that is the part the voluptuaries love.

My minister next Sunday is holding a special service for city voluptuaries. There will be a bar in the vestry and the girl plate passers will trot up and down the aisle to *Nola* dressed a la King. The music of the non-union Jew "David" who, practicing medicine without a license, cured Saul of combined Gangrene and Leprosy caught in a celebrity's swimming pool, will be played by the Hi Hat boys. The senior Ritz brother will demonstrate the special step which David danced before the Lord. The duel in which David fouled Goliath, the Philistine Carnera, will be presented with mood music by Rachmaninoff playing his *Prelude.* Bathsheba's bathing will be interpreted to Duke Ellington's *Sophisticated Lady.* The virgins of Shiloh will dance in the vineyard in the rear of the church after each performance. Ruth will sing, *Asleep At Thy Feet* to Boaz in Swing Time.

Please, Mr. Carleton Smith, do come to church again, plus your wallet, but don't get wet coming as I would not want to hear you sneeze off key or see that Times Square suit shrink to your real size.

As an additional inducement I am rewriting Gounod's *The King of Love My Shepherd Is* in waltz time as Gounod never met Carleton.

By Wednesday Carleton was again sufficiently bored by rural life to RISK divine service. Yes, dear friends, those are his words. Angels alone that soar above enjoy such liberty. This time he left his hat at home but brought his wallet. The church will survive. He also brought his tuning fork and a tashket of sneers. Considering the air conditioning in the New York Cafes I am surprised Carleton subjects himself to the boredom of rural life. Of course in New York for ninety cents you get a twenty cent club sandwich plus a trio of Segovia, Kreisler and Paderewski.

Notice how deftly Carleton can inject venom into every sentence with one word. The Choral Societies INFEST Carnegie Hall. The solution to Carleton's problem is really quite simple. All he has to do to avoid the suffering to which he is constantly subjected is to select those records which he can bear and retire to a sound-proof room with a Capehart and a case of Guinness. I am quite sure that ordinary American beer nauseates him.

I shall not be happy until I know just what unexpected circumstances will force Carleton to again sneer at us rubes and our pitiable musical devotions. Apparently we are all off pitch except Carleton. Our ministers are all dull hypocrites loathed by their organists. Personally I hate our organist because every Wednesday night for the last ten years he has beat me at chess. As soon as I win a game I shall secede from my faith and become a jitterbug. He not only plays a murderous game of chess but off hand acquired degrees from Columbia, the Sorbonne and Oxford.

Although I think our organist is a reverent man he plays a burlesque of *Pop Goes the Weasel* as sung by a drunken cockney watching the Queen pass in the Coronation Parade. The verse reads, "God Save the Weasel, Pop Goes the Queen." Our silly country nights of beer, pretzels, chess and Bach inventions would bore Carleton.

By what syllogisms Carleton drifts from music criticism to church ridicule I do not know. I feel like an old man futilely disciplining a boy who won't study. I have long wondered if Carleton really knows his trade. With this thought in mind I suggest to him that he take this as a homework assignment and report to us in an article in Esquire. Such an article might be constructive and educational.

1. Did Stradivarius make guitars?
2. Why are the piano black notes in groups of two and three.
3. What is the origin of our scale? The Asiatic Scale?
4. Why are the strings on Segovia's guitar better than steel strings?
5. What did Dr. J. H. Heinrich Schmidt write?
6. How does the Hammond Organ vary its tonal quality?
7. What is the reason for consonance and dissonance between two notes?
8. What is a Psaltery? A cymbalon?
9. What is the John Goldsworth patent, A. D. 1785, London.
10. What development of the piano by Terzina and Janko failed? Why?

Yours truly,
Hollywood, Cal. Leon D. Kaufman

Continued on page 178

SHE: WHAT! BRITISH BROGUES FOR DANCING?
HE: OH-OH! I STILL HAVE MY RUBBERS ON! IT'S EASY TO FORGET WHEN YOU WEAR SHUGLOVS!
GOODRICH
Shuglovs
FOR MEN

● Think that couldn't happen? Why, you almost have to *touch* Goodrich Shuglovs to find out that they're not British Brogues. It's not done with mirrors, either! It's done with bogus stitches, laces, and exact reproduction of fine leather! Shuglovs even fool you on weight. They're so light and flexible, you'll hardly know you're wearing them. So give clumsy, old-fashioned rubbers the gate. Be smart—be safe—be *Shugloved!* See your dealer pronto—or write for illustrated booklet.

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SOCKS
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Esquire for Christmas

AN EARLY REMINDER

ESQUIRE'S Annual Christmas Gift Rates will be available from November 15 to January 15. To business organizations with salesmen, dealers and customers to remember at Christmas time, as well as to everyone who has a Christmas Shopping List that features one or more men's names, this announcement is of great importance:

ONE SUBSCRIPTION	$5.00
TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS	8.00
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Rates for more than one subscription, as listed above, apply only on gift orders entered and paid for by one individual or company. For Christmas Gift Subscriptions ESQUIRE is preparing a special gift box in which the January issue will be delivered along with a handsome card announcing the gift and the sender's greetings.

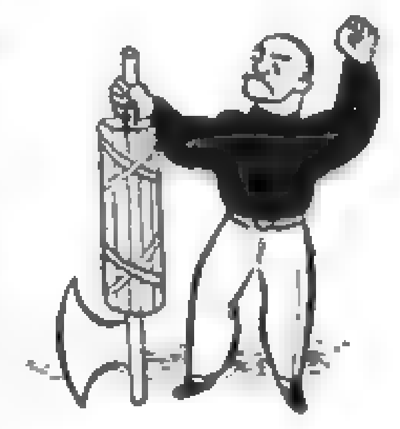
The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 10-12-174-177

ALL THOSE WITHOUT PREJUDICE . . .

The "sensational" article *The New Italy* in your recent issue by Kenneth Mann, is the usual prattle of a prejudiced person.

I will not attempt the rebuttal of the exaggerated nonsense set forth in that article, but will point out for the benefit of "Kenneth dear" (who said that there is no significance in names?) that there are more beggars in New York City alone than in all Italy, without taking into consideration the great difference in wealth, that the bugs will be also found plentiful in the South owing to climatic conditions, and that Chinatown bus barkers in Times Square, not long ago, were more annoying than all the cabmen of Pozzuoli put together.



It is undeniable that Mussolini has aroused the national pride of the Italians which had been dormant for centuries. Does Mr. Mann know that Italy showed unparalleled naval efficiency in the Gulf of Naples during the recent visit by Hitler? Does he know that Italy was second in the Olympic Games at Los Angeles in 1932? That the fourth largest ship afloat is the *Rex?* That the flight of Balbo and his air fleet to Chicago and back is still the most comprehensive ever attempted. That Italy without vast resources and colonies ranks foremost among the world's powers?

Now, laugh that off "Kenneth dear!"

Respectfully,
New York, N. Y. Renato Crisi

THE KID STILL WANTS TO KNOW

Tell yor Kid all profits or gains come from the Earth, (unless curtailed by Government Control) Coal, Oil, Metals, Paper, Food and even grass that feed the cattle, in fact everything necessary to maintain factories or Life.

The financial disease in the U. S. is caused by the profits of the soil having drifted into the hands of monopolies and Insurance Companies, non producers but smart Bankers. For my authority compare them with their assets of fifteen years back.

Uncle Sam stocking the leaks (lakes) now is only more food for the big Fish.

Hoping this is clear I am
Chicago L. Egnal

ADD TO COLLECTION OF NATHANOPHOBIA

Now I know what you make George Jean Nathan do to round out reasonable working hours and partially earn his salary. He draws those pen and ink sketches that illustrate *The Sound and the Fury!*

And he STILL isn't worth it, no matter how many hours he sits at his drawing board or how little you pay him.

Either this gives just one more medium for exposing his incredible ignorance or he's deliberately imposing on your sweet nature by trying to get me into trouble, and I don't like it. What's more, he will succeed beyond your expectations.

He probably fears I'll be wanting to come to Chicago to drink your Rhine wine and undermine him with you, and that isn't half of it. Another of his spiteful little pictures and I'll *have* to come—and stay.

The sketch of me brandishing ESQUIRE in an energetic dance of fury lacks sympathetic interpretation or reflects his usual lassitude. Wasn't my letter signed Lazy Lass from Tulsa? Would I be doing a dance like that on a desert on a hot day? We will let that pass.

But Tulsa a desert! Tell that intellectual vacuum that from Tulsa, Oklahoma, to the first westward grain of sand is just 80 miles less than from Tulsa to the chair you're sitting in.

There are two classes of fanatical patriots in these United States—Tulsans and Texans. It is social suicide, or worse, to breathe a critical word of their homes to either.

Harpers Magazine just recently described us as a spotless town, smart, beautiful, without slums, a-gleam with crystal and chromium—but without culture, without soul. An involuntary, animal shriek of pain rent the air, then mind triumphed and Tulsans settled back to scornful silence. Some provincial Easterner annoy us? But certainly not. Don't we live here? Don't we know? Huh.

Disloyalty within the gates is a different thing and if it gets noised about Tulsa that I am the Lazy Lass and that my little personal feud with George Jean Nathan is the cause of his maliciously picturing us as a desert it's going to go hard with me. And indirectly with you. You'll be opening the door some crisp morning to get the milk and there I'll be sitting, breathless from running. And as George Jean Nathan and his abominable ego will have got me into it, you'll have to get me out. I wouldn't let him get me out of the Grand Canyon.

You tell that odious man personally that Tulsa, Oklahoma, lies on the extreme Western slope of the Ozark mountains. It's on a river (less said about these whimsical southwestern rivers the better, though) and is set in a bowl of low green hills. It is the financial and business center of the world's oil industry and although oil underlies the whole city the Big Boys have never permitted its unique beauty to be defiled by gross material considerations. It is in effect a great, gleaming, plutocratic suburb without the dust or smoke or soot of any industrial section to spoil it. For mile upon mile upon mile its lovely, baronial homes stretch over the gentle hills and the rich bottom lands of the Arkansas.

Its downtown section is unbelievable. It looks, especially when driving in at night, like some gigantic toy city. Its great, gleaming office buildings burst upon you in a cluster with no outlying slums, no drab industrial areas, no dirty factory sections as preparation. In eight square blocks you can buy anything you're big enough to buy. The best dressed women in America walk the streets beside big, rangy guys in their shirt sleeves. The biggest road shows, the brightest stars, avoiding towns twice our size, make hideous jumps to play here and you should see the ermine, the silver fox, the orchids and the star sapphires that greet them (of course many an innocent little bunny rabbit was dyed to make my modest cape but it looks very well over the old green chiffon and I still love Tulsa because I think maybe there's mink in these here hills for me).

Tell Georgie that Tulsa has the largest proportionate professional population of any city in the world, and that these college men and women come from every state and every country.

Tell him we have one church, designed and built to the last brick, by Tulsa talent, that people come from all over the planet to see.

Tell him to try to incorporate all this in his postage stamp sketch—and then discharge him. He's bound to get you into serious trouble yet, mind what I tell you.

Sincerely,
Lazy Lass from tulsa
Tulsa, Okla.

P. S.—And because I detest him so, I want G. J. N. to die a natural death (lingering) so keep him away from Tulsa or there might well be a donkey's skull whitening in the sun.

TO MARTIN PANZER

Dear Mr. Panzer

I have read your article . . . I have a headache.

Tucson, Ariz. Wm. Goldberg

THE AMENDE HONORABLE

I beg leave to call your attention to the deplorable taste of the engraving on page 46 of ESQUIRE (August). Both the artist and the commentator are so ignorant as to dare to identify a savage by the name "Portuguese"—an honored word in the history of Civilization. Such a so-called joke not only proves a deficiency of culture in its author, but constitutes a libel upon the whole Portuguese people and tends to arouse needless racial prejudice at a time when closer sympathy and understanding is a crying need of the nations.

Sincerely yours,
JORDÃO MAURICIO HENRIQUES
Consul General of Portugal
San Francisco, Calif.

DROWNING THE HANGOVER

Well Don Williams asked for it so here comes one of those *Sound and Furiers* with one of his own private cures for that proverbial hangover.

I too have done some tall and lofty elbow bending in most of the ports of this little old world of ours, and like so many others both before and after me suffered from that indescribable torture called a hangover. That is I suffered until a little old lady in Alaska gave me the one and only remedy, one which never failed me, and too never failed anyone else to whom I imparted the secret, if secret it can be called.

I do agree most heartily with Williams when he states that anyone who pours cold liquid into a hangover stomach is just plain crazy, and he almost arrived at the secret of my cure when he states, "If you must sit at the breakfast table, then call for half a cup of warm water and sip it slowly." As for Peabody and the scientists, to whom he refers, and their contention that The Hair of the Dog is an assassin, isn't that just what we are looking for, an assassin for the hangover. And as for Peabody's book, *The Common Sense of Drinking,* I'm asking you, when and where was there ever any common sense of drinking?

However here's the cure, and it will not fail to react on any hangover stomach, regardless of the degree of hangover.

Take two ordinary size drinks of whisky in an ordinary tumbler. Fill the tumbler with HOT water. Sit down to the breakfast table, sip slowly. Remember the drink must be as hot as you can stand to swallow.

GUARANTEE: By the time you arrive at the office you will be in the same glow as after the second cocktail the evening before, ready for that HE-MAN's breakfast missed at home.

Yours very truly,
W. M. KARTZMARK
Manville, Alberta, Canada

On the Record

Continued from page 95

Revived, we pushed on—the problem of Heidt's and Childs' triple clicks still before us. Our Wisconsin find explained nonchalantly that Heidt also used a singing guitar.

Time had marched on and I wanted to get the hell home for some sleep. But Daffie still had some questions.

"Are there any other style bands?" And smarty-pants said, "Sure—Shep Fields, for instance, blows bubbles. He gets a rippling, bubbly effect by actually blowing through a straw in a bowl of water.

"And there's Skinnay Ennis, who got to the top by swinging as if he were out of breath. And Henry Busse makes his trumpet growl. And Wayne King uses violins and more violins. And Leo Reisman—" But by that time I was dragging Daffie to a taxi.

Here's a list of records, typical of the styles our friend described. Try them on your music-box and see if you can figure out the various bands. I can't. ⧻

STYLE BAND RECORDINGS

		Other Side
Sammy Kaye	*When Twilight Comes* (Victor 25884)	*One More Dream*
	Beside a Moonlit Stream (Victor 25874)	*I Wish I Was a Willow*
Guy Lombardo	*Ti-Pi-Tin* (Victor 25786)	*Let's Sail to Dreamland*
	Oh! Ma-Ma! (Victor 25857)	*Denn' Ama*
Blue Barron	*So Little Time* (Bluebird 7540)	*I Have An Evening to Spare*
	Moonlight in Waikiki (Bluebird 7542)	*Daddy's Boy*
Reggie Childs	*If We Never Meet Again* (Decca 979)	
	I Was Saying to the Moon (Decca 987)	
Shep Fields	*If It Rains Who Cares* (Bluebird 7579)	*This Time It's Real*
	Now It Can Be Told (Bluebird 7592)	*My Walking Stick*
Hal Kemp	*Got a Date with an Angel* (Victor 25651)	*Lamplight*
	Where in the World (Victor 25855)	*In Any Language*
Horace Heidt	*Ti-Pi-Tin* (Brunswick 8078)	*Shack in the Back of the Hills*
	Oh! Ma-Ma! (Brunswick 8138)	*Ferdinand the Bull*
Skinnay Ennis	*Heart of Stone* (Brunswick 7958)	*Got a Date with an Angel*
	The Bride Comes Home (Brunswick 7912)	
Jan Garber	*In a Dutch Kindergarten* (Brunswick 8111)	*On a Rainy Day*
	Three Little Words (Brunswick 8006)	*Here Am I*
Kay Kyser	*Cry, Baby, Cry* (Brunswick 8114)	*Something Tells Me*
	That Feeling is Gone (Brunswick 8126)	*Havin' Myself a Time*
Wayne King	*Blue Danube Waltz* (Brunswick 6475)	*Caprice Viennois*
	Giannina Mia (Brunswick 7963)	*I Can't Remember*
Henry Busse	*Hot Lips* (Decca 198)	*Wang Wang Blues*
	When Day is Done (Decca 774)	*On the Alamo*
Tommy Dorsey	*A-Tisket, A-Tasket* (Victor 25899)	*As Long as You Live*
	Music, Maestro, Please (Victor 25866)	*All Through the Night*
Benny Goodman	*Flat Foot Floogie* (Victor 25871)	*Big John Special*
Chick Webb	*Liza* (Ella Fitzgerald) (Decca 1840)	*A-Tisket, A-Tasket*

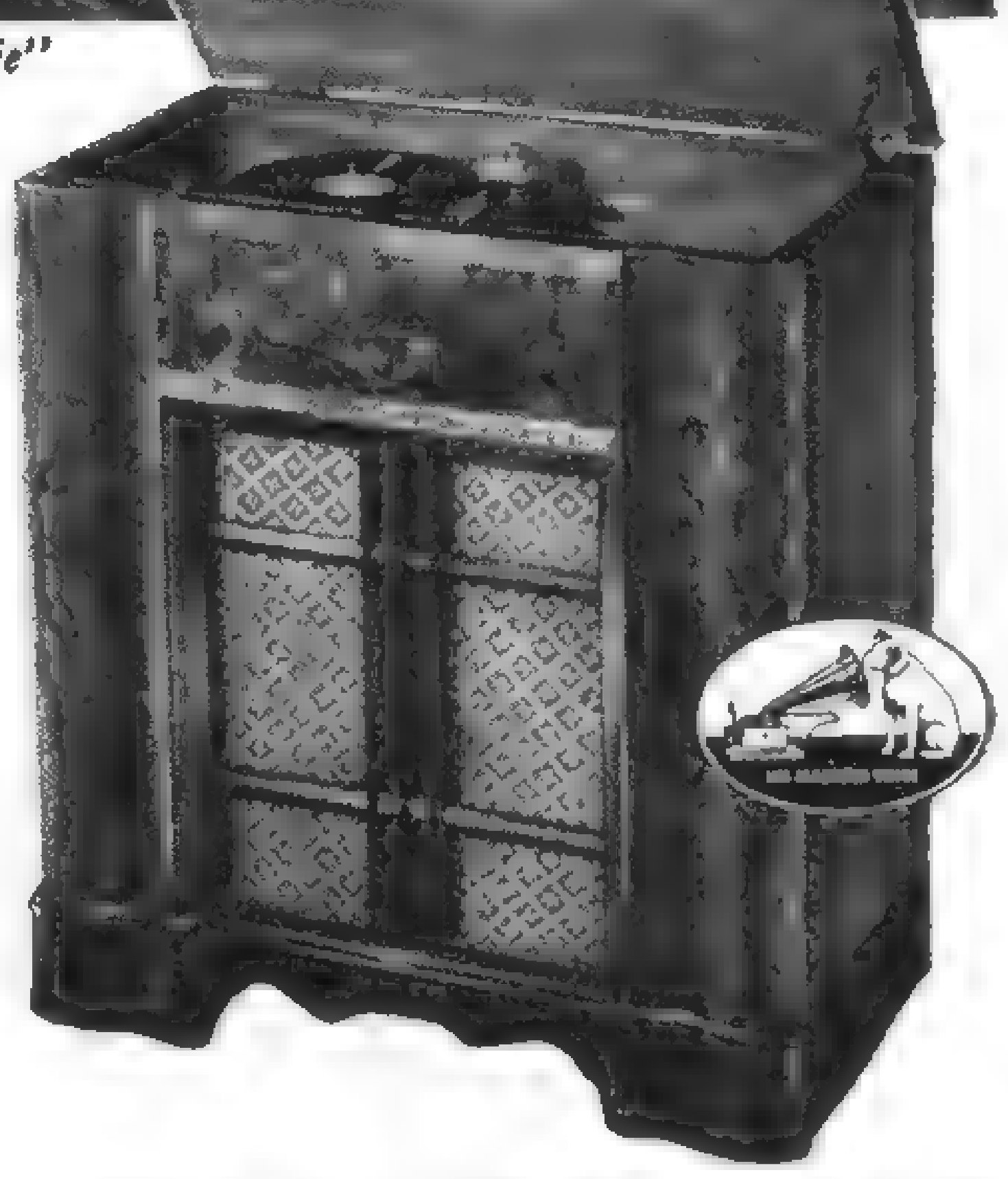
Yours for Keeps

on Victor Records

THE SONGS YOU LOVE TO HEAR, SUNG BY THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS

IGOR GORIN
NELSON EDDY
KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD
LAURITZ MELCHIOR
RICHARD CROOKS
JEANNETTE MacDONALD

Scene from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture—"Rose Marie"



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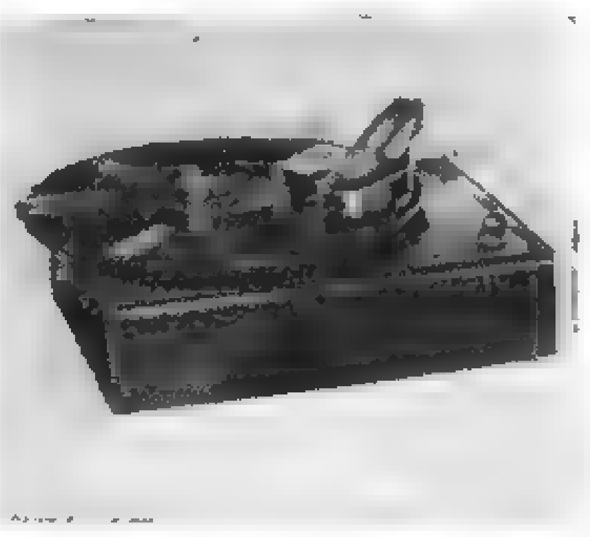

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HANSEN

—for stout masculine appearance and easy, comfortable fit

You get the most for your money in this handsome glove, made from imported pigtex leather—the soft, long-wearing leather that is unmarred by blemishes. Only $3.00 the pair, in tan, brown, grey, black, or elk, slipon or clasp . . . other Hansen gloves, $3 to $5. Get yours at your Hansen dealer's.

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INVITATION

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SHERRY
NETHERLAND

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EUGENE VOIT, Manager

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 83

author's and producer's purpose, but if what he did was acting in the true meaning of the term a lot of acting actors are being swindled and the Actors' Equity Association should promptly see to it that they get paid handsomely and to boot for their disquisitions at the Lambs' and Players' and for the impressive descriptive explanations they next morning give their wives.

This confusion as to acting values has become increasingly common. A reason therefore was given by the aforementioned Sir Cedric Hardwicke several years ago in a lecture at Cambridge. Said Sir Cedric: "The actor's voice has dropped from the declamatory to the almost confiding coo of the crooner, and his gestures are restricted to lighting a cigarette or putting an offending corner of a handkerchief discreetly into its correct place in his jacket pocket. So that now the strain of comprehending a play is thrown entirely on the ear which, because of the absence of adequate gesture, is put to an increasingly severe test. Acting has given way to behavior and tends to become inarticulate. Scenery is so factual that we scarcely notice it. I should say that there is more acting nowadays in a motor-car showroom when a potential customer enters, and certainly more at the average business interview, than there is in the modern theatre. Perhaps we have arrived at a time when only the worst actors aspire to the stage." He then continued: "The cleavage between the theatre of yesterday and that of today is wide and deep. In the drama of yesterday the audience found relief from the repressions of life outside. Today free expression is to be found in life, while the drama is suffering from acute repression."

The confusion I have referred to is confined not alone to the public and to actors themselves but is shared, and lavishly as I have hinted, by those very agents who are paid to exercise their presumably professional analytical knowledge, to wit, the critics. It is true not only now; it has been true for years. The old Bernhardt-Duse critical argument that in some of its aspects resembled a dog fight is too familiar to need recalling. The critical monkeyshines suffered by John Drew on the score of his deportmental naturalness, the critical wooziness over Mimi Aguglia out of which doubtless neither the poor woman herself nor certainly many of the rest of us could make histrionic head or tail, the critical stage-door admiration of Richard Mansfield and the lofty condescension toward Arnold Daly, the galvanic buncombe over a deal of Henry Irving's art (both pro and con), the lush Leslie Carter nonsense, the Mrs. Pat Campbell critical claptrap, the Bergner hooey—these, similarly, need no recalling. If the public knows utterly nothing about the craft of acting (and why should it, as it doesn't give a hoot so long as it knows what it likes?), and if actors themselves know only that phase of it which is flattering to their own idiosyncratic greasepaint philosophies, it would seem that the critics' analytical education in the subject is also nothing for them to get on a high horse about. (Lest the reader forget, I, too, am a critic.)

Glancing back over what I have written, I observe that even this particular essay on the acting business is not without its slight trace of confusion. That is what generally happens whenever acting comes up for discussion. Acting should be seen, not written about. Very often, indeed, God knows, it shouldn't even be seen. It is, at its best, like good liquor: it affects one agreeably for the time being and instills in one a pleasant illusion. It can, like the liquor, move one to laughter and to tears, and enter one into a new emotional world. At its worst, like bad liquor, it gives one only a bellyache and a desire to lick the hell out of the bartender, both followed by an acute nausea.

If I seem in the foregoing paragraphs to have disparaged what is known to the acting trade as technique, that surely is not my intention. Technical resource is obviously most valuable to an actor and any critic who argued otherwise would be something of an idiot and fit only for association with actors who believe that technique is the beginning and end of all acting. The trouble is that the great majority of actors do believe that very thing, to the considerable distress of their paying customers. They present themselves to their audiences in the light of pianists who have mastered the technical aspects of their art but who, in the mastering, have lost sight of such important requisites as vitality, warmth and imagination. They have all the perfection of modern refrigerating plants and a proportionate percentage of chill. They devote themselves to impressing other actors who share their admiration of pure technique at the expense of impressing audiences who have paid to be warmed and moved. They lecture their roles instead of playing them. They are superb hams hanging futilely in a Ghetto delicatessen.

All the technique in the world couldn't aid little eight-year-old Peter Holden in giving a more telling and beautiful performance in *On Borrowed Time* than he has been giving. All the technique from here to Moscow wouldn't have prevented Eva Le Gallienne's *L'Aiglon* from being almost as bad as it was.

Without technical equipment of any kind, Joan Bennett, on her first appearance on the stage, gave a performance in *Jarnegan* some years ago more definitely appealing than any twenty girls bursting with technique could conceivably have managed. But, on the other hand, no actor without infinite technical competence could have come within miles of giving such a performance as Lucien Guitry gave in almost every play he appeared in, or as our own George M. Cohan gave in the play *Ah, Wilderness!*

The only point I have to add is that such actors as Guitry and Cohan have never for a moment forgotten that the most valuable quality in technique is the genius for rehearsing it painstakingly and then, once the curtain is up, acting as if they never had heard the word. ⌗

Inside the Press Box

Continued from page 89

commenting that he was the only man in his knowledge who could strut sitting down.

Dryden's nicknames had the happy faculty of describing their owners to perfection. He was the first to call Frank Chance "The Peerless Leader." It was he who labeled Johnny Evers "the Keystone King," and he took one look at huge Jim Vaughn before he began to call him "Hippo."

Dryden used to get along pretty well with players and owners, but one time he ran into difficulties with John T. Brush, who controlled the New York Giants some decades ago. Brush barred him from the park. Nothing daunted, Dryden found a point of vantage on Coogan's Bluff, overlooking the playing field. "Well, the Giants don't look any better from here," he wrote in his first story. Then he began sending daily yarns purportedly written by a goat grazing on the bluff, and before long he had made Brush appear so ridiculous that he was quickly invited to return to the press box. It was the first and last attempt to "discipline" a baseball reporter.

Copyreaders entrusted with the task of handling Dryden's stories had to be constantly on the alert, for he was a master at slipping some taboo phrase or expression into print. Once he observed that the New York Giants were wearing torn, shoddy and otherwise disreputable uniforms. That year the club was a great base-running team, and, in fact, had clinched first place on its speed and ability to slide.

"These Giants," wrote Dryden, "seem to have won the pennant in much the same manner that Balaam rode from Jerusalem to Jericho."

The mystified copyreader, evidently not a great Biblical student, let it go through.

Probably the most famous successor to Dryden as a story teller among sports writers was Harry Neily, now retired to his Ohio farm. Once Harry made a trip into Mexico, and from then on affected the manners and dress (including sombrero, goatee and boots) of a Spanish grandee. The fund of stories told by him and about him were almost inexhaustible, but there is one which is invariably recalled whenever sports writers bring up his name.

Neily was on a training trip with the Chicago White Sox in Texas, where Mexican radio stations come booming through without much difficulty. He was sitting with a group of players in the lobby of the hotel when a program in Spanish began to issue from the loud-speaker. Neily listened, laughing continuously as the others grew more and more impressed by his command of the language. "Funniest stuff I've ever heard!" he chuckled. "If you fellows could only get what he is saying!"

Finally the broadcast neared its finish. The announcer gave his last words in Spanish, paused, and then added in English:

"You have just been listening to the day's closing prices on the New York Stock Exchange."

Curtain!

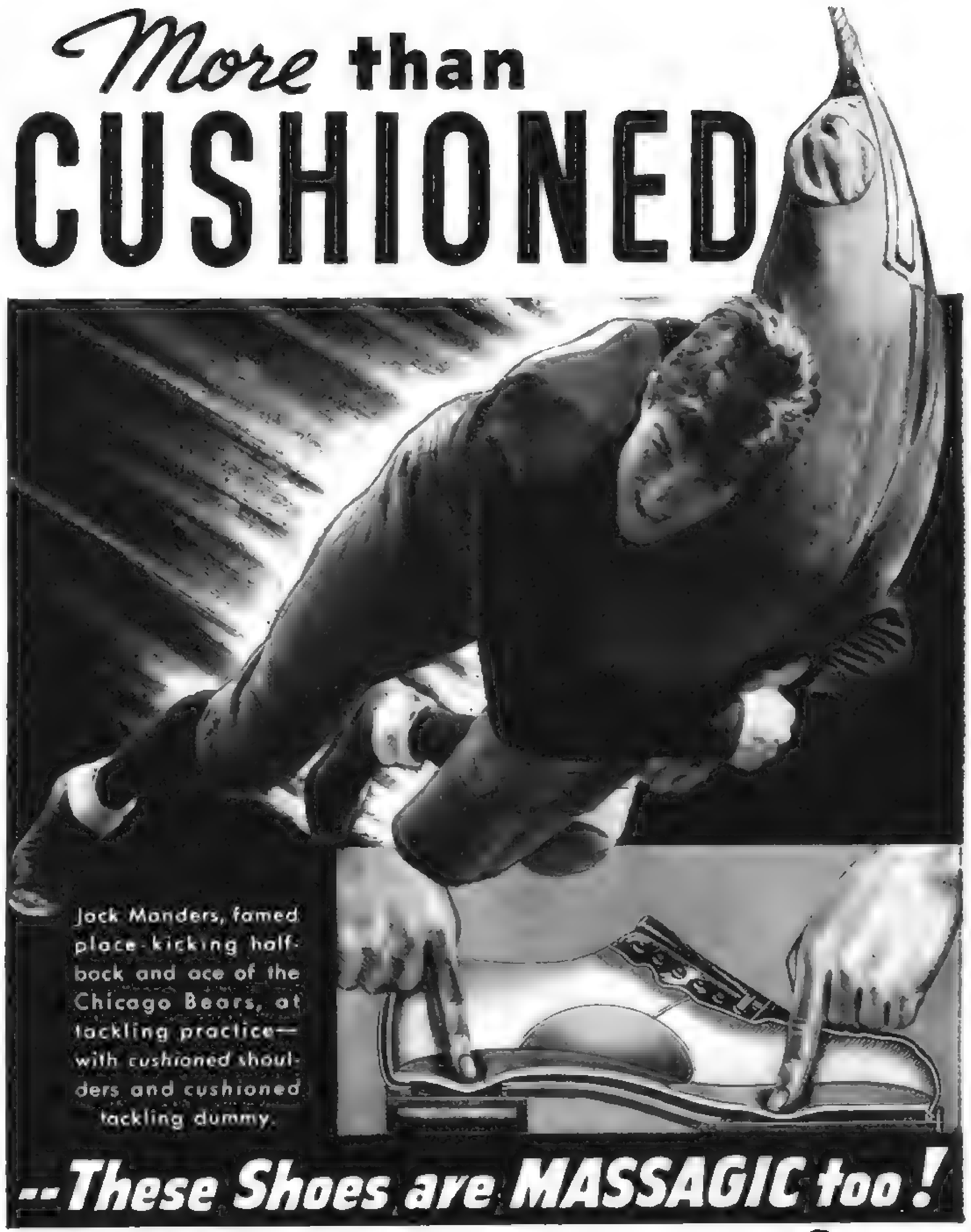
Neily was one of those pioneers who helped organize and bring to its present strength the Baseball Writers' Association, an organization which has made major league press boxes about as impervious to the gate-crasher as an umpire is to abuse.

The B. B. W. A. dates back to the 1908 world series between Detroit and Chicago. Hugh Fullerton, looking for his seat to write about the impending duel between Mordecai Brown of Frank Chance's great Cub team and "Wild Bill" Donovan of Hughie Jennings' equally potent Detroit aggregation, found a noted actor already in his place. The latter wouldn't budge and no one would oust him, so Fullerton sat down in his lap and stayed there.

In the same series, two other writers discovered that they had been placed behind big posts while sundry barbers, policemen and other friends of the management had been given the choice press-box seats. A day or two later the indignation bubbled over into a formal meeting of protest, out of which came the Baseball Writers' Association. Club owners cooperated with the organization from the start, and today not even an act of Congress can get you into a major league press box unless you're invited by a member.

Football press boxes, especially in the North, also have undergone tremendous development. Once they used to consist of a board grudgingly set out in front of a row of seats. If it rained or snowed (and it usually did), it was just too bad. With the inflation of football and the era of huge stadiums, colleges began to take better care of the men who told the world about their teams. Now the modern grid press box is enclosed in glass, heated and artificially ventilated, and in many cases, equipped with lavatories for the convenience of busy reporters. In fact, they are so comfortable that anyone in the stadium with a

Continued on page 182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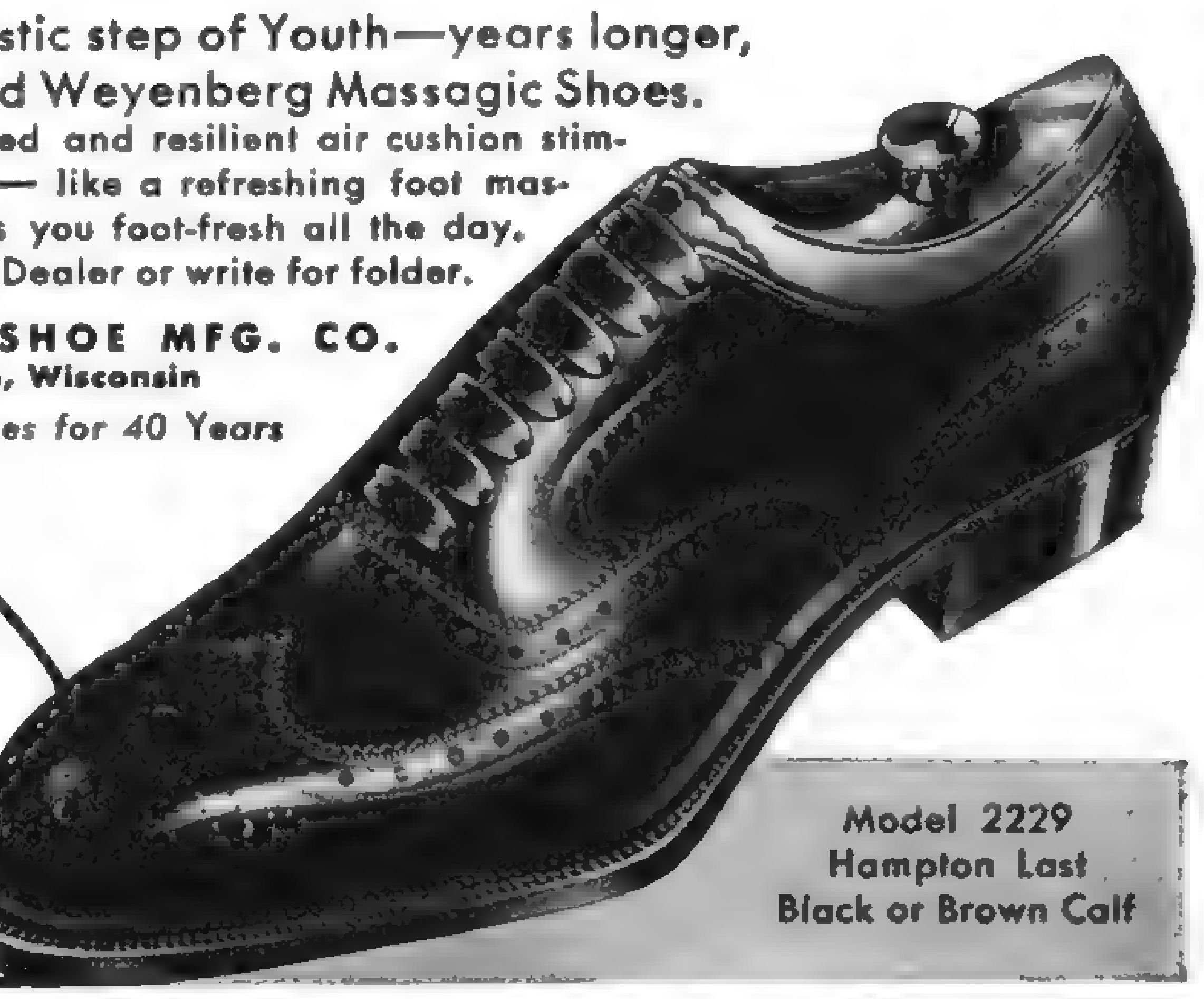
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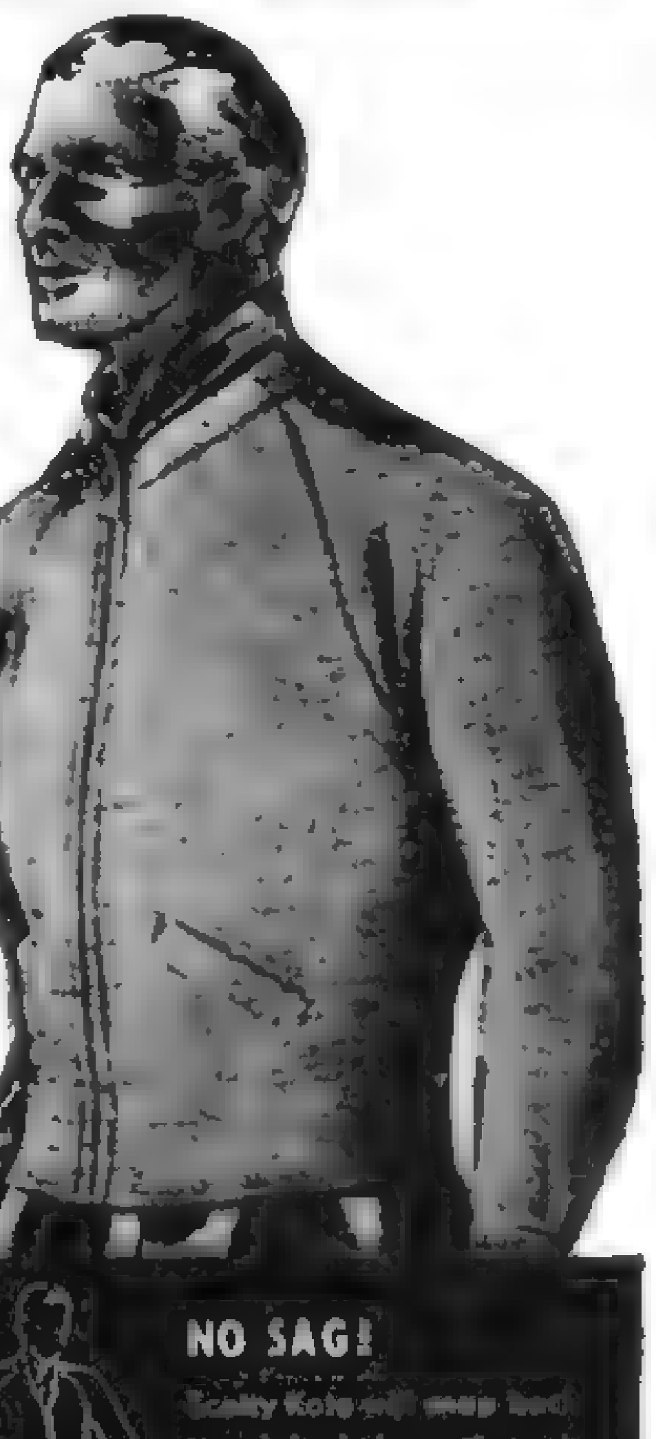

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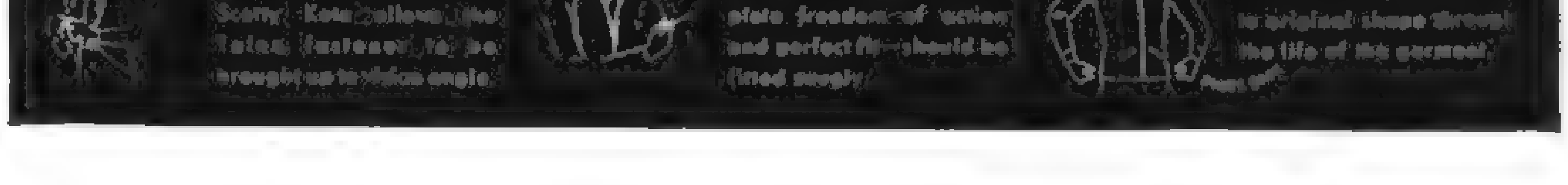
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Inside the Press Box

Continued from pages 89-181

semblance of an excuse tries to crowd into them—there being no association to protect the hapless grid experts who are there to work.

It is sometimes quite a surprise to these "outsiders" who manage to get into football, baseball or other press coops to find that Bourbon whiskey does not flow from the drinking fountains and that most of the reporters are ready and able to do their work. There is a common belief, nurtured by the movies and fiction stories, that newspapermen in general and sports writers in particular, usually do their work in a half-soaked condition. Actually, one doesn't find any greater percentage of rumpots in the newspaper business than in any other line of endeavor, and the sad truth is that they usually get about the same treatment as gin guzzlers in any other well-regulated business. Either they reform before it is too late or they end up on a curb bumming dimes.

Once in a while, though, one of the lads will slip. A historic incident is that of the noted correspondent who did not feel much like working one rocky day. He sat musing for a while at his typewriter and then a happy light of inspiration seized him. The keys clattered briskly for a moment, and then to his office went this dispatch:

"By Joe McGluke. New York, October 8. The Giants and Yankees met here today in the first game of the world series. Pick up Associated Press story."

Although sports writers on the whole are a carefree, good-natured group, one shouldn't get the idea that there isn't some work connected with their jobs. Somehow or other, those thousands of words which appear in print have to be written—tersely, entertainingly and intelligently, usually under pressure with inflexible deadlines to meet.

Even the smallest sport event draws a surprising quota of words, but the more important affairs reach totals which are almost unbelievable. As an example, the all-time record is the 983,100 word total sent between 7 p. m. and midnight on the night of the Braddock-Louis championship fight in Chicago last summer. By way of comparison, there are 788,767 words in the *Bible* and approximately 495,000 in *Anthony Adverse*, behemoth of fiction.

Sports reporters, especially those on the road, seldom come up with the traditional "scoops" which form the basis for so much newspaper romance. The news services now make it almost impossible for anyone to get an exclusive angle, while special correspondents working on the same assignment usually combine their forces and pool their information. And woe betide the chap who double-crosses his fellow-workers. The concerted vengeance of his colleagues is swift and sure. They scoop him so often that pretty soon from his office will come a message:

"Why aren't you around when these stories break? Better get busy or come home."

This doesn't mean, though, that ingenuity and perseverance are passé, or that sports writers occasionally don't come up with good exclusive yarns. One of the most notable examples occurred several years ago when the University of Iowa was eased out of the Western Conference for subsidizing football players. The members of the faculty board who were to meet in Chicago to hear the case realized how much "dynamite" was contained therein, and took every precaution to keep newspapermen out of the picture.

One sports writer—George Strickler, then on the *Herald & Examiner* in Chicago—discovered the number of the room in which the meeting was to be held. Quickly he called his office.

"Send a man over right away with a brace and bit," he said, "and have him stop off at a doctor's office for a stethoscope."

In ten minutes the breathless colleague was on hand. There was one hitch, however. The bit he had purloined was an inch and a half in diameter, and Strickler was a trifle afraid that if a hole of such size suddenly appeared in the wall of the meeting room, even the professors might decide something was amiss. So the aid was sent back for a smaller and more practical hole-borer. Armed with his implements, Strickler crawled under a bed, cut a hole through into the next room, inserted the stethoscope and spent two hours taking verbatim notes on the testimony which the committee was so painfully anxious to keep out of print.

Sports writing has come a long way from those early days of journalism when it was considered a waste of space and time to write up athletic events. When public pressure finally made it necessary, pioneer sports writers hid their names and identities under nom de plumes to keep from "disgracing" their families. Competition in that era consisted mainly of foot racing, cock fighting, la crosse, prize fighting, baseball, horse racing and kindred sports whose followers were usually the sort of persons who hung around poolrooms and whose gambling adjuncts were constantly under fire from pulpit and press.

A glance at some early sports articles and editorials provides ample clue as to why these early members of the sports writing fraternity shrunk from the public gaze. Here, for example, is the comment in the *Chicago Daily Democrat* of November 19, 1867, describing vividly a fight between Arthur Duffy and Fred Bussey for a $2,000 stake. It was held thrillingly just over the state line at some unidentified spot and spe-

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cial trains carried many enthusiastic Chicagoans to the battle. The fight went 123 gory rounds before Duffy finally gave up and threw the sponge into the ring.

"A raving, drunk, blasphemous mob attended the fight," wrote the sports editor of that day (no by-line, of course). "Attending were 105 gamblers, one justice of the peace, all pimps who could raise $5, two aldermen, 210 bullies, one department superintendent of police, one man known to be a murderer, two police captains, 40 garroters, 220 keepers of low doggeries, eight bawdy-house keepers, 20 members of the press, 12 Board of Trade men, 41 hackmen, 52 burglars, 6 peddlers and others."

Note the fine attention to detail—an art somewhat neglected these days, although the net result at any big fight might be somewhat similar in many of the counts. It also is interesting to note at which point the "members of the press" were considered worthy of mention.

The art of sports writing received probably its greatest impetus in 1869 when Princeton and Rutgers decided to make a game out of kicking a football. Even then, however, it was generally felt that participants and spectators at any sport event were wasting their time.

The prevailing attitude was exemplified by President White of Cornell University, who in 1873 forbade Cornell students to take part in a football game against Michigan, to be played with thirty men on a side at Cleveland. Said Prexy White:

"I will not permit thirty men to travel 400 miles merely to agitate a bag of wind."

Now the thirty men would not only travel 400—or even 4,000 miles—but they would carry with them at least thirty sports reporters to tell the rest of the world just how the agitating process is getting along.

Finally, to correct an erroneous impression which exists among those who don't often get to see them in person, very few sports writers have been great athletes in their day. This may cause as much surprise, perhaps, as it did at a football game last fall on the Pacific Coast, where Will Connolly of a Los Angeles newspaper became engaged in conversation with a sweet young thing.

"And where, Mr. Connolly," she asked, "did you play your football?"

Mr. Connolly admitted that he never had. The young lady was surprised.

"But how can you write intelligently about football if you've never played the game?" she insisted.

"Lady," replied the harassed Mr. Connolly, "when I was a reporter I used to cover funerals, but to my knowledge I've never been dead yet!" #

Through the Terror

Continued from page 57

it is that smile that I see on your lips now and always.

"Good-bye dearest love. I kiss you now and I will kiss you at the end. Bless you. Charles."

He waited for the ink to dry and folded the letter slowly. The prisoners were now stirring and awake. Some had gone to get water for their toilet and several had started a fire in a charcoal brazier over which hung a charred iron kettle. It was a new day, the same as any other, but for Charles it was a day that was different.

About ten o'clock in the morning a sudden silence fell upon the prisoners. The gate was heard to creak and a cart drove into the yard. Someone climbed upon the table and looked out of the high narrow window.

"No," he said. "It is only from the court. These are court bailiffs, not the others." He did not want to say the word "executioners," at least he could spare his comrades that.

It was as he said. The court was ready to try a wine merchant named Bovine and two others who had been in prison many months accused of speculating in government paper money. They shook hands with their fellow prisoners and departed confident that they could prove their innocence and would soon be released. The wine merchant, Bovine, called out: "God will give me the right words to talk in this business. If it were only wine—I could sell it to them, but who knows this Paris language of court haggling!" He rubbed his hands together. "Well, we'll see. Adieux, my friends!"

An hour later the prison concierge returned from his morning marketing and Charles was able to give him the letter together with a gold crown to enable its safe delivery. Soon Charles took off his coat and vest and bringing them to a young fellow who was dressed in rags said: "Would you like my clothes? I will not need them long."

They undressed from head to foot and the condemned man put on the rags and for want of shoes tied burlap over his feet. He gave away what he possessed and began counting his money. There was a noise at the prison gate and a cart was let into the yard. This however was again not the dreaded executioner's cart. It was the merchant, Bovine, being returned. His trial was over. The other two had been set free.

He entered with much excitement. "They were acquitted. And I also acquitted but on surety. They need a thousand crowns. But I do not have a thousand crowns. I offered to sign a bond for even a larger amount. I am a merchant and my signature means something. But no. They would not accept it. So I am back in prison to wait until I can get it."

Charles looked up from the ta-

Continued on page 184

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Through the Terror

Continued from pages 57-183

ble. "Is that all you need to be free? Here is the money. Go and give it to them."

"Allow me to write you a promissory note for the sum?"

Charles smiled. What good could a note do him?

"Your word is good enough. But I could tell you what you might do. You are leaving Paris at once?"

"I cannot leave fast enough."

"Then perhaps you would escort a lady and see that no ruffians molest her. She has money for the journey and is leaving at once for Flanders, which is where your home . . ."

A low murmur rose from the prisoners, a whisper choked by a sudden feeling of doom announced: "The cart. The cart."

"We have no time for words. Here is her address and do what you can. Take her away and tell her that my last thoughts were for her and her safety. Forget about the money, for the service you render me gives me great calm and comfort."

The wine merchant was overcome and could think of nothing better to say than: "Bitter dregs. So young and so unnecessary. Bitter dregs." He embraced Charles and promised to do everything he could for Georgine.

The door opened and the executioner, Sanson, and his rude assistants entered together with the warden.

Not a word was spoken. The eighteen condemned men walked up to the gate. When all were together in one crowd they were allowed to pass through the door which was soon locked behind them. In the foyer the prisoners took their places on the long black benches facing the barred windows to prepare for the "toilette."

Sanson took the book from the gaol keeper's hands and signed the page for the delivery of the victims.

"Eighteen," said the prison keeper.

"All right," replied Sanson.

"Eighteen?" inquired one of his black escorts.

"I'll count," said another of the henchmen.

"Who cares?" said the one with the matted beard and pistol in his red sash. "Why count them? We don't have to pay for them."

"No, but it must be done correctly."

"All right, you count."

"I got seventeen," shouted one.

"No, it's eighteen," said another.

"Let's count them together."

"All right."

"Now here is two, and those three make five and . . ."

In this way they went along the line and counted the prisoners who sat without a murmur or a single sign of a tear. Their heads were bowed so that Sanson, the executioner, could come along with his shears and free the neck of hanging hair. This haircut was given with the compliments of the Republic.

The henchmen continued counting, ". . . sixteen and two are eighteen."

"Well, that's funny. I could have sworn there were seventeen."

But the rude fellow with the pistol in his sash shook his black beard and with an air of disgust called: "How many times must you count them. All right, it's seventeen or eighteen. It's close enough. As many as they give us we will take. Why so fancy? You are not buying buns in a bakery."

"Please, don't interrupt. We will count them one by one."

"Yes, and let's start at the other end."

And so they went along the line while Sanson cut the hair and at length they got to the last of the condemned.

"And this one is eighteen. Right?"

"Yes, right. But I could have sworn that we had an odd number and only seventeen. It's funny."

"Well, that's all I'll count. It makes me tired to count. If you still think it is seventeen you can go over them again."

"No, I don't care enough about it. We sign for eighteen and you count eighteen and that puts nine in each cart and we better not delay because it looks like rain and we should have been here an hour ago. You know it grows dark early."

Charles heard these last words of the stupid ruffians and he spoke softly to himself: "Yes. It grows dark early. And early and late become one. The agony is only in the waiting."

The sharp metallic click of the steel shears cut the hair with a lively rhythm and very soon the rough "toilette" was finished. The prisoners did not have to be ordered.

They stood up and placed their hands behind their backs for the henchmen to bind. These fellows brought cords with them already cut to the convenient length.

"All tied," called the one with the beard.

"How many cords have you left?" asked another.

"Only one."

"That's strange. I cut twenty pieces of cord. We should have two over."

"Let's count them again."

"No, I am sick of counting them."

"Wait," said one. "Here it is. I gave this young fellow two cords by mistake."

"Well, leave it now. Two will hold as good as one. Let's get along. It looks like rain."

Mute, enduring, stern and proudly defiant the men condemned filed out of the prison. They did not look behind for a last glance at the prison stone walls, that solid cube of sorrow. But before them they saw the arched gate through which they soon were to pass, and through

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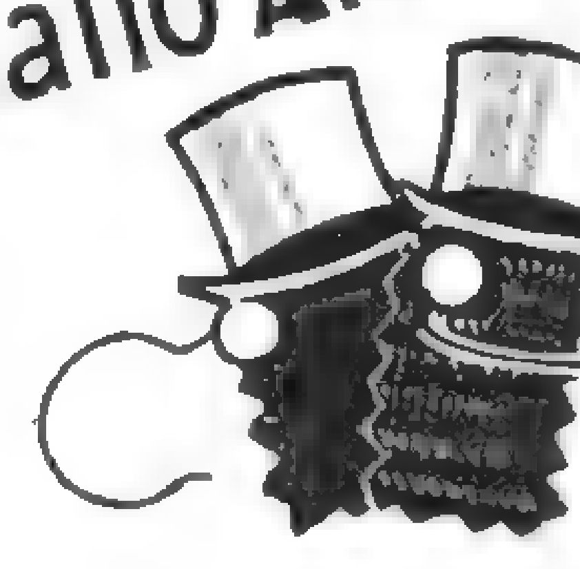

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this gate they saw the sky. It was dark, inky and cold as slate but still it was the sky and here in this great vast space above the tortured world, here somewhere in all the immensity there surely was a peaceful corner. Soon they would find it.

Not a word was spoken. The condemned men smiled as they climbed into the two carts. Their eyes were dry and whatever emotion was in them nothing would they display to the hired executioner and his stupid assistants. Their tears dropped inwardly.

As they approached the square where the guillotine stood tall and black with its arms pointing to heaven and holding loosely the diagonal polished axe, here the thirsty crowd broke out into welcoming cheers.

"Make room!" cried the drivers. "Make room! We bring the pretty ones. Step back and give us room. It's more important for us to be close than for you. Don't fret, you'll see everything, only give us room. Hey!"

The spectators were packed solidly into the square and found it difficult to open a lane and give room to the carts in spite of all the shouting of the drivers. The yells of the drivers were lost in the jeering and profane insults that the mob howled at the men condemned.

The prisoners looked up but did not reply. In this way the procession slowly reached the steps of the platform.

They were brought down from the carts and waited in a small clearing that was roped off from the spectators. These were the main actors who were to play on the stage and some room had to be given them.

Sanson was the first to mount the steps and reaching the platform waved his fat arm as a greeting to the mob. They cheered loudly for they knew that now the performance would begin.

It was all a horrible business. Charles closed his eyes. He hoped perhaps that he might be the very first and be spared the agony of what was about to happen. But no.

Another was chosen and he could hear his feet mount the rough planks of the scaffold. He did not dare look up.

There was a hushed silence then a violent trembling vibration and the bang of the heavy blade. Charles kept his eyes closed but he knew that a head had fallen. The mob shouted and cheered as Sanson picked up the head by the hair and displayed it at each of the four corners of the scaffold before hurling it into the basket.

Then another victim. And again came the heavy trembling vibration that even shook the street cobbles as the blade fell to the bottom. A wild shout followed from the crowd.

But when the third prisoner was ready to drop his life into the basket of liberty something occurred that had never happened before. The arms of the guillotine had been warped slightly by a recent rain and the track in which the blade dropped was uneven and the heavy steel axe had ripped out long splinters of wood. That accounted for the violent vibration and trembling during the fall. But now the blade stuck midway in the channel and would not descend at all.

A surprised murmur went through the crowd. One of Sanson's men, the one with the black beard, picked up a hammer and banged on the tall timbers but the blade would not shake itself free.

At length the helpless victim, who had already died a hundred deaths by this unforeseen delay, was taken away from under the hanging blade and brought to the steps of the scaffold. He was too weak to stand and sank down in a daze while two carpenters came forward with a long ladder and began to repair this tall engine of death.

As they did so the curious crowd pushed forward and broke through the lines which roped off the prisoners.

Charles felt a surging and jostling struggle about him. The people were anxious to see the repairs. He was pushed here and there and he was too weak to resist so pressing a tide. Soon he opened his eyes for a brief second and found himself near a lamp post with a good twenty feet of solid people between himself and the platform. He leaned against this post and waited patiently for the repairs to be over. He heard the carpenters' hammering and their shouts to each other. It took quite a while to make this repair and it seemed hours though actually it was less than a single hour until the machine was again working.

The blade at length was freed, the tracks made smooth and well greased and after hoisting up the heavy axe twice and letting it fall, all was again declared in order and the carpenters removed their long ladder.

It was growing dark quickly and the crowd impatient by this delay pushed forward still closer to see what they had come for. Heavy clouds filled the air and it looked very much as though the last of this grim performance would be finished in a downpour.

Sanson looked up overhead and hurried his men along with their business of death. He no longer took the trouble to display the heads to the mob. There was no time for they were racing with the fast falling night. It was necessary to parcel out the death dealing blows before dark closed upon them.

"One more!" cried a scaffold wretch.

"The last," called Sanson.

"The last!" yelled the one with the beard and the pistol in his sash. Then cupping his hands and yelling loudly to the mob at the other side of the scaffold he repeated: "The last!"

And once more the blade fell with a thunderous bang.

The mob now satisfied turned

Continued on page 186

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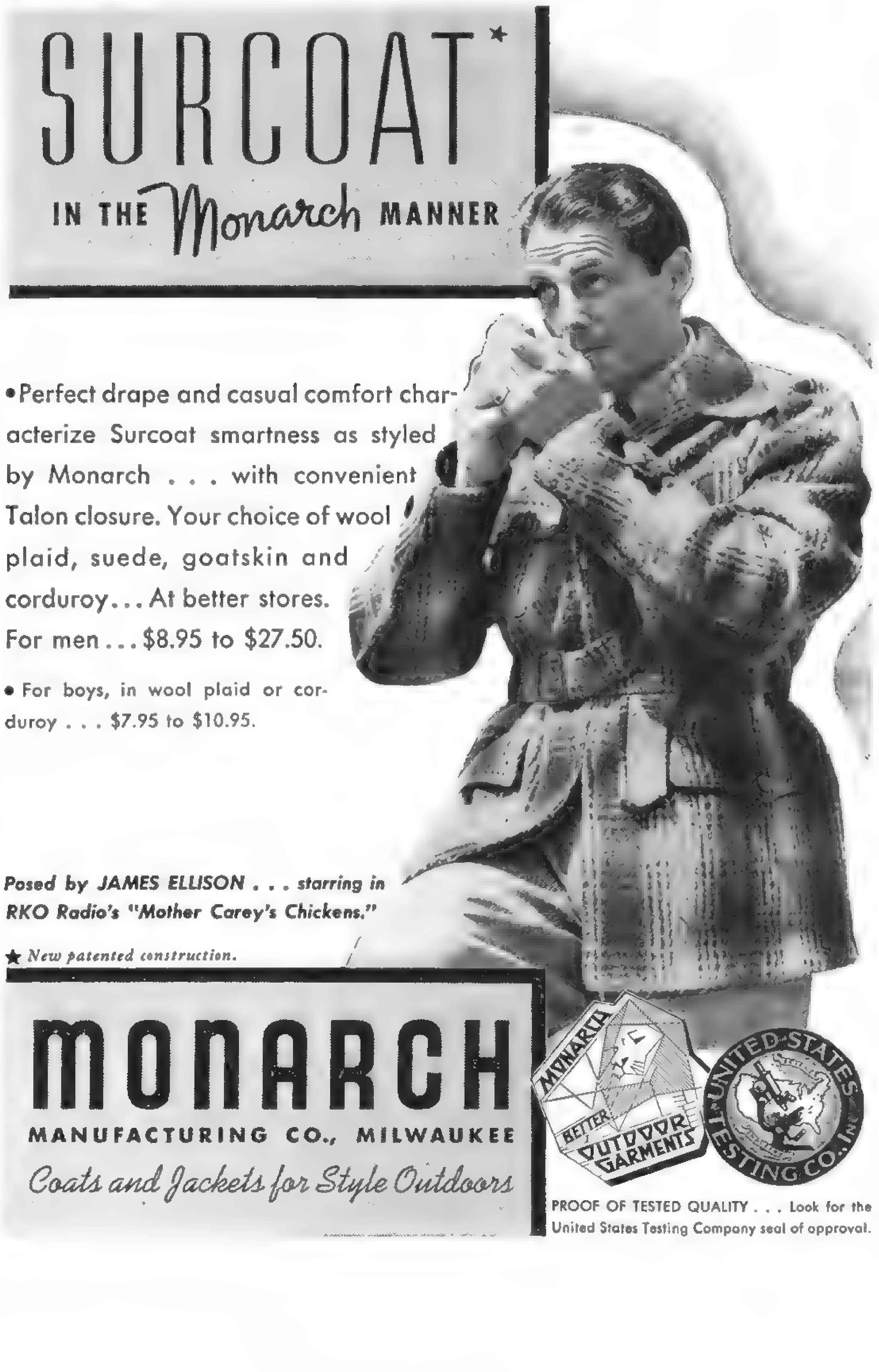
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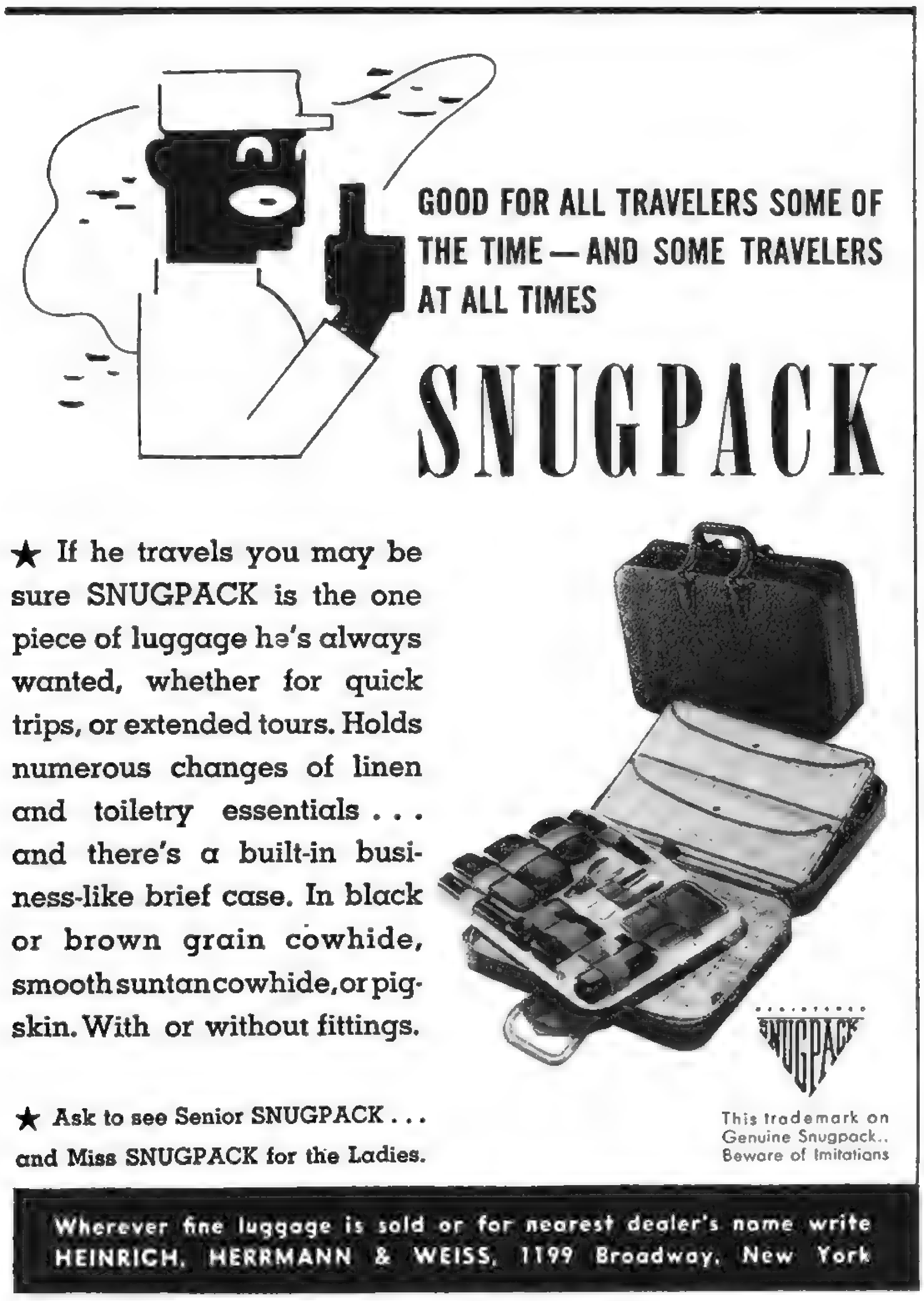
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JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK

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Through the Terror

Continued from pages 57-183-185

about and with much pushing and pressing began to disperse. And Charles who still stood by the lamp post in a half-daze found that he was carried along for two streets before he realized that something had happened. He had been forgotten and no one seemed to care! His hands were tied behind his back but the crowd was so thick that nobody could see them. Besides, the rags that covered him seemed to hang in cords and the long sleeves hung over the knots that bound his wrists. He resembled an overgrown street urchin and so wretched was his general appearance that several well dressed people pushed him away from them.

In another few minutes it was fairly dark and the crowd was much thinner. Now it was possible to walk a few steps without being carried along by the tide. Charles walked along in the only direction he could. The fresh night air was bracing but more than air was necessary to give life to a soul who had already counted himself among the dead.

The miracle was too sudden and he was not ready to receive it. At first he thought he had better go back to the guillotine and tell them that he had been overlooked. But the crowd was pushing away from the square and it was not possible to break through in the opposite direction. Then he thought he might go back to the prison and bang with his burlap covered feet on the gate until someone came out.

Yes, they would be surprised to see him.

He walked on until he came to a small park and here, weary and limp from so terrible an experience he rested beside a tree and tried to gather his wits and think hard what would be best to do.

While standing there, pale and faint, a workman approached him. He looked up.

"Is there something wrong with you?" asked the middle-aged laborer.

"Yes, there is. You see it is this way." Charles paused. He did not have words ready to meet such a situation.

"Well, what is it?"

"My friends have played a joke on me. You see they have tied my hands."

"Let me see. Why yes. You are all tied up like a calf. Ha! ha! What did they want to do that for?"

"They stole my hat."

"Ha! ha! Yes, I can see. Come, I will cut you loose."

He took out a knife and cut the cords. Charles breathed deeply.

"Many thanks, my friend."

"Ha! ha! They tied you up and stole your hat. Ha, ha!"

"Yes. I am grateful to you. I would like to do something for you. Perhaps we could have a drink at that café."

"No, not that one. They charge double for everything. Come, I will show you a good place. Ha! ha! That's a good joke."

They walked along and soon it was quite dark. In the café they ordered brandy and the genial laborer again wanted to know why his friends desired to play this joke on Charles.

By this time a certain poise and assurance was returning to him. He thought of Georgine and wanted to run to her house and see if she were still there. But now he realized he had better be careful and not do anything that might betray him. He decided to make no move that might cause any suspicion.

"Let's have another drink," he said and before drinking he put the glass down and suddenly clutching the arm of the laborer said: "The devil take them! I have no money. No. Not a sou. That was it. They wanted my money. How stupid of me not to realize it before. That is why they tied me up. Now, I see it all. They took it from my pocket."

"Ha! ha!" laughed his friend. "The joke gets funnier with every drink."

"My friend. I will have my revenge. They will pay for this. But now let us be practical. Here I invited you and . . . But I have a sweetheart not far from here and . . ."

"You want to tie her up also?"

"No, listen, my friend. I will remain here in order to pay the check and I will write a note which you will have the kindness to deliver to her. She will bring me some money."

"As you say."

The waiter brought paper and ink and Charles wrote as follows: "Georgine. Come at once to the above place and bring me a few francs and a hat. Speak to nobody and when you see me laugh in my face because a joke has been played on me. Much love, Charles."

He feared to write more. The workman laughed again at the joke and promised faithfully to deliver the letter. He had one more drink and warmed by mirth and brandy went out into the night.

Charles sat down and waited. Now he feared that Georgine must surely have left Paris as his letter to her had requested. And the wine merchant also must have had time to pay his bond and carry out his promise. Perhaps Marie would get the note and come to the café, that is if she did not accompany Georgine. And if the worst came to the worst and nobody arrived he would have to offer something to the café proprietor in payment for the drinks. How strange is life! Only an hour or so before he gave a merchant a thousand crowns to go free and now for the want of a few francs he was confined not in a fortress but in a café. What could he offer the patron? The rags on his back? These and a hundred other thoughts floated rapidly through

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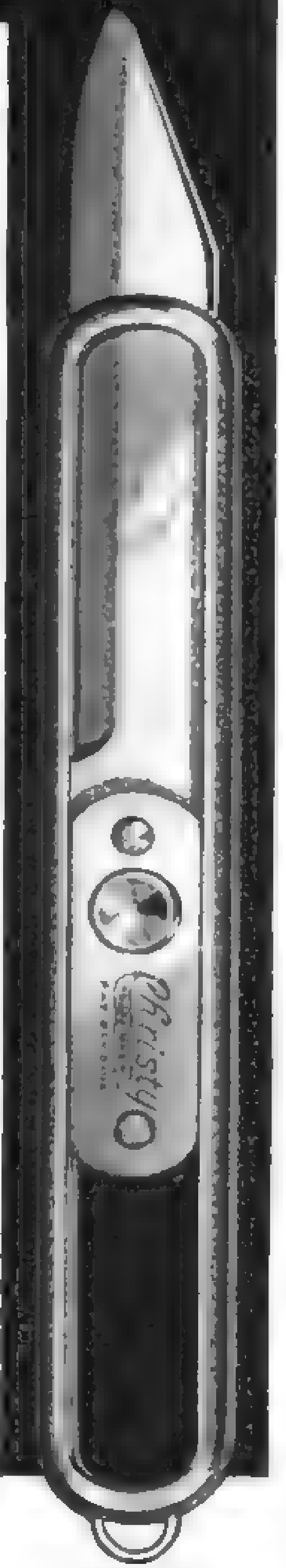

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his mind. And the guillotine? The guillotine did not even know that it had been cheated. So much blood, a little more or less could make no difference.

Georgine spent a most agonizing day. Up to the very end she refused to give up hope. Even when Marie returned from the square and said sadly that she had seen Charles in one of the two carts, even then Georgine refused to pack her belongings. She waited and waited until at length, just as it was growing dark Bovine the wine merchant arrived.

"Yes," he said, "I have come to carry out the instructions of a friend. You can never know what service he has done for me and I should have come here directly but what was the good of coming unprepared. The thousand crowns that Charles gave me went for the bond and there I was free but penniless. And so what do I do? Well, I can always sell wine. So I went to that pig Prunell and I said to him . . . Well, to make a long story short, twenty-six barrels he will receive in one week and for this he has given me fifty crowns and lent me a span of horses and a carriage. And by heaven if you ever catch me in Paris again you may take my hide. Oh! What a time. And so now, the carriage is in the street and ready to take you and make my word as good as my bond. What a pig that Prunell! He saw my condition and made me pay through the nose. Twenty-six barrels! But a bargain is a bargain. And so I cried out to his fat wife, 'Madame, can you have the heart to see a fellow merchant dying of hunger? At least be so good and put a basket in the carriage with something to eat in it. I will not stop in Paris another moment. Your husband has me in the press and his black soul has squeezed twenty-six barrels of juice out of me.' The woman lost no time in throwing together some stuff from a larder . . . Anything to keep me quiet! And so . . . And so? What was I saying? We cannot delay. I have given him my word and my word is as good as a bond, everyone knows that."

Then suddenly as he was talking came a knock on the door and the half-tipsy workman stood there with the note in his hand. He laughed.

"It's a good joke. Here is the letter. Do you know this fellow? Well, yes. He told me to give it to you and I was thinking that it would be a good joke if you paid no attention to it and let him stay in the café. Ha! ha! One joke breeds another. You know. Ha! ha!" He left, holding his sides with laughter.

Georgine held the paper in trembling fingers. Her eyes dimmed with tears. When the door was closed she whispered to the merchant: "Read this and tell me if it can be true or is this another cruel joke?"

Bovine read it over to himself and then aloud.

"Can it be true?" she asked. Then she sank to her knees and prayed to God in Heaven that it might be true.

The merchant soon lifted her from the floor and urged her to hurry. They decided to go together and as quickly as possible. She bundled up a package of money, her jewels and some clothes.

"Come, that's enough," she said and embraced Marie who broke out into loud sobs.

They were about to depart when Georgine ran back and from a drawer in the bureau brought out a small pistol which she put in the bosom of her dress. She drew a heavy cape about herself and they ran from the house to the street.

They drove to a place about half a block away from the café and Georgine walked on alone.

She entered and saw Charles dressed in rags. Obeying her instructions she began to laugh. But while she was laughing she had her hand close to the handle of the pistol, for she did not know what she could expect. She wanted to throw herself into his arms and weep. And she needed all the strength she had to keep back the flow of tears. But she walked slowly toward him and laughed. He laughed also.

"Yes," he said with apparent indifference. "They took my money. It was a joke. I owe the patron four francs. Be so good and pay them for me."

She drew a five-franc piece from under her cloak and dropped it on the table. Also she had a cap in her hand and threw this carelessly toward him. "Come," she said. "You are keeping us all from our supper."

He walked out of the café and she behind him. Once in the street she said: "Say nothing now but follow me quickly."

They jumped into the carriage and Bovine whipped up the horses.

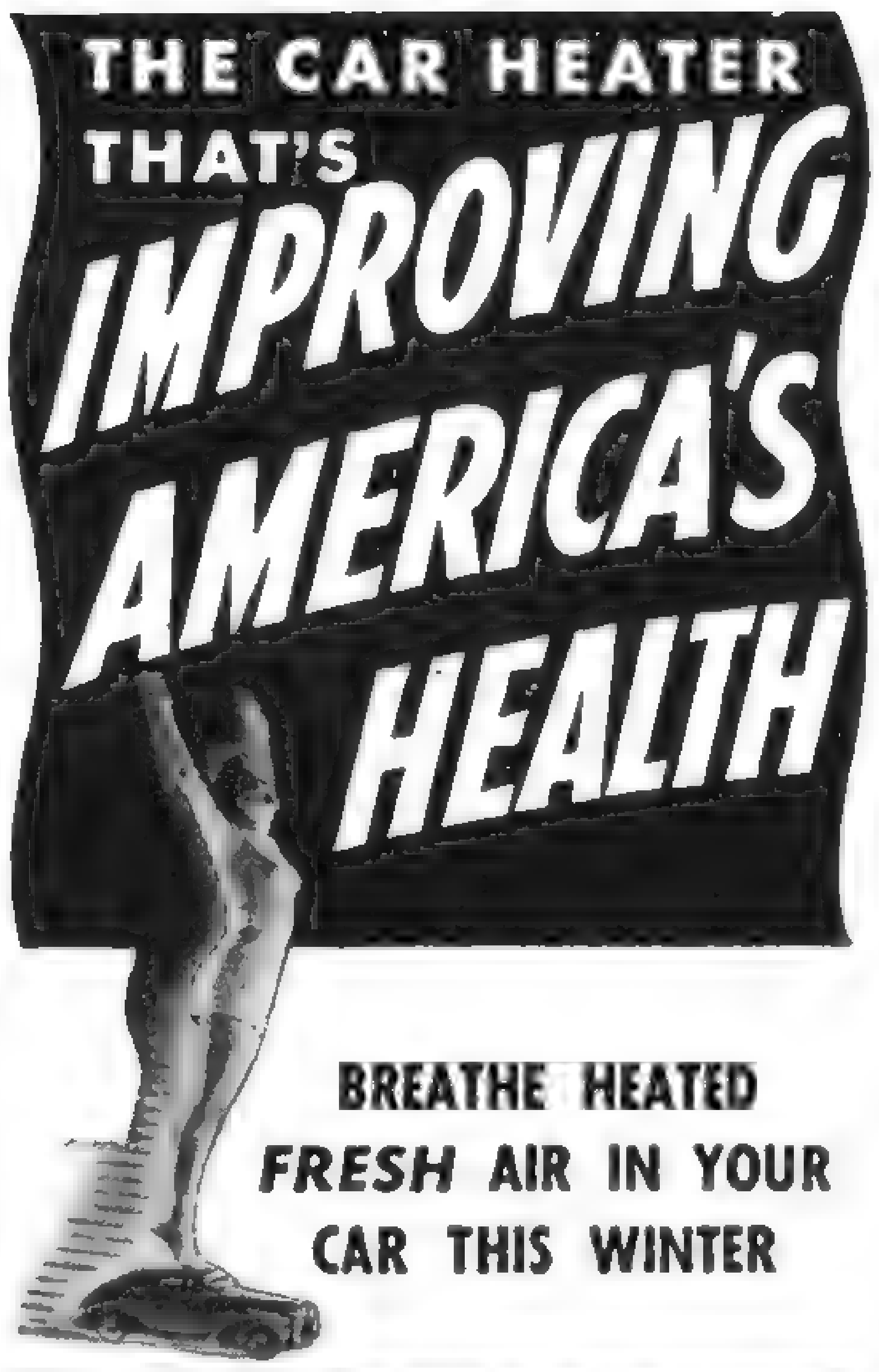
As soon as they were running, Bovine turned about and said: "Hold your silence until we pass through the city gate. And let me do the talking."

They were stopped at the gate and a lantern thrust into their faces. Georgine had her hand on the pistol.

"I am Bovine, the wine merchant and here is the receipt for my bond. Think of it. A thousand crowns they took from me. And this is my daughter and her intended. They came to Paris to bring me the money. Does money grow on bushes? And if you want to know something, I'll tell it to you. I don't like your Paris prisons at all."

"All right, get along and don't block the road."

They drove on briskly to get away from the city walls—the walls that held the terror, and then feeling assured of their safety Georgine embraced Charles and wept softly. They drove all night long and reached the wine merchant's home early in the morning as the barnyard cocks were crowing. ⌗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Call Me Stanley

Continued from page 79

grinning at a crowd in Washington, and the cutting of sugar cane in Barbados, and the launching of a new ship in England, and a parade of soldiers before Hitler. All these things had an attraction for him which, he thought, they might not have if he were watching them alone.

The current-events film ended, and the lights went on for a brief time while belated comers hunted for seats. The girl smiled at him. She had an awfully pleasant face, he thought.

"Now comes the big show," she remarked. "I want awfully to see this."

"So do I," he agreed.

The lights went out. The announcements of the cast and the directors and the owners and other unimportant matters passed swiftly before their eyes. And then, in the dark house, in the midst of a thousand other lonely and bewildered minds, they forgot reality and daylight, and entered into a dream. They saw the exiled prince slowly win his way into the hearts of the humble folk of the land to which he had been exiled. They heard his appeal to the peasantry that they rise and follow him. The roars of the approving populace came to their ears. Then they saw the scurry, the indomitable zeal, with which this awaked people sprang to arms—they saw the march of the invading and rightfully indignant troops of the exiled prince. The attack at the gate of the fortress was a terrific sight. Meanwhile, within the palace, the dreadful, drink-sodden general, old enough to be the father of the golden-haired young princess, was leering at her lustfully as the Bishop was about to pronounce the fatal words that would make them man and wife—while the innocent girl shrank back from the altar in agony. With a terrific rending of wood and iron, the doors burst open—the evil general dies at the point of the prince's sword, and the swooning girl smiles up ecstatically as the arms of her savior envelop her.

The film ended. The lights came on. Ed became aware that his hand had been for some time just barely touching the hand of the girl. "No, I must be honest," he said to himself, "I *was* aware of it, once in a while; and I was awfully glad that she didn't seem to notice."

They rose to go. He saw, with no disapproval, that the girl was drying tears that were on her cheek. He had a funny lump in the throat, himself.

"That was grand," she said, as they made their way out.

"It sure was. Now, what do you say to our going somewhere and having some refreshments?" He felt that Stanley would use the word "refreshments."

"Why, I think that would be lovely!"

When they reached a brightly lighted little ice cream parlor, Ed ushered the girl in. They ordered ice cream and two kinds of cake. It was only after they had begun to eat that Ed was suddenly smitten by misgivings.

"Say, I'll bet you'd rather have gone some place where we could get a cocktail, wouldn't you?" He had a feeling of his complete inadequacy; Stanley would not have made this mistake.

"No," the girl said placidly. "I like this much better. And don't be so afraid that I'm going to bite you. I'm not a policeman. Have you been robbing a bank, or what?"

He looked at her in alarm, and saw that she was smiling at him in an attempt to reassure him. He responded in the same vein: "Sure. I usually rob one bank per day. But today I made it two. Pretty good, what?"

"Very. But now that you've been so nice to me, you'd better tell me your name. My name is Ellen Dorsch."

"My name," he said bravely, "is E. Stanley Henders."

"Oh," she said. An inexplicable shadow passed over her face.

"Yes," he said. "Miss Dorsch—would you mind very much if I called you Ellen?"

"No, I wouldn't mind at all."

"And will you call me Stanley?"

"I can't call you Stanley. I'm sorry, but I just can't. What does the 'E.' stand for?"

Depression swept over his spirit. Had she seen through him already? Did she guess that he was lying? This was terrible. But he would see the thing through. He had started it, and he couldn't stop now.

He felt in his coat pocket, slipped one of the calling cards out of the box, and handed it to her.

"You see, my name really is E. Stanley Henders."

She looked at the card. "Yes, I see it is. But what does 'E.' stand for?"

"I'd rather not tell you; I don't like the name. Call me Stanley."

She glanced away. Then she turned her dark frank eyes on him and said: "I can't call you Stanley. I knew a fellow named Stanley, and he tried to lock me into a room once, and—well, I can't tell you about it. But I don't want to call you by that name; you're too nice a fellow. I'm not going to call you anything. Just 'you.'"

Somehow this pleased him. "I think that 'Just You' would be fine. You call me that, will you?"

"All right, Just You!" she said smiling.

"Say, Ellen, I think you're a nice girl," he said. Deliberately he touched the back of her hand with his fingers. His self-confidence was completely restored.

She did not move her hand. "I don't think you're so bad yourself," she said in a low tone of voice.

"Will you come to the movies again with me Saturday night?"

"Why—why—do you really

want me?" she asked, hesitantly.

"I certainly do!"

"O.K. I like going to the movies with you. You're a gentleman."

When they parted, to walk their separate ways homeward, Ed stalked as if in a dream. The streets were not the streets he knew. He hardly recognized the door of his own house. Quietly he let himself in and climbed the stair to his room. It seemed unfamiliar to him. Or was it that he was unfamiliar to himself? He was not the same fellow who had left this room three hours earlier.

He began to undress. Yes, there were the same old clothes hangers. This was his room, all right.

Slowly, dully, as he was taking off his shoes, he arrived at the turning-point of his whole life. A vague sense came over him that it was wonderful and exciting to be alive—and that one's name did not matter. Ellen had said, "You're a gentleman." She had eyes like a deer; she saw everything; if she said he was a gentleman, then he was a gentleman. The names of things or of people were unimportant.

E. Stanley Henders could just go and chase himself! Ed took the box of cards out of the pocket and threw it into the wastebasket.

"No," he said aloud, shaking his head and addressing the shoe he had just taken off, "no, you can't keep on lying to a girl like this girl. Nope. Nope. Your name is Ed—and you're going to tell her so on Saturday. You're going to say to her: 'My name isn't Stanley. My name is Ed. Take it or leave it.'" #

College Praise Man

Continued from page 70

over-adjectived individual. But although the Praise Man is seldom reticent or prone to understatement about his charges, there is one place when he suddenly becomes modest. You'll never find him disclosing the correct weights of the men on his squad.

The scoreboard pay-off is not in pounds and ounces, so it's hard to see what is gained by this strategem. If the Praise Man's team is occasionally beaten, it is always outweighed. Inasmuch as the weights are usually handed him by the head coach, they ought to be accurate. However they seldom are. Examine your program next Saturday afternoon and the chances are ten to one the visiting team will outweigh the locals in most positions. The Praise Man prints the programs.

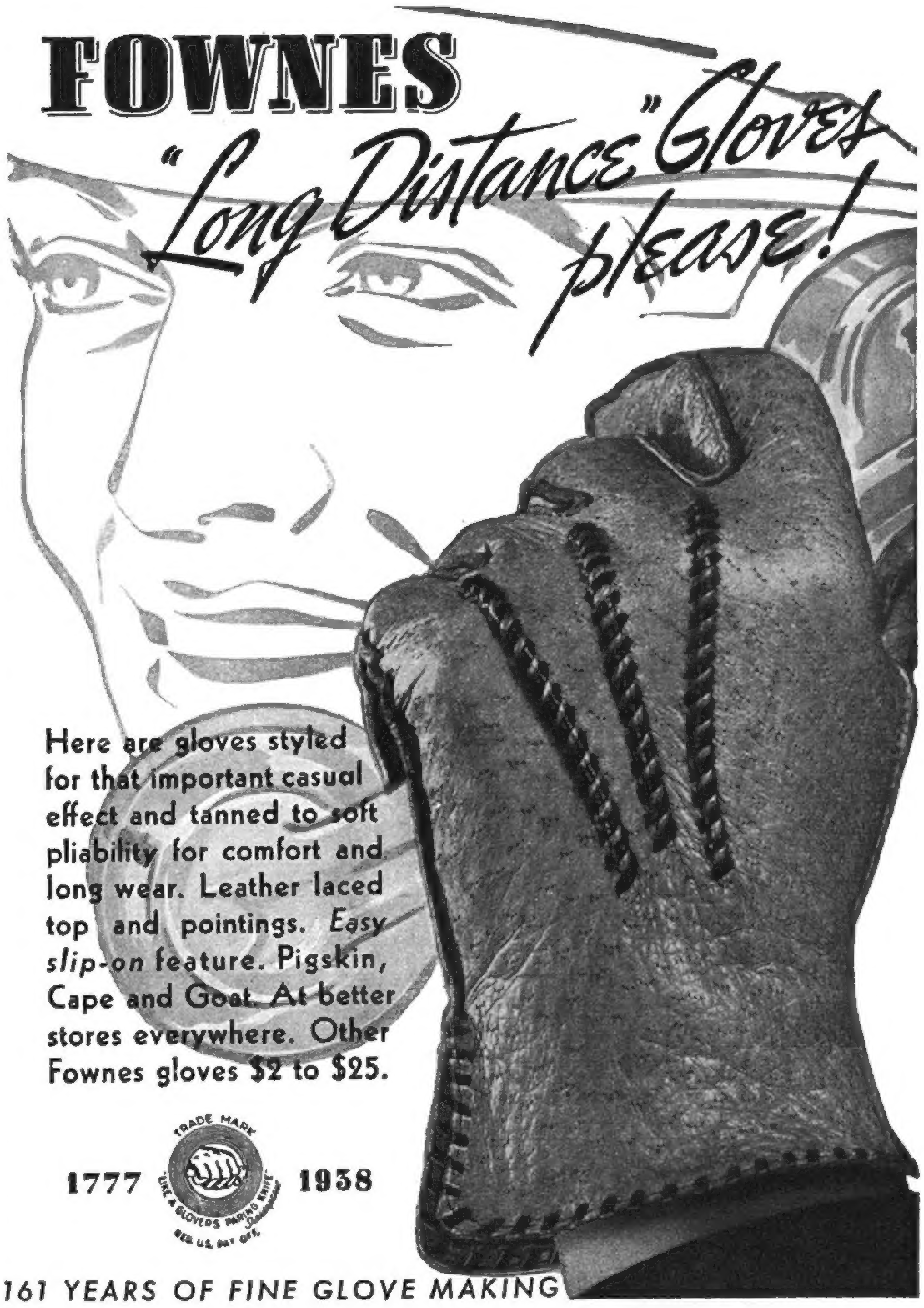
Number One Praise Man of the United States is the redoubtable Tom Foudy of St. Mary's, California. He used to call his charges the "Galloping Gaels," a cognomen which now hardly fits as the squad includes Slavs, Bohemians, Italians, Poles, Greeks and Armenians, and names like Schreiber, Erdelatz, Nichelini, Jorgensen, Resetar, Mattos and Wagner. These are not exactly Gaelic names. So lately he terms them the "Moraga Marauders," a title taken from the hills of Moraga where the college is now located. Alarming subtitles have been bestowed on the stars of the eleven: "Harry the Horse," "Louie the Lug," and "Tony the Terror." Last fall Praise Man Foudy explained that his gang had a "rendezvous with destiny," and that "there is an all-veteran array at right halfback that is saturated with star dust." In advance of the annual hegira east which the Marauders make each fall, Foudy sends out an interview with Coach Slips Madigan so saturated with star dust that the sportswriters can save themselves the trouble of meeting the coach by merely pasting up the material as it stands.

Right here it might be interesting to let you in on one of the minor mysteries of the game; the All-American gag. Not even a ubiquitous professor like Mr. Grantland Rice has yet discovered how to be in two places at the same time, while the majority of All-American manufacturers seldom get off the reservation more than three or four times a season. At best they may watch twenty teams and half a dozen likely candidates for this fictitious eleven. Yet on the first day of December they suddenly come up for air with a complete All-American team three deep in every position, including detailed descriptions of heroes like Dufflebag of Gonzaga and Wisniski of Emporia Teachers College whom they never have seen, or even heard about until a few weeks before. What do you make of that, Dr. Watson?

The College Praise Man. Thank the Praise Man. It's axiomatic that every All-American team must be spattered with players from Boston to Los Angeles. But the average sportswriter sees only a few teams from outside his immediate locality. Yet he must make that mythical team as representative as a presidential ticket. The Praise Men know this. They realize that whether a sports editor picks Jake (Hardcrusher) Devine of their club or some softie from Southern California depends on how much he hears about the two men. So early in the fall they start a campaign to get their best man fixed. By a constant stream of releases about his feats, by playing him up steadily through the entire season, and by an occasional word to prominent newspapermen at the right time, they can easily make the press of the nation susceptible to his charms. Given a good back or end the Praise Man of any college can flood the sports desks with such a stream of verbiage that come December their client's name is likely to lead all the rest.

An excellent illustration is the way North Carolina plugged Andy Bershak, their star end, last fall. Early in the season this gentle hint appeared on the sports editors' desks from the University

Continued on page 190



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Here are gloves styled for that important casual effect and tanned to soft pliability for comfort and long wear. Leather laced top and pointings. *Easy slip-on* feature. Pigskin, Cape and Goat. At better stores everywhere. Other Fownes gloves $2 to $25.

1777 1938

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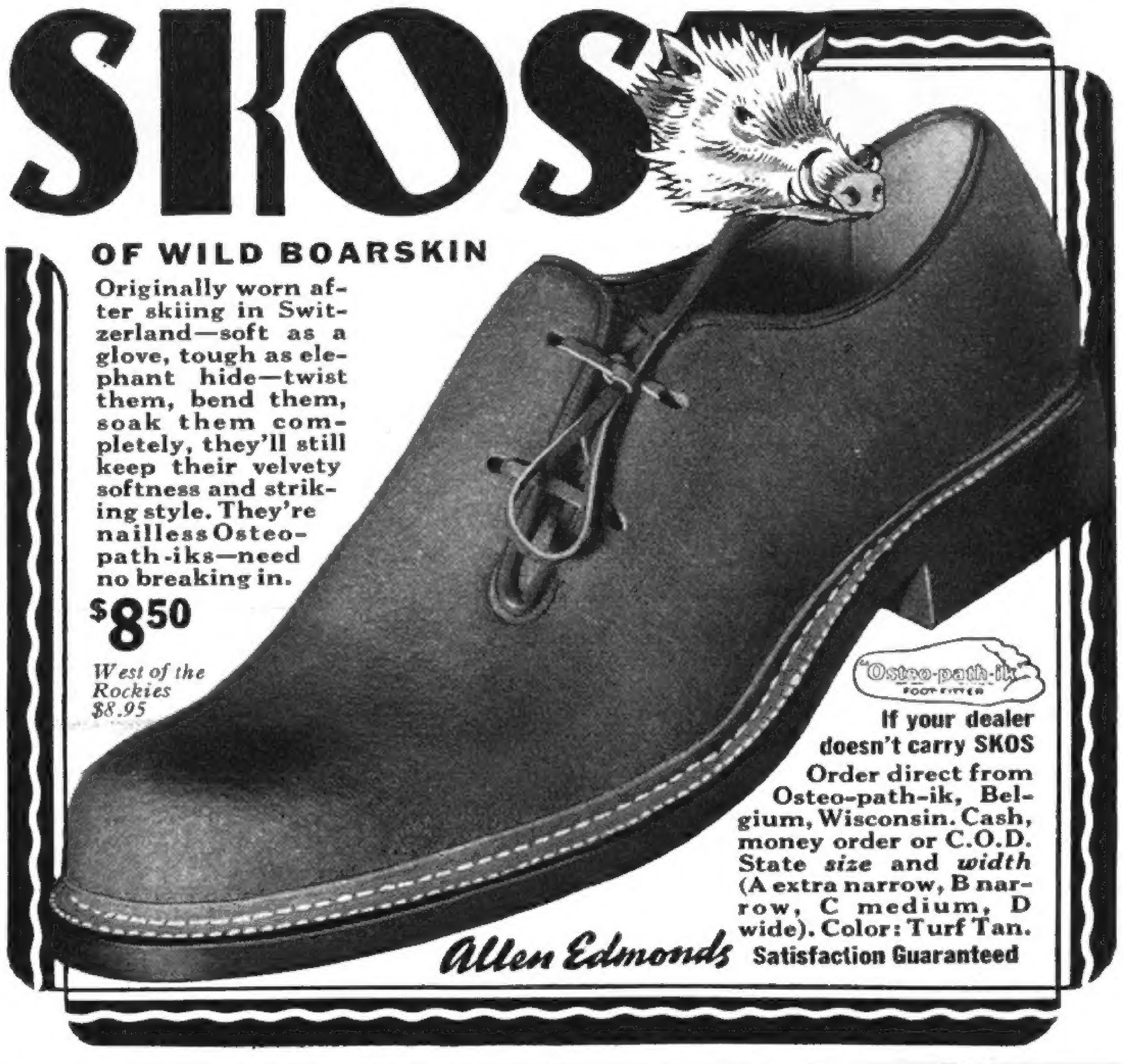

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Originally worn after skiing in Switzerland—soft as a glove, tough as elephant hide—twist them, bend them, soak them completely, they'll still keep their velvety softness and striking style. They're nailless Osteo-path-iks—need no breaking in.

$8.50

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If your dealer doesn't carry SKOS

Order direct from Osteo-path-ik, Belgium, Wisconsin. Cash, money order or C.O.D. State *size* and *width* (A extra narrow, B narrow, C medium, D wide). Color: Turf Tan.

Allen Edmonds Satisfaction Guaranteed

15th

of every month is the day to look for the new ESQUIRE on the newsstands

THIS IS NOT A "BEFORE AND AFTER" STUNT

The two photos at the left are identical—except that the artist has painted out the hair in the top photo. The purpose in doing this is to illustrate how the loss of hair robs even a young man of his youthful looks.

Dandruff is a menace to healthy hair growth. In many instances it is the cause of excessive loss of hair. Don't neglect dandruff.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR HAIR NOW
Don't Wait Until After You've Lost It

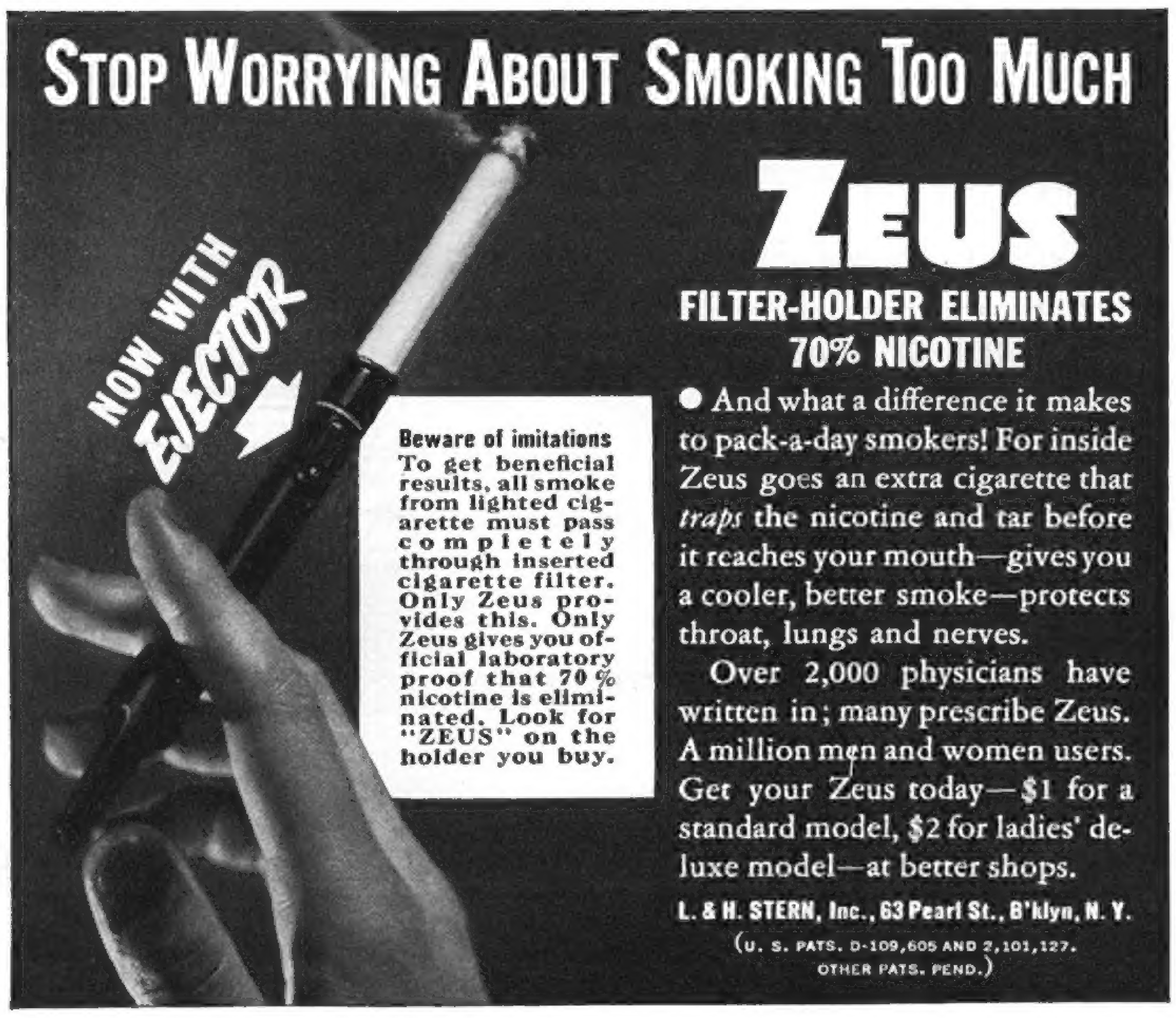
Nothing known to science will grow hair on a bald head. Therefore a wise man will take care of his hair while he has it and not wait until it is gone. Fight dandruff and scalp irritation.

TRY Lucky Tiger

FOR DANDRUFF
Used For Over A Quarter Century

Millions have used Lucky Tiger over the years, and have found that it removes dandruff, checks the resulting hair loss, and relieves scalp irritations and that miserable itching. Get a bottle of Lucky Tiger at drug stores or your favorite 10¢ store. Or ask your barber for a professional application.

THE FAST-ACTING DANDRUFF REMOVER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Over 2,000 physicians have written in; many prescribe Zeus. A million men and women users. Get your Zeus today—$1 for a standard model, $2 for ladies' de luxe model—at better shops.

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(U. S. PATS. D-109,605 AND 2,101,127. OTHER PATS. PEND.)

Beware of imitations
To get beneficial results, all smoke from lighted cigarette must pass completely through inserted cigarette filter. Only Zeus provides this. Only Zeus gives you official laboratory proof that 70% nicotine is eliminated. Look for "ZEUS" on the holder you buy.

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The Smartest Things on Two Feet . .

A new style smash hit . . . for campus and sports wear. What comfort! Your dealer will demonstrate the cradle construction. Write Dept. S for his name.

40 STYLES AT $3.50 TO $8.50

No. 7829 Men's $5.00
No. 7845 Women's $4.00

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College Praise Man

Continued from pages 70-189

News Bureau at Chapel Hill. "Andy Bershak, greatest end ever produced in Tar Heelia, is North Carolina's leading candidate for All-American honors this season. Bershak is particularly keen at diagnosing plays, blocking punts, smashing interference, snagging passes and nailing tackles." Almost every release, and there were plenty from Chapel Hill during the season, stressed the ability of Bershak. As the end of the fall approached, the hints became plainer. "Duke Game Gives Bershak Big Boost For All-American." Says who? Says the head coach of North Carolina. And we are told that "Andy's brilliant performances are not limited to the athletic field. He's an All-American in studies and student leadership as well. In books he is maintaining a Phi Beta Kappa average. In the classroom Andy wears glasses, is as meek as a lamb, looks like a typical scholar, but on the gridiron he's as ferocious as a lion."

Just before time to choose the All-American team a long sheet was sent out with "Andy's Record This Season." His every move in every game was charted, the tackles he made, the passes he caught ('speared' is the Praise Man word), the havoc he spread in opposing backfields from September to Thanksgiving was depicted in feverish language. Comments upon his play were quoted from leading coaches and from the sportswriters of metropolitan dailies who had observed his play from the stands. Would you be astonished to learn that Bershak was a nominee on the majority of the nation's All-American elevens?

Sometimes the Praise Man sends out useful material to the working press; more often not. Last fall Michigan State broadcast a series of personal sketches about the men on their squad which told pretty much everything except details of their sex life, if any. Dudley Darwin, guard, is of Irish stock and makes a hobby of beekeeping. Harry Usif, back, is nicknamed "Useless." Thomas A. Gortat, guard, has a head that "flows right into his shoulders." John Coolidge, halfback, has a shock of blond hair and is extremely polite as befits a minister's son. Lyle Rockenbach, end, is one of fourteen children; Myron Masny, the center, likes to eat strawberry shortcake smothered in whipped cream; Carl Walter Nelson wears a size thirteen shoe and can palm a football; while if you pass Ernest Bremen a dish of jello he will forget all about football.

So it goes. Fordham and New York University in the East, North Carolina and Texas Christian in the South, Michigan State and University of Detroit in the Middle West and almost any college you choose to name on the Coast all beat the drum hard during football time. Yale and Harvard send out little stuff and most of that is apposite and used. Some of the worst offenders and biggest spenders are the smaller colleges to whom football is important, occasionally more so than anything else. The side show has begun to swallow up the main tent.

Are you interested in the fact that Cornell holds a Sunday afternoon lecture for the team, starring Coach Bo. Rowland; that Harold Hanson, guard on the 1937 Minnesota eleven, now owns a drugstore in Mora, Minnesota? That the backfield of the University of California will only go out with brunettes; that Al "Ali Baba" Barbatsky spells his name B-A-R-B-A-T-S-K-Y? That Tex Oliver, coach at Arizona, was arrested in Chicago because he resembled a holdup man; that Brad Holland the Cornell end, was once "bottle-kneed"; that the Tulane team travels with Mississippi River water to drink and its own New Orleans coffee; that the lads at Michigan State didn't shave for seven days pending a touchdown, which was forthcoming; that there is no unemployment among the ten lettermen who graduated from Marquette in 1937; that the favorite sport of Jimmy Kitts, head coach at Rice, is bird shooting; that J. B. (Ears) Whitemarsh of Louisiana State is known as the flying scout because he takes planes to follow games; that among the stars at Boston College are Jivelkiam, Gintoff, and Showtzer; that Vincent (Baby Face) Marchetti needs a little more drive to make him varsity material at C. C. N. Y.? You're not impressed? Sorry. The Praise Man thought you would be.

Ever hear of the Explorers, the Crusaders, the Demon Deacons, the Caviliers, the Erps or the Diplomats? Do you know who the Gamecocks, the Mountaineers, the Generals, the Main Liners, the Hilltoppers, the Blue Devils and the Titans are? Or the Continentals, the Wolfpack, the Bullets and the Scarlet Scourges? Never heard tell of them? You should catch up on your homework. They are all prominent institutions of learning in the United States. The Praise Man made each one famous.

Andy Bershak, as everyone who saw him realizes, was on the All-American because he was a star player, because he deserved to be there. But how was sport or anything else helped by the barrage of rumble-dumble about him which went through the mails last fall? Football as a game, yes, a diversion for healthy boys who like to play it. That's one thing. Football that has become a national madness, that turns amateur college teams into touring professional ball clubs is another. Thanks to the Praise Man the game is no longer a by-product of American university life. It's the most important thing in many universities. Honest to God, Nellie, ain't education wonderful? ⋕

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